PRINCETON

TRIENNIAL RECORD
CLASS of NINETY SEVEN

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TRIENNIAL RECORD

OF THE

CLASS OF 1897

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

EDITED BY THE SECRETARY

JOHN HENRY KEENER

NUMBER TWO 1900

THE GRAFTON PRESS
NEW YORK

TO THE CLASS.

The following pages speak for themselves and need no formal introduction. Your contributions have been so generous, and of such an excellent quality that whatever deficiencies are to be found must be traceable either to the limitations of the Secretary, or to his proverbial shortcomings. Notwithstanding these apparently necessary deficiencies the Secretary still cherishes the fond hope that this book may serve to keep bright the memory of former scenes and actions, and cement yet more strongly that bond of good fellowship which has been such a glorious heritage to us, and which we have perpetuated with such signal ardor and enthusiasm. Above all, may it increase our loyalty and devotion to the dear old place, quickening us to livelier interest in her affairs and spurring us on to heroic deeds of self-sacrifice for her advancement, so that in her coming greater glory you and I may share, not as admiring spectators but as those who have borne the heat and burden of the day.

The Secretary takes this method of acknowledging his great indebtedness to Colwell for the valuable assistance rendered in the publication of this book. Indeed, without his generous aid the book could not have become a reality. His devotion and unselfish and painstaking labors deserve the thanks of every member, as they do the eternal gratitude of the Secretary.

But the Secretary also desires to express his great obligation to many others who have so ably assisted him. Some of these at great personal sacrifice aided the good work. While the satisfaction of having done a commendable thing is a partial reward for their services yet the proper compensation would be the grateful appreciation by the class as a whole. Of this, the Secretary, without mistaking the temper of the organization, can assure them. Nothing short of a monument should be their portion.

J. H. K.

Lawrenceville, N. J., May 15, 1901.

463755

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

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THE ARDEN COP.

"Now, come, Old Johnny Degnan,
Oh, sing a song to me;
And tell me what you're thinking
Beneath that old elm tree."

"Oh, I've a helmet an' I've a shield,
An' a cane, an' a white goatee,
But I've never a voice ter sing a song,
A pretty song," quoth he.

"Oh, hang your pretty song," said I,
"And hang your voice likewise,
For you've a heart there under your coat,
And Irish blue in your eyes."

"Now, come, Old Johnny Degnan,
Oh, sing a song to me;
And tell me what you're thinking,
Beneath that old elm tree."

"Oh, yes, I'm Irish born an' bred,
I'm Irish ter th' bone,
An' I'll sing a little song," quoth he,
"If ye'll leave me alone.

"Oh, there's byes and byes, an' byes, an' byes,
There's byes that comes an' goes,
But I'm thinkin' of a pretty lot,
Th' lot I mean, ye knows.

"Oh, yes, of course, ye mind th' nine,
An' also th' eleven,
Ye knows right well th' class I mean,
Fer sure, it's Ninety-seven.

"They come a rushin' inter town
As if they owned th' place,
An' ter be true wid ye, me lad,
'Twas very near th' case.

"An' when as Sophomores they was here,
Oh, it was very plain,
I'd have a contract on me hands,
Fer they was raisin' Cain.

"As upper classmen they returned
Wid trunks full o' new clo'es;
An' some o' them was promised men,
An' some o' them was beaus.

"As Seniors gowned they walked about
Wid heads held very high;
An' when they left th' singin' steps
They fetched a mighty sigh.

"Oh, when I seen them march away,
A likely line o' lads
A lump came up widin me throat,
Fer they was now Old Grads.

"An' every one slides back agin
As often as he can.
It does me good to look at them,
Fer every one's a man.

"An' when they all was out three years
They come a-pilin' back;
The best reunion ever had
'Neath orange and th' black.

"Oh, some o' them is business men,
A gettin' gold so fast,
Th' Astors and th' Vanderbilts
They have already passed.

"An' some o' them is lawyer folks
A-writin' out a brief,
A comfort ter an honest man,
A terror ter a thief.

"Th' engineers they are at work
In this and other lands,
A-thinkin' schemes an' doin' them
Wid other people's hands.

"The doctors are so very slick
Wid knives an' drugs an' sich
That any one wid half an eye
Could see them gettin' rich.

"An' some o' them is teachers too,
Professors o' th' best,
A-wishin' they was presidents,
So they could take a rest.

"The ministers they've gone abroad
A-makin' people good,
A-preachin' till their throats is sore
An' thankful fer their food.

"No matter what they try ter do,
I know they'll do it fine;
The credit'll be give ter them,
Th' honor'll be mine.

"Oh, sometimes one comes strollin' by,
A neat girl at his side;
A-walkin' slow, an' mighty close,—
Ye'd know she was his bride.

"An' sometimes one'll step along
A proud an' happy Pop,
An' bring his little child ter shake
Th' hand o' this old Cop.

"An' most o' ye'll own a home,
An' some there'll be wid none;
But every mother's son o' ye
Is sure that he's got one.

"An' that's right here, as ye know well,
Right here in Nassau Hall;
An' if ye want an open door,
Why all ye'll do is call.

"It's time fer me ter ring th' bell,
Me throat is very dry,
An' if ye have th' price wid ye,
I'll bid ye now good bye."

"Johnn, Johnny Degnan,
Johnny, Johnny Degnan,
Do you want me?
No-o, sir-ee,
Not this afternoon-ter-noon-ter-noon-ter-noon."

R. O. Kirkwood.

THOMAS DUDLEY RIGGS, Jr.
Our Class Boy

LETTERS FROM THE CLASS.

HENRY BROWN ABBOTT.

Dear Pop:—Pardon my not answering your recent communication. There was really nothing more to say than was contained in my reply to your first set of questions. But since you insist on my aping our honored professor of economics by repeating the plain facts many times—know then, that I am in the stove business with my father, which, fortunately for me, insures a steady job. It was not ever thus. The summer after graduation I began exploring the mysteries of Blackstone. They were too mysterious. The next venture was in the line of journalism. Here, also, the constant necessity for the investigation of the occult was too wearing upon the sensibilities of a man who was not gifted with an abnormal inquisitiveness about the affairs of his fellow citizens. Three months of the "New Journalism" sufficed. I next sought for a less active but more lucrative employment and found it in a National Bank. The constant presence of so much gold, with its suggestion of plutocracy was irritating to a person of my democratic tendencies. In a year and a half I had learned to add figures and become "warm" enough for the stove business.

I am not married. Do not intend to be. Have troubles enough of my own. For the same reason I take no part in politics. With best wishes for all of the Class, I remain,

Most sincerely yours,

HENRY B. ABBOTT.

ZANESVILLE, O., March 28, 1901.

ALEXANDER JOHN ATCHESON ALEXANDER.

Dear Fellows:—Pop requested for you an account of my doings since we left Old Nassau. This will not take long, as the life of a medical student is not very exciting or interesting to others, and sometimes not to himself. I have done nothing at all to distinguish myself—not even got married or engaged, as many of you have. Up to this year Charley Roys and I have roomed together and pursued the even tenor (sometimes "bass") of our ways, pursuing at the same time bones, 'itises, grains and so on. We haven't quite caught them yet. But now I am a widow since Charley is acting as traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. Of course I have had several vacations. My first summer vacation ('97) was spent at home,

having a good time. In this I was assisted by George Howe, Dan. Nevin and Bob Kirkwood, who paid me the honor of visits. In '98 I went to Europe for four months with a party, one of whom was Dan. We did up Great Britain, Norway, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and France. We didn't bother Spain at that time!

In '99 I also did some traveling, but it was mainly confined to my own State. Went with the "Students' Summer Campaign for Missions," visiting about fifteen churches and making about twenty odd "addresses" (?). The same summer I visited the Students' Summer Conference at Ashville, N. C., and later went to Chicago. Last spring I took a week off and went to Bermuda with some of my family. It is useless to try to describe the delights of *that* trip. I studied for some weeks after college closed and then went to Northfield. After spending six weeks quietly at home and one week in Chicago I came on to usher at "Ma" Allison's wedding, where, of course, I saw "Hec" Cowan and Charley Dunlap. After seeing "Ma" successfully made happy and enjoying myself greatly in the process, I "substituted" at Presbyterian Hospital for two weeks, and had lots of profitable and pleasant experience. That brought me to the opening of College. The Fall term was broken by a trip home at election time to "exercise the sacred right of franchise." Sad to say my vote did little good, but I had a mighty good time in initiating Charley Roys (who dropped in for a few days) into the mysteries of "coon-hunting."

Pop has asked for the titles of any articles published. If he doesn't throw this out it will be the first word of mine ever printed. As for my permanent address—the same as of old—Spring Station, Kentucky. I hope P. & S. won't be my address after next May. And so endeth "the short and simple annals" of

ALEX. J. A. ALEXANDER.

135 WEST SIXTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y. CITY, Jan. 26, 1901.

EDWIN SHERLOCK ALEXANDER.

My Dear Pop:—My greatest regret since leaving Princeton is, that I did not stay to graduate with the glorious class of '97. It is an honor to have been a member of that class; for, I have noticed in my brief experience with a very kind world, that '97 is well-known through the deeds and good fellowship of its members.

I am still enjoying single blessedness, and have taken no prominent part in politics. I enjoy the privileges of a non-resident member of the Princeton Club of New York. Was sorry to miss the reunion, but was seriously ill at the time, and, of course, could not attend.

My career has been without incidents worthy of note; so I cannot add entertaining experiences to the volume, which I now await with much pleasure.

With best wishes to my friends of '97, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN S. ALEXANDER.

NEWPORT NEWS, VA., March 11, 1901.

CALVIN TOMKINS ALLISON.

My Dear Classmates:—Letters have been pouring in upon me for the past three months, from our faithful secretary, Pop, some requesting, some begging, and some ordering me to write my class letter, under the penalty of forever disgracing the class, and of losing the respect of our beloved and honored secretary. To all of these appeals I have turned a deaf ear, partially from lack of time, partially because my life since graduating has been an uneventful one, as is the case with most engineers during the first few years of their career in the wide, cold world.

But the last straw was added last night, when I received a C. O. D. telegram from Pop, reading as follows: "I must have your letter; send promptly, situation desperate, stir yourself." And so I am going to stir myself and place before you the few things that have happened in my uneventful life.

After graduation I joined the Corps of Engineers on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and remained with them three years, during which time I counted ties between New York and Buffalo a number of times. I did not go to war, as some of you have done, adding glory to both our class and nation, nor have I discovered any buried cities, but I have been plodding along, slowly climbing the lower steps of the great ladder.

I was married to Miss Snedeker, of Haverstraw, N. Y., on the 12th of September, 1900, and have since settled in Stony Point, N. Y., where we shall be glad to entertain any of the class who happen in this section of the country. After my marriage I entered the firm of Rodermond & Allison, general contractors, and have since been building bridges for the New York Central Railroad.

I have seen very few of the fellows since graduation, having been tied down to business a great deal, and my work carrying me into the country away from the larger cities and towns.

But I enjoyed the very pleasant days at our Triennial Reunion, and am looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to our next reunion beneath the sounding rafters and the shady elms of Old Princeton.

Ever your friend,

CALVIN T. ALLISON.

STONY POINT, N. Y., May 15, 1901.

OWEN RANDOLPH ALTMAN.

My Dear Pop:—I beg your pardon a thousand times for being so negligent. I can simply say this is the busiest world I have ever seen, and I shall only receive my just punishment if you send me a bill to cover expenses for the many pounds of paper, the dozens of postals and the hundreds of stamps, not including the trouble to the secretary. I trust my silence has not caused any words for which you will be sorry. Almost every day I have met some old college chum, and the first greeting was, "Have you written Pop? No? Well, for heaven's sake, write him at once,"—and straight to my room I would go; yet the

letter was never written. I met Long John Reilly yesterday. His words were: "This is the last chance. Next will come telegrams and C. O. D. letters." So I attempt to tell the reasons why I fear I have caused our most worthy secretary many days of worry. Pop, I hope your brain has not atrophied from the silence of a few lazy mortals like myself. My intentions have been good, but, like all easy-going ducks, I have neglected duty, and now I am sorry. Can you forgive and forget? I shall promise to do my duty in the future, and if you can stand it I am willing to relate some of my past four years. But heaven forbid that I should tell all, because I occasionally meet Lady Jayne and Baldy Wilson traveling in automobiles, and the story I would not dare tell.

If you ask the story of my life, it is a brief one—years spent in the dusty lecture rooms of dear old Jefferson Medical College. Of course I have been studious, as that is my reputation, and if good fortune still smiles upon me, I shall in three days have an M. D. attached to my name. Say, Pop, how will this sound? Owen Randolph Kenley Justine Jacobus Fat Altman, B. S., M. D? Fat—you should see me now. New weights are necessary when I get on the scales, and if you were to see me from the side you would think I was Rev. *Crowdis.*

I am all ready for business. My future address will be Masontown, Pa. Office opposite the square. I want all to know it is on the map, and the most delightful country in the world—pure country air and right among the tall timber. Once a farmer, always a farmer, so that explains why I am going back to the woods. This will be my temporary home, but some day I shall join the boys again and return to dear old Princeton, where I spent the happiest days of my life.

It is needless for me to try to answer the questions I find in front of me. I am able to write my name in full, but when you ask such questions as "Are you married?" God forbid. I am already considered an old bachelor, and my prospects for a future partner are indeed discouraging. Name of business? I never have had any, haven't done anything for ten years but read books, and yet all I have to show for it is two sheepskins.

Now, I go out into the wide, wide world to get some experience. I am looking forward to the number of months I shall wait for patients to call. I have prepared myself with an extra lot of pants, and as they wear through, I shall be in position to change. Now, Pop, I have told it all. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and I can boast of nothing for which I am proud. I exist and you can always find me the good-natured, fat Dutchman I am known to be.

After this acknowledgment and senseless missive I beg to wish you a most happy future. I hope that our next meeting will not be one of hatred, for I realize your anger must have been aroused when I did not respond to the call, but I have made promises and soon I will be in the land of birds, and I can write you often.

Ever your friend,

O. R. Altman.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 10, 1901.

ALFRED OSCAR ANDERSSON.

Dear Pop:—Unfortunately, I have not been closely enough in touch with college men in the past few years to know exactly what sort of a letter you want. Presumably, however, you desire that each man should tell about himself, and that's what I'll do with due apologies and feeling of my own unimportance. I have been doing newspaper work steadily since I left Princeton, and at present am in Kansas City, in the employ of the Scripps-McRae Press Association Company, as manager or agent, for the territory which appertains by geographical conditions to this bureau.

The association is in the business of gathering and disseminating news by telegraph. About eighteen months ago I left the Kansas City *World*, a paper then owned by the Scripps-McRae league, on which I had served in various capacities, to go to the Chicago office of the Press Association. For about a year, or until last August, I was in and around Chicago, taking in three of the national political conventions and being sent about the middle west as news events justified. Incidentally I brought a courtship in Chicago to a very successful and very happy conclusion, and took my wedding trip with an order in my pocket appointing me manager of the bureau at St. Louis. Until February 1, I lived in that city, which is favored by nature, and apparently struggling unsuccessfully with civic problems of street cleaning and paving and general problems of municipal administration.

A little over a month ago I was sent here on short notice. Kansas City is my parental home, and the change was very welcome. The work here is unremitting and important. I enjoy it. News from the adjacent territory is collected here, edited, and sent east, and news from the rest of the world comes, in a ceaseless stream, and is distributed to clients of the association who are not on a leased wire.

I have met college men, in numbers, but twice in the past year. Last Washington's birthday I was at the dinner of the Princeton Club of the southwest, and about a year ago was at the dinner of the Chicago Princeton Club. Both occasions will linger long in my memory as affairs of the pleasantest kind.

Townley, '97, is expected to become the sheet-iron magnate of this section of the country, and Allen, '98, is hustling in the halls of the Live Stock Exchange. Ned Wetzel, '98, by the way, gathered about him, in and around Chicago, several times during my stay there, a group of Princeton men, and we had several informal reunions. Wetz. is as much a college boy as ever, so you can easily judge how well we enjoyed his society.

In conclusion, dear Pop, allow me to compliment you by saying that while I have run across a good many noticeable things in the past few years, none impressed me quite as much as did your pleasant persistency in getting me to write this. It was a pleasure to me to do so, but I feel with regret that you will have to admit now that it was hardly worth your while. With kindest regards,

Your friend,

KANSAS CITY, MO., March 11, 1901. ALFRED O. ANDERSSON.

WALTER HASKELL ANDRUS.

Well, Boys, My history written in its most attractive form, even allowing illustrations by Sam Palmer, would yet cause no such excitement as Fred Jessup's "Annual Football Regatta" announcement, or Bob Wilkins' attempt thro' "The Daily" to rush "a physioc of the Garrick Theatre" upon us. Deserted, too, in a time of dire need by one always willing to lend me his counsel, sad must be the result.

But, speaking of "Pop," you will all agree, I think, that his letters to us are a most fitting memorial to his years of effort in literary lines. To point the moral I must add that our secretary once told me his practice for some years had been to correspond with a girl or two—a very non-committal statement—in order to cultivate an easy style—and behold the result.

As I appreciated letter writing was one of my weak points, and imagined sex in no wise altered the educational benefits, upon the receipt of our secretary's last effort, the single line P. D. Q. (Plane, Dulce, Quiesce), I said to myself, if such restful, sweet, and exalted thoughts be the fruits of literary correspondence, go thou, young man, and do likewise! So here goes:

My position as Athletic Treasurer in Princeton for the period of two and a half years after the never-to-be-forgotten spring of '97, brought me into such close touch, by letter at any event, with many of you that upon that part of my life you need little information. That, however, was a time of much revelation to me, regarding the family and friends of many of the boys. It was then for the first time that I learned of the many "best girls who would be present at the game," of others of our number, unfortunate indeed, whose lives were saddened by invalid mothers, for whose especial benefit the "front row, middle section of the Princeton Stand" had been especially erected. However much my store of sympathy may have been drawn upon in the fall of '97 for the above unlucky members of our loyal band, I found when the baseball season came on, but half the tale had been told. I verily believe "Jerry" would have lost count, for an instant, of the number of fouls made during the season, had he realized how many of our number had families whose nearsightedness prevented them from witnessing any of the game unless "first row, outside the net" fell to their lot.

Thus passed the first year, with often a feeling of sadness by reason of the association with scenes and places ever reminding me of those who had made them dear, and who now were scattered o'er the wide, wide world. Then, too, depressing events, not recorded on any trophies in the Princeton Club House, made me often wish that year for a stirring revival, with a few omnipresent "churches" thrown in.

But to rush along over the next year and a half, filled with frequent '97 reunions, made possible by our increasing faculty representation—well, all I can say, is you ought to have been in Princeton. "Palms of Victory" grew on every corner. Yet, with Gus Hopper, I found it too large a task to satisfactorily run the college longer. But "what

next?" That was the question. The "invalid families" of the class acted as my guiding star since Father Spencer, I felt sure, would not last long were he alone to stem the tide of these increasing epidemics, which took place each November and June. I resolved to do my worst and landed in "Penn."

Since January 1st, 1900, mine has been—prepare to faint—the "poler life." Perhaps, stranger still, may be the added statement that I both enjoy and thrive under this, I am forced to grant, most remarkable change. To my knowledge, I alone represent '97 here, a large responsibility, but hope to do her justice by finishing within the time limit, beyond which I make no statements.

I was going to tell how much I enjoyed the meeting with you all again at that "bang-up" time "Pop" gave us last June, but I believe the secretary announced The Record was to be complete in one volume, so shall stop before I get started, and close with the heartfelt wish that you may all be blessed and prospered, "an honor to your country and to all your native land."

Yours, till we meet next year at "The Laager Fontein,"

ANDY.

GERMANTOWN, PA., 6339 Greene Street.

CHARLES HORTON ANGLEMAN.

Dear Keener:—After leaving Princeton I entered a law office and attended lectures at the University Law School, New York City. From this institution I was graduated with the class of '95. I was admitted to the New Jersey Bar in June, '96, and have since been practicing law in Newark, N. J., I was married June 11, 1899, and am the proud father of a son, whose Princeton experience I hope will be longer than mine.

With best wishes for all members of the class, I am,

Yours very truly,

CHAS. H. ANGLEMAN.

NEWARK, N. J., May 13, 1901.

PERCY HAGÛE ARMITAGE.

For some time the secretary had lost all track of Armitage, but in the general canvas he was located. The only information elicited, however, was to the effect that he is engaged in the manufacturing business with J. H. Armitage's Sons, Newark, N. J.

EDWARD WILLIAM AXSON.

My Dear Pop:—You can't expect anything very highly edifying or exciting from a fellow situated as I am, beyond the farthest outpost of civilization. But it is beyond my power to resist the touching appeal which I received day before yesterday from our long-suffering secretary, so I gladly contribute my mite to the good cause; and may the Triennial Record be as great a success as its predecessor.

My life story, on the whole, is an uneventful one, and is soon told. A few days after that final breaking up of '97—the one on Manhattan Field when "Jerry" caught that last fly that did the business for Yale, and we all formed in line and marched round the field, singing pæans of victory, and touching with reverent toe the hole which Lady Jayne's foot had made in the pitcher's box—a few days after that I was lucky enough to strike one of those private tutoring bonanzas, and spent the summer at Lake George, instilling what little Latin and Greek I hadn't already forgotten into the head of a youth whose face was turned towards Princeton, and after the daily tasks were over having a good time generally. It was then that my latent baseball ability at last found recognition—it had been somewhat frowned upon (to put it mildly) when I tried for our class team in Freshman year. Anyway, we had the champion hotel team of the lake that year. My aspirations for aquatic glory were not quite so successful. Dr. Bradley, a '93 man, and I entered in the doubles in the Lake Regatta, and as luck would have it, we each broke an oar before we had covered a third of the course, and came in as tail-enders, among the "also rans." However we weren't really as heartbroken as some thought, for rowing was not the strong point of either of us, and we got all the credit among our fellow boarders for what might have been.

The next fall I returned to Princeton and spent the year taking a P. G. course in Chemistry, and wandering about with the few other '97 waifs, like disembodied ghosts. We felt very keenly that in truth we were "has beens," men without a country, and our only consolation was criticising things in general, and contrasting them with the way they had been "when we were in college." Nevertheless it was good to be back, for just to be around the old place is a pleasure, and then very often some '97 pilgrim would return for a few days, because he couldn't help it, and it was good to see him. The year finally came to a close, and most of us received our A. M.'s and left—except the Seminoles and Henry Norris Russell, who had his eye on higher things and stayed on to become the Doctor Russell we now point to with pride.

The following summer ('98) I secured a position in the Chemical Laboratory of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, and spent my vacation testing steel and iron and various other things from ten to twelve hours a day. Arthur Kennedy was the good samaritan who made that summer tolerable for me by his kindness—our evening trolley rides were our form of dissipation, and right pleasant they were too after a long, hot day's work.

The next fall I went to Boston and became a "Tech" student. I knew we had never seriously injured ourselves by over-work in college, but just how far we had kept on the safe side I never realized until I got up against some of those M. I. T. exams. I missed the old college life at Princeton, but the year in Boston was a great thing for me, and taught me a good deal I had never known before. I was the only '97 man at the Institute of Technology, but there were four or five

from lower classes there, and over in Cambridge there was quite a colony of Princetonians. The Princeton Club held several meetings that year, and we whooped things up for Old Nassau in Johnny Harvard's stronghold. Speaking of stiff exams., Jack Frame used to tell weird tales of the way they did things at the Law School—men carried out on stretchers, etc.—but I will refer you to Jack for details and proofs.

The next fall found me back at Princeton, vainly endeavoring to fill Doc Jamison's shoes as Assistant in Mineralogy—a position which '97 seems to have appropriated for all time, by the way, for Scobe Van Nest now occupies it with credit to himself and '97. However, my ambition was not for a professorial career, so when an offer came of a position as Chemist to the Buffalo Iron Company, a Tennessee concern, with two blast furnaces at this place, I decided to forego the joy of being styled "professor" by the Sophomores, and accept. I have been here for a year now, and although we are situated a hundred miles from anywhere in particular, and it is a rare thing to see any but "Hill Billies" and "niggers," nevertheless my work is interesting, and as there is no dearth of it, I manage to get along fairly well.

There is good trout fishing and excellent hunting in season, and the "season" in this part of the state is not very clearly defined, so that my dog "Princeton" and I have some good times when we can lock up the Lab. and get away.

Well, "Pop," I believe that is about all—except to say that if you or any other of the old '97 crowd should get lost and find yourself in this part of the world, don't forget that I am here, and it will be something more than a pleasure to me to take you in and extend to you the privileges of "The Club" for as long a time as I can prevail on you to accept them.

I might add that I have foresworn the razor, and now the breezes of Tennessee, moving gently through my whiskers, make a sound like that of many waters—or, perhaps, still more resembling the dulcet tones of Burt Miller's cat-call, as oft upon the stilly night it floated across the campus and woke us from deep dreams of peace and morning chapel. With best wishes for yourself and any others of the faithful who may be basking in the light of your countenance, I remain, as ever,

Yours,

EDWARD W. AXSON.

MANNIE, TENN., Nov. 26. 1901.

HARRY VANDERBURGH BABCOCK.

My Dear Secretary:—In response to your letter, asking for an account of what has been happening during the three years since graduation, I would say that in my case the routine of daily life has been so unvaried that it is pretty hard to pick out anything which would prove interesting for a letter, so I can just state a few facts.

After spending the summer succeeding graduation at Martha's Vine-

yard, I entered a bank in New York, in the fall of '97, where the Fates still keep me. As to what I have learned since then, I would say, first and foremost, that banking hours (supposed by some to be from nine to three) are not what they are cracked up to be, and if anyone enters a bank with the idea of having a cinch, he will be sadly disappointed, and it does not take three years to find this out by any means.

It has been my good fortune to be able to be at all of our three reunions, and to stay through Commencement Week at the great time we had last June. These three trips to Princeton, with the addition of a short one to Old Point Comfort and Washington, include all the traveling I have done, so you can easily see that I have little or no material with which to prolong this dull statement of facts. I will close, therefore, before your patience gives out entirely. With best wishes,

HARRY V. BABCOCK.

2083 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y., March 2, 1901.

CHARLES MERCER BAILEY.

My Dear Secretary:—Your numerous notices, postals, letters, etc., ending up with your telegram of the 11th inst., duly received. Owing to the fact that I have changed my address some five or six times your messages were often considerably delayed. My seeming indifference is not without explanation. Primarily, I am a poor hand to write a letter, and it is, consequently, quite an effort for me to write. So, my dear "Pop," I know you'll appreciate this effort to respond to your much-respected requests. Secondly, I was a Princeton man for the first term, freshman year—September, '93, to February, '94—and I fear I was not thoroughly "filled with the spirit" I have since learned to respect. My recollections of Princeton are of the pleasantest, and the fine men I met there I shall always recall with much pleasure. Yours truly,

C. MERCER BAILEY.

833 NORTH 24TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 13, 1901.

THOMAS EVANS BAIRD, JR.

My Dear Keener:—On December 18th, you were good enough to write me, requesting a letter from me for the Class Record. Christmas came on shortly after, and then, in a business way, the first of the year, and I was kept very busy. Shortly after that I had a serious attack of the grip, and since then have been kept busy preparing to close out our business at my city address. That has entailed some worry, and a bit of work. So I've put off writing you. I quite believe in my own ability in most things, but not in writing, as you so kindly request.

If my talents ran in that direction, I could write you an interesting letter, as I have had two months of Europe and the Paris Exposition this summer. Speaking of that, it was very hot, "not warm," when

I was there, and, as they charged over $10 per at the hotel, and 6 cents for the show, I did not stay long. I'm not fond enough of hotels.

Later I had a very delightful trip through England and Scotland, parts of both, and wish I might put my experience in writing for the benefit of my classmates, though Paris would, perhaps, be more in line.

As I've never appeared in print, you may be sure that I regret this lost opportunity. But for the honor of the Record, I forbear.

I trust you will keep me informed of the movements of the class, as a whole, and believe in my very lively interest in all things pertaining to its welfare. Believe me,

Very sincerely,

THOS. E. BAIRD, JR.

HAVERFORD, PA., Feb. 4, 1901.

FRANK LOVE BALDWIN.

My Dear "Pop":—A well-merited rebuke is that which you administer to all delinquents in this matter of letter writing, even though it is a set form, which addresses itself in identical terms to every one of us. As for me, I cannot explain how or why, but the fact of the matter is, I never, until the receipt of your latest prod, had the faintest idea that you wanted a letter from me for the Class Record. Somehow I must have overlooked that interesting circular of yours in the great volume of correspondence which you have hurled at me from time to time—to my great delight, I assure you.

I do humbly beg pardon for remissness, and shall try to do my duty now, though at the eleventh hour. It will be of scant interest, for my life since leaving the classic shades, and all that, has been crowded full of uneventfulness. I might leave this page entirely blank and tell them full as much as I am about to confide to it. Let me say here though, before I embark upon my tale, that I feel deeply honored, as being an "X," to be permitted to contribute to this triennial record, which, I have no doubt will fully prove your rosy predictions, even were this "gem of purest ray serene" omitted.

In the year '95 then, I left Princeton, being at that time just entered upon my Junior year, and set forth into the world to seek my fortune. During the summer I confined my search within the geographical limits of Orange, N. J., playing baseball, dawdling about, and reading novels, perhaps. In October it was my good luck to hear of a vacancy in a New York commercial house, where an earnest and industrious youth of my temperament would find a royal road to wealth and power, albeit the length of that road was not mentioned, to the great enhancement of my peace of mind and comfort. For a year and a half I was employed as office boy and general factotum in this situation, at the end of which time I was filled with a degree of disgust for the whole thing, equalled only by that of my employer for me, which ended with my taking a graceful departure therefrom. I blush to think of the salary I received there, and, therefore, will not speak of it here.

I then attached myself to the staff of the Orange *Chronicle,* which

staff indeed probably looked upon me as some rude parasite, without due claim to existence. But I flatter myself that I soon proved my right to live and my right to a place within the charmed circle of the "Fourth Estate," for from being a cub reporter I have since risen to that station where they speak of me as the "city editor," though why, and with what justification in fact, is beyond me. I handle, it is true, the matter which once a week is foisted on the long-suffering public of my native hamlet as news, and perhaps the keen and analytical mind can therein find the wherefore. I leave the task to him. Since June a year ago I have been doing this, and nothing more, except occasionally writing fiction for magazines to reject. Nothing I have ever written has yet been published except in the columns of this *Chronicle,* or a supplement to it. So much for my literary attainments.

I have traveled little. Once, nearly two years ago, I took a flying trip to the South—not through it, but to it. That is, I went to Norfold, thence penetrated clear to Atlanta, then withdrew, just as you would drive a broom wisp into a half baked cake to test its cooking, then remove it whilst guarding carefully, lest it make too large a wound or explore too fully into dough that does not concern it. So did I explore the South. The Adirondacks have rung with my explorer's ax (the one we used to chop the wood with in camp), and I have even visited Niagara Falls; in which few sentences you have the substance of my travels.

I have set no river on fire. I have eschewed politics—not on principle—for I have none—but because I have found politics a fearful and wonderful thing which is not to be comprehended by the first gay fool that essays it. The one classmate whom I see nowadays is Edward G. Kent, who dwells in our sister city, and who has bartered his soul for a position with an electric lighting and power furnishing corporation. We get along very well, however, for I never allude to his terrible position, and besides I tickle his vanity once in a while by publishing his name in the paper, which is here the very blue book weekly of Orange society, and therefore makes something of the lad in mentioning him.

Sad to relate, I have not yet marched or been marched to the altar. Or is it, tell me, a cause for gratulation? Some say it is, though they deal in generalities, and give no clue to the real truth of the thing. But I fear I have talked much too long already. My space limit must be far over-run. Yet I call you to witness the truth of what I said at first—that I might as well have not written this letter for all the good it has done. However, if as you say, '97 is still interested in me, I say in return that I am still more interested in '97.

"Here's to '97, drink her down, down, down, etc.,

Yours fraternally forever,
FRANK L. BALDWIN.

WEST ORANGE, N. J., Jan. 4, '01.

EDWARD DUFF BALKEN.

My Dear "Pop":—Bill Trainer and I took dinner together the other evening, and during the course of conversation it came out that neither one had written you. Bill had a good excuse, I had a better one. If Bill doesn't write you soon let me know, and I'll send him a Class Secretary Letter—I have three or four I really don't need. Confidentially, "Pop," this is the first thing I have ever written which is guaranteed to appear in print, and even the advice given me by "Sleepy" Graver, "don't try to be funny, just talk natural," scarcely serves to take away that self-conscious feeling. Now for it!

In the autumn of '97 I was fortunate to have a position waiting for me with Messrs. Weyman & Brother, of Pittsburg, manufacturers of smoking tobacco, and my affairs went along undisturbed until the summer of 1899, when Luke Miller came out to see me prior to his departure for Syria. Then and there Luke proceeded to tell me it was essential to my health and well being that I pack my grip and go with him, and the first of September saw us both with our faces turned toward the Levant. After a month's pleasant travel we landed safely at Beyrout. In the meantime we had been joined on our way across France and down the Mediterranean by Bob Garrett, who, as you know, was mixed up in a hunt after things archaeological. Leaving Luke and Bob in Syria I went on to Cairo and stayed there until January. During the latter part of my stay in Egypt I was with Bob Garrett again, and from there we went to Italy together, and stayed until it was time for him to return to his archaeological work in Syria. I came home in the spring and resumed business in Pittsburg. Now let me say right here that my latch-string hangs way out, you can't miss it, and I shall take it as a personal grievance if any of the faithful come this way and fail to give it a vigorous pull.

With kind and affectionate regard for you and the Class, individually and collectively, believe me,

Always sincerely yours,

EDWARD DUFF BALKEN.

PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 18, 1901.

HENDERSON BARKLEY.

Beset with the languor of a tropical climate, ever threatened by the nerve-destroying bacillus of "Yellow Jack," and busied with the cares of a "pater-familias," Barkley is unable to find time for letter-writing. From various sources the following meager facts have been gleaned: The first year out of college he spent in the cotton business in New Orleans. He is now a sugar planter at Luling, La., and is, therefore, doubtful of the wisdom of reciprocal trade relations with our colonial acquisitions. That he still has his nerve with him is proved by his persistent support of Republicanism in such a discouraging atmosphere.

HENRY MILTON BEAM.

Dear Pop:—I object to being put lower down than the fourth group, so will surrender before the fifth call comes.

My existence since I left Old Princeton in '97 has been a very peaceful one, for contrary to my expectations I haven't stirred the world very much, but have simply been trying to give as good imitations of Harry Fine as I could during the last three years. "In other words, gentlemen," I have been teaching mathematics, for one year in the State Normal School at Indiana, Pa., a good old Princeton town, and since then at Flushing, N. Y., where I am at present, leading a pleasant existence near to Croker's town, where I frequently see members of the old class. Of course I am a member of the Princeton Club of New York, and in this way see and hear more about Princeton than I should otherwise. I have been back to Princeton on all the festive occasions, except the first reunion, and cannot praise too highly our triennial, which every one enjoyed so much. I am neither married nor engaged at the present writing.

With this brief recital of commonplace facts, which I hope will be more pleasant to read than they were to write, I will desist.

Wishing you, "Pop," many happy years and less trouble from your wayward wards; and honor and glory to '97.

Sincerely yours,

HENRY M. BEAM.

FLUSHING, N. Y., March 9, '01.

VICTOR SHAEFFER BEAM.

My Dear "Pop":—Your extremely personal postal cards have brought me to it at last. I have not much to say for myself, as I am not married and was prevented from going to war by a very opportune attack of that simple disease called "mumps." I spent the two years subsequent to our graduation studying under the direction of Dr. Brackett in the Princeton School of Electrical Engineering. Dr. Brackett and I never entirely agreed on the subject of football playing; but, when the two years were up, he kindly consented to give me the coveted degree of E.E. Soon after leaving Princeton I entered the factory of the Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., at Pittsburg, Pa., and immediately became dead to the world.

The experience gained there was very good, and well worth the trouble, even though starvation wages were paid, and that in spite of the fact that for many months I had to work at night. It took me just three months to find out that I did not know anything in the electrical line. After that I began to learn many things. For several months I was night foreman of the testing department, and took particular delight in making the Cornell men do their duty.

Last November it was decided that I had acquired enough shop experience, and I was transferred to the N. Y. office of the company, and since that time I have been engaged in digging up old and musty patents, passing judgment upon them and posing as an expert whenever

it is deemed advisable to make a raid upon any of the enemy whom we believe to be infringing our patents. On direct examination I always talk freely. On cross-examination I always close up like an oyster.

My place of business is 120 Broadway, and I live in Flushing, N. Y. It is not necessary to state that I think that there is no institution equal to Princeton University, and no class of men equal to those in the class of '97.

Your classmate,

VICTOR S. BEAM.

FLUSHING, N. Y., March 9, '01.

HOWARD BEATTIE.

Beattie is singularly uncommunicative. He vouchsafes the information that he is superintendent of a carpet factory at Little Falls, N. J. This is the warp and the woof of his story—a web upon which a fair pattern might be wrought were the details only available.

ALFRED CHESTER BEATTY.

My Dear Pop:—I have been receiving a number of notes from you, and I have tried to find the blank you sent me, but I suppose it is among some of my old mining clothes. My history is a brief one since leaving Princeton. I took the degree of E. M. at Columbia School of Mines, class of '98, and started West after graduation, and began to work in the mining camps and in examination work.

Was married April 18th, 1900, to Ninette Rickard, and am at present engaged in general practice of mining engineering, and am acting as assistant to John Hays Hammond at the Stratton's Independence mine, Victor, Colo. He is advisory engineer, and I am assistant engineer. Am also connected with the Colorado Zinc Co., as general manager and vice-president.

I hope that I may have the pleasure of seeing you out here some time. Apologizing for my carelessness, which will not occur again,

I am, sincerely yours,

A. CHESTER BEATTY.

DENVER, COLO., May 1, '01.

PAUL BEDFORD.

Dear Classmates:—My career since Ninety-seven went out into "the wide, wide world" has been uneventful, and uncheckered with stirring experiences; only a continuation of that sober, industrious life which I cultivated while we were at the "old burg." So to anyone looking for heart-pulsations in perusing this autobiography of three years, I say at the outset, go away, go far away.

The fall after leaving college I entered the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. There, casting his lot in with mine, I found

"Eddie" Stanton, ex-Harvard, '97, Princeton A. B., A. M., University of Pennsylvania, L.L.B., and member of the Pittsburg Bar. "Eddie" induced me to join his boarding-house, which he enthusiastically represented as offering the unusual allurements of a go-as-you-please rising hour, and twenty odd females, mostly elderly and affectionate. Tidings of this attractive spot reached the ears of "Bandy" Derr, and as soon as he could arrange it, we were gladdened by the addition of the aforesaid "Bandy." His excuse for being there was his pursuit of the shipbuilding business on that most majestic and historical stream—no, I do not mean the Hudson—but the Delaware river.

Life at University of Pennsylvania is quite enjoyable, inasmuch as that institution is very partial towards Princeton men in offering them the advantage of easy access to their Alma Mater; and this opportunity was little neglected. After all, you know there's nothing like getting "in touch" with the undergraduates. The Princeton Club of Philadelphia is another boon to our alumni at U. of P.; you go to the club feeling that everyone you see there has a most important common interest with you; there's no standing on ceremony. The personal advantages of membership in this club are only exceeded by the good done in keeping the Princeton men closely united in all matters pertaining to "Old Nassau." After a three years' course at the Law School, I was graduated, returned to my home at Wilkes-Barre, and began the practice of law in Room 67, Coal Exchange Building. ("Pop," Keener told me this "ad" could go in free of charge.) It is a small room, but has a large vestibule and the latest comic papers, also a spittoon. And by the way, Ninety-seven is well represented at this Bar (in numbers); the list comprises MacCartney, "Ed." Shortz, "Lady" Jayne, "Bill" Reynolds, and yours truly. We all belong to that numerous class of lawyers known as "rising." Among us we will try to defend any controversy that may arise involving the validity of Ninety-seven's claim to the title of the most glorious class ever sent out from Princeton University.

In conclusion I want to record my unbounded and never-to-be-forgotten pleasure in attending our triennial reunion last June, and my expectation of another such time in 1902.

Hoping to see you all then.

Yours, as ever,

PAUL BEDFORD.

WILKES-BARRE, PA., Jan. 23, '01.

HENRY CONKLIN BISSELL.

Dear Pop:—I have just recovered from an attack of smallpox or I would have answered your letter before.

I am at present a bookkeeper for a manufacturing concern in Pennington, N. J. For some time after leaving college I spent my time tutoring and looking for a permanent job. I prefer the present employment.

My experience has been void of excitement. The only part I took in the war was to go to the hospital, once in a while, and look at the wounded men.

I am not married and have no particular hankering after that experience.

I spent last winter in Cuba, investigating (?) political conditions there. This is the extent of my wanderings.

With kindest regards to all, I remain,

Very truly yours,

HENRY C. BISSELL.

GEORGE GOODWIN BLISS.

Even the twenty-fifth communication failed to elicit any reply from Bliss. It is known that he is married, was once in the electrical and photographic supply business at East Orange, N. J., and is now living at Newark Valley, N. Y. Further information gratefully received.

FENIMORE LEWIS BODMAN.

Dear Classmates:—After sleepless nights and muttered curses, I have decided that the dreaded moment can no longer be postponed; and I must now pour into your listening ears the story of my life.

Do not mistake, in the above allusion to restless nights and shameless profanity, any disinclination or disrespect to our beloved secretary. I realize what a thankless task is his. It is only my natural modesty, my hesitancy to speak of myself, that makes this task a weary one. Had I climbed to a higher pinnacle of fame, accumulated millions, or raised an illustrious family, how easily I could have held your attention! As it is, I have shut myself up and fearfully faced the questions: "What am I? What have I?"

This latter I will tackle first, as it is more easily disposed of. I have no wife, no millions, no literary efforts and no political aspirations—only a fair position and a bald head—two promising possessions which I mention with much pride.

Upon leaving college in 1895, I first became connected with the wholesale drygoods establishment of Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Illinois. I filled this position for a few months only, however, and in the spring of 1896 accepted an offer from the Milford Shoe Company, of Milford, Massachusetts, to cover the largest cities of the Middle West as their traveling salesman. In the summer of 1900 I made a second change and became identified with Parke, Davis & Co., importers of crude drugs, of New York City.

After five years' residence in New York, I am now located permanently in Boston, representing the last mentioned concern; and my old friends and classmates will find me ever at home to them at the Parker House, my present address.

As to other circumstances and experiences that would interest the class, I am sorry to deny you; but here you must be patient. To the

extremely curious I might state that these will appear later in book form, with a photogravure of the author as he now is.

I regret that circumstances have kept me apart from the fellows, that I have met only a few of them occasionally for a handshake or a few words. I hope for better things in the future—yea, verily, to get back to old Princeton before long.

I am closing. Let me join you in forgiveness to our secretary, who has so mercilessly turned this searchlight upon us, and add my best wishes for the eternal prosperity of us all.

Truly yours,

FENIMORE LEWIS BODMAN.

BOSTON, MASS., May 3, '01.

ARTHUR HOYT BOGUE.

Dear Pop:—Your pleadings have at last touched a heart of stone. I wish that was the only touch I've got. And so you want the sad, sad story of my life.

Well, after leaving Princeton I embarked in various ventures—real estate, which left me poorer than when I began (if possible). I tackled law (which I wish I'd stuck to) and managed to turn an honest penny now and then, and sometimes even to pick it up, and once or twice it even got as far as my pocket, but generally it slid from my palm to the palm of the next man. However, nothing suited me until I got into the coal business. Even politics did not do so as much as coal.

Then I got married, and everybody congratulated me and said: "So you're going to settle down and marry," and I said, "No, I'm going to settle up and marry!"

Then we left Chicago and came to New York to live. We first went to housekeeping in the apartment of Mrs. Custer, afterwards leased to us by Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart. There we spent our honeymoon, while I learned to read proof. My wife thinks a Princeton education is long on beer and short on spelling and punctuation. But in defense of Old Nassau, I tell her I am not a fair sample, and if she thinks my spelling is bad she ought to see some of the other fellows. She thinks that is a compliment to the other fellows.

In return for teaching me to read proof, I am teaching her baseball. She saw her first game of baseball at Princeton at the triennial, and she is now getting so that she knows the pitcher from the batter, but for a long time she didn't. She says that as soon as she can tell which side is ahead, she is going to offer a cup to the Princeton team. I said nothing when she suggested it, I only ran over in my mind as to which college would get it away from us.

Mrs. Bogue has adopted Princeton as her own, and in all her stories she makes Princeton win—a thing all our betting will not do sometimes. The orange and the black are her colors as well as mine, and "Old Nassau" her song. It is her own suggestion to dedicate her next book —a book of travel sketches from Europe, in one of which Princeton

figures, entitled "The Second Time" to Princeton. There's loyalty for you!

After living three months in a furnished apartment, we looked at every other apartment house in process of construction in the city of New York, for we wanted a new one, and as there were a few less than a thousand, we are walking encyclopædias of New York apartments. We can tell you just by the look in a man's eye or by passing a careless hand over his hair (after learning his address) just what rent he pays, the style of his fire-escape, the cut of the hall-boy's uniform; how much his ice bill is, the state of his gas metre, and after adding these together and subtracting his salary from the sum total, we can tell you just how much he is out each year.

Finally we found an apartment overlooking the Park, which my wife took for "the view," and I took for the fire-escape. Here we have settled upon the sixth floor, and the narrative stops, for this is as far as we've got.

With congratulations and a "Here's how" to '97, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR HOYT BOGUE.

348 CENTRAL PARK WEST, N. Y. CITY, March 30, 1901.

PARKER JOHNSON BOICE.

My Dear Keener:—I don't know of anything worth writing so I have kept quiet until your last urgent message. I graduated from the Indiana Law School last spring, and since that time have been traveling in Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona for my health. Most of the time I have been camping and hunting. Last fall I got a number of deer and antelope in Colorado, but down here I have not succeeded in getting anything larger than ducks. I returned yesterday from a month's hunting trip to the southern part of the Territory, where I had good sport, but did not get much game. I saw Johnny Graham and Shi. Thompson in Denver last summer, but have not seen any other Princeton men since then.

Yours sincerely,

PARKER J. BOICE.

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA, Feb. 21, 1901.

DUDLEY PHELPS BONNELL.

Dear Keener:—Your letter of March 16th received. I supposed letters were wanted from those only who had done something *unusual,* either brilliant or otherwise, so I thought I had no need to bother you as I consider my *career,* since leaving college, most ordinary. After leaving Princeton I went to the University of Michigan for a year, where I was a member of the D. K. E. Fraternity. Had a fine year there, but my health gave out and I had to go South for a year. When I got back to Grand Rapids I went into the electrical business, then into the commission business, and *now* I am out here for my *health* again. I guess this will either make me or break me, but I hope, and in

fact am assured, that six months out here will put me in shape so I can return home and attend to business.

My thoughts are very often of Princeton and the happy days I spent while there. I will try my best to be with you all at the next reunion.

I hope the other fellows write their "letters" more promptly than I have written mine.

Wishing you every success in the publication of the "Record," I am,

Sincerely yours,

DUDLEY P. BONNELL.

SILVER CITY, N. M., P. O. Box 57, March 20, 1901.

BURDETTE LEON BOWNE.

Dear Pop:—If I have cussed you once, it has been a hundred times. Such a persistent devil I have not come in contact with since I left Princeton, four years ago. I cannot for the life of me see how my existence since I left you all will in any way benefit my fellow classmates. Your postals have made all kinds of trouble for me, and i would have been a great relief if the blooming postal authorities had prosecuted you long ago. I know, old man, just how much trouble you are put to in order to keep up the records of glorious '97, and am very sorry that I have been so negligent in my duties.

Since I left Princeton nothing worthy of note has happened to your old friend "Doc." After loafing around nearly a year I at last received a position with the Detroit City Gas Co. My position is anything but enviable, for it falls to my lot to be the "Hot Air Machine" of the company. I have to explain what the "Funny Papers" have made ridiculous, *i.e.,* that according to Prof. Loomis, whom you undoubtedly became acquainted with during your existence at Princeton, it is a physical impossibility for a gas metre to run fast. Of course, after my convincing "spiel" everyone is satisfied that the Gas Co. is not a highway robber. You would enjoy a highly amusing time if you could spend but one hour with me when the chronic kickers have their inning near the end of the month when it is time to pay gas bills.

I have not fought for my country in Cuba nor in the Philippines, but have devoted my time exclusively to business since I secured my job. A quiet little game of poker has become a lost art with me, and as for society I have neither the time nor money to devote to such. If, like some of my fortunate friends, I had experienced anything exciting it would be dead easy to satisfy you with a letter, for every one likes the exciting, but it has been, perhaps to my misfortune, my luck to drive along the best I could, and try to make both ends meet. Not being a hoopsnake it is harder than one might think. We all look back upon our days at Princeton and see, when it is too late, that we did not make the best of our opportunities, and it is with sad regret that we were like those girls who didn't get enough oil for their lamps when such a thing was possible. In speaking of oil for illuminating purposes I refer to years gone past, for now we all know

that gas is the all-powerful illuminant. I have had to drive this fact into so many heads that it is second nature now for to sell gold bricks. If our dear old friend Prof. Libbey wants a hot-air machine down at Princeton let me know, for I am just the man he is looking for. A man would have to be *good* to make any one believe that the Princeton gas could be used for lighting to better advantage than fireflies. No doubt you had some experience with it yourself.

If you will send me a letter with everything written but the date I will gladly insert it at your request. So long, old man, I may see you soon. Give my best to all my old instructors at Lawrenceville, but don't let on that Dud Bonnell and I used to run a gambling joint in the Kennedy. Success to you.

Yours sincerely,

DOC BOWNE.

DETROIT, MICH., April 10, 1901.

JEROME BRADLEY.

Dear Pop:—I am afraid my letter will be a rather short one, as my career since graduation has not been very eventful.

I put in the first eighteen months in the Tarrytown National Bank at "hard labor," and finding that such a confined life did not agree with me I began a series of vacations, which have lasted more or less ever since. These idle hours I have divided between coaching baseball and hunting.

So there you are. You can judge for yourself that I am still living and making the best of it.

Your classmate,

JEROME BRADLEY.

DOBBS FERRY, N. Y., January 24, '01.

NELSON BRADLEY.

Bradley is nominally a banker at Tarrytown, N. Y., but actually he is a globe trotter and works at the business so steadily that the secretary can never reach him. Indirectly it is learned that he has graced with his presence various portions of the United States and Canada, the West Indies, Mexico, the Spanish Republics of South America, Spain, Italy, Palestine, Persia, Egypt, France, Germany and England. It is expected that by the time of the Quinquennial he will have explored the rest of the earth and will be projecting a journey to one of the remote planets.

FRANCIS SOLOMON BRENNEMAN.

Dear Pop and Brothers:—Well, here I am at last. After about seven requests, two or three personal letters, and as many postal cards from our esteemed Secretary, I am finally brought into line to

tune my pipe for the honor of '97, and to the edification (?) of my brethren.

You want to know my history since we passed the loving-cup on that eventful night, drinking each other's health, and wishing each other joy. It is short, but not all the proverbial "sweet." Life is not all a path of roses, so I find. However, the briars by the way are in no sense a disappointment to me, nor do I wish them gone. On the contrary I believe they are keeping me on "the straight and narrow road" which leads to victory.

But now for the short part. I remained three years longer in Princeton than some of you, under the tutelage of "Brintie Greene." And you don't know what you missed. Why we had everything. Just to give you an instance, he took us from A to Z one day, and that wasn't all—then he started to count. Then the bell rang, and that relieved *him.*

I took in the games, as we went along. We won some, too, but *we* had to send "Jerry" and "Broke" back to teach them "ye" games. Do you know that it used to be the pride of my life—it is yet for that matter—that I sat between those two stars. And the way they, with all the rest, won those games from Yale, is the very way now I am trying to win the game of life.

I have not traveled any to speak of, nor have I taken any degrees. I was lucky in getting a position at once after Seminary closed; and now I am just a plain, everyday country preacher, with all the accompaniments. *I am not getting rich.* Illustration. The first couple I married, the groom was a D.D.S. A few weeks before the event took place I went to him to have an old molar extracted, which did not carry with it the most savory odor. He did the job, but took no fee. Later I married them on the strength of that. But imagine "the sweet thing" being traded off for an old tooth.

I was married the 20th of June last to the best girl that was ever in Princeton, "one of the natives." And this is the only alliance or secret organization I have entered into since graduation. Indeed it is quite enough, for I have all I can do to keep door and run errands for our present company. My wife is president, secretary and treasurer of the firm. All communications should be addressed to her.

Addresses delivered. Man alive, Pop. Every Sabbath twice a day. Prayer meeting talks and Sabbath School dissertations galore. Funeral orations, patriotic addresses, curtain lectures.

But I have already said too much for a modest man. Let me hear from the fellows though, and I'll tell you more; if you want it.

Very sincerely yours,

"Dutch" Brenneman.

Greenwich, N. J., March 4, '01.

HOWARD CROSBY BROKAW.

Dear Pop:—On my return, yesterday, I found several letters of yours in which you called me all sorts of delinquents. I am sorry, but, as usual, I have an excuse. As you know, I was laid up last fall and was compelled to have quite a serious operation performed When I finally came around I decided to take a trip for my health. So, my father and I sailed on the Hamburg-American ship "Prinzessin Victoria Louise," for the West Indies, stopping at most of the islands, and touching South America at several places. I left the ship at Nassau and went to Palm Beach, Florida. Spent several weeks there. I reached home only yesterday. So you see, I am not as bad as you think. I did not have my mail forwarded to me because I did not wish to be bothered. This is the second voyage to the West Indies I have had since graduation. On the former visit, there were others of "the great and glorious" with me, and, ye gods, what a time we had! These together with a voyage to Japan in the fall of '97, comprise the extent of my journeyings in distant lands. I am not married, but am very much in love—with old Nassau.

With best wishes for the entire class, I remain,

Yours as ever,

HOWARD C. BROKAW.

ASTOR PLACE, N. Y. CITY, March 21, '01.

FREDERICK WALWORTH BROWN.

Dear Pop:—So you're having spasms because "tempus fugit" and the ship doesn't move. Well, my history won't detain you long. The summer after graduation I pretended to read law, and actually did everything on earth but work. Blackstone is pretty blame' poor reading for summer anyway. That winter I was back at the Old University as Fellow in History, as you may recall. That was one of the softest snaps I'm liable to encounter in this incarnation. Billy Sloane had descended to Columbia and Paul Van Dyke hadn't yet arrived. I worked when I chose, loafed when I chose, and read what I chose, and while a generous slab of the last was history there were several generous slabs which were not. In the spring I wrote a thesis which I trust Professor Coney consigned to his waste basket, and received my Master's degree.

The following summer I worked in a bank—worked, Lord yes! Footing columns isn't my strong suit.

That winter I spent in a law office, working for nothing and boarding myself. Was almost reduced to my pajamas by spring. In August I came out to Chicago, where for six months I held down a position in a salvation factory, otherwise known as a Sunday School Association. At the end of the six months I received a distinct intimation from the head that the Lord had not called me to the work, a fact with which I was already acquainted. So I paddled around the city till I secured a position with a firm of lawyers, which place I am still filling.

Recently I have been doing some writing, and find that the net proceeds after paying postage, stationery bills and stenographers' fees will about keep me supplied with Bull Durham.

Yours sincerely,

F. Walworth Brown.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 21, 1900.

THOMAS BEAVER BROWNE.

Dear Pop:—Nothing so interesting nor eventful has happened in my career since leaving college that you should so persistently solicit a letter from me concerning the same.

It won't do you any good to learn that for some time I did nothing in particular; then later with my brother and Kilpatrick—both of '96—took a 2,000 mile bicycle ride through England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and France, after which I "rested" for some months, and finally went to work in the employ of various electrical companies for a few years, and eventually got into and then out of the Electrical Trust (the so-called Philadelphia Electric Co.) in a condition rather the worse for wear, physically. Last summer the same trio, being advised favorably of the trip on the Great Lakes, took a week off, and started out to look them over—which we did—making the run from Philadelphia to Buffalo, thence by steamer to Duluth and from there through St. Paul, Chicago, and back home. Last fall, my brother and I chased out west for a short outing, touching up several of the western states, the Pacific coast and Mexico, and home via New Orleans. We had a fine trip.

Save for a few quiet visits to Princeton and other places of interest there is at present nothing doing.

Yours sincerely,

T. B. Browne.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 28, '01.

CARL EMERSON BUCKINGHAM.

Dear Pop:—Judging by communications of various sorts which have composed the bulk of my mail of late, I have concluded that something in the form of a letter is about the proper thing. So, after graduation I remained in Princeton until November following, engaged in tutoring most of the time. From there I came to New York and studied music. Two months of the summer spent at Lakehurst, N. J., and then I resumed study here. In the spring of '99 my domicile was changed to Los Angeles, California. Collette went there about the same time, having been married a short time before, and we spent much time together during that summer.

I entered the New York Law School in October, '99. Spent the following summer in Los Angeles also. In the fall, Gulick and I took up our abode together in New York and lived in peace and happiness

for several months, when I had to go to Los Angeles in January, after remaining there a couple of months I continued my course here, and that brings it to date.

Yours sincerely,

C. E. Buckingham.

New York City, April 23, 1901.

ROBERT STUART CAMPBELL.

To the Class of '97,

Large and Square,

Greeting:—Well, "Pop" has won, he has fought it out along this line, and it is due to his pertinacity in coaxing and threatening that I am now in deep travail, endeavoring to give birth to an epistolary production worthy a place in the Triennial Record of the class of '97. It will perhaps be better to preface my remarks by asking the "dear reader" to pardon the unseemly intrusion of the "I," but, as this letter concerns me, my past history, my present condition of servitude, and my future prospects, it must of necessity contain a superfluous amount of the "Ego."

And now what? I almost wish I had never commenced, but I have gone too far to retreat. This autobiography has its beginning in June, '97, when I, in company with other benighted spirits was thrown out of a job at Princeton University. During the six months succeeding that sad event I enjoyed a precarious existence living off of what I spent, and, incidentally, my "Dad." For the past three years I have been located in North Carolina, in the employ of the Seaboard Air Line Railway. My life in Dixie has been very pleasant as my connection with the railroad has enabled me to become acquainted with a large part of North and South Carolina and Georgia. But I have made no material advancement, in fact, my career has been one of retrogression and for that reason I am thinking seriously of becoming a nomad and of seeking for new pasture.

As for my future I can only say that

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or, his deserts are small,
Who dare not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

And being in that condition of mind I would not be surprised to find myself in the abode of the Aztec, or in the bungalow of a Tagalog, in love with a Supiy-aw-Lot. For, up to the present time I have not been able to ensnare nor to be ensnared.

Thanking my readers for their kind attention, I shall close with the toast, to the members of the class of '97, one and all,

"A health to our future, a sigh for our past,
We love, we remember, we hope to the last."

Robert S. Campbell.

Pinebluff, N. C., April 17, '01.

ARTHUR FLETCHER CASSELS.

Cassels is very ill with typhoid fever and hence could not reply to any of the secretary's "final" appeals. He is second lieutenant of artillery in the United States Army and is located in the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe. During the Spanish war he was with the army in Cuba and during the Philippine insurrection he saw service about Manila. Prior to 1899 he had been connected with the Interstate Commerce Commission and the State Department.

WILLIAM WELLS CHURCH.

Dear Classmates:—After graduation I spent the summer with my family in the Berkshire Hills. In early September I left for Lafayette, Ind., to coach the Perdue University football team. I was sorry to miss our first reunion, but I remembered all the old boys, and was there at least in spirit.

In December my contract with Perdue having been fulfilled, I came East. On the 16th of December, '97, I started in to work for the Murphy Varnish Co., of Newark, N. J., as salesman. My work was in Brooklyn and surrounding territory. While with the Murphy Varnish Co. I lived with my brother in Newark. I was lucky enough to attend both the Washington Birthday and Commencement reunions of '98, and it is needless to say that under the guidance of Henry Russell I had a splendid time.

In October, '98, I came to Pittsburg, and went into the sales department of the Cahill Water Tube Boiler Co. The same fall I played on the Duquesne County and Athletic Club football team of that city. This was a strong professional team, gotten together by several rich men for the sport of the thing. I remained in this position until October, '99, when I went to Washington, D. C., to coach the Georgetown University football team. I returned in December of the same year, and went to work with the Carnegie Steel Co., in their Homestead Plant, at Munhall, Pa. I am still there, and if I can keep on the right side of Mr. Morgan, Carnegie, or Frick, or whoever may own the plant, I hope to stay a while. This last fall I was business manager, and also played on the Homestead Library and Athletic Club football team. This was also a professional team, and Princeton was represented by Arthur Poe and myself. We licked everything in sight.

Cupid has thus far left me whole-hearted, and some girl is making a big mistake and will sooner or later realize what she is missing. A liberal reward will be paid to the person finding said girl. I neglected to say that I was there with both feet at our great reunion in June, and shall long remember what a happy time I had swapping lies with Bill Reynolds, Scoby Van Nest, and other liars of their standing. I am already looking forward to our reunion in 1902.

After the 1st of March, I shall be living at Munhall, Pa., which is just outside of Pittsburg, about forty minutes ride on the street car. I hope that any '97 man that strikes Pittsburg will let me know, and it

is unnecessary for me to say that my latch key is always out and ready to be used by any of my classmates. For those of learning, I have the Carnegie Library close at hand. For those of a mechanical turn of mind, there is the largest steel plant in the U. S. right across the road; while those of a sportive nature will also be taken care of as Mrs. Nation has thus far not honored us with a visit. "Come one, come all," and stay just as long as you can and will.

Wm. W. Church.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 28, '01.

PAUL DAVID CLARK.

Dear Old, Persistent Pop:—I haven't set the world on fire since leaving Princeton, though I have been all over the country—even way up into Alaska—looking for something combustible. Am now back in Dayton, Ohio, and will be glad to see any of old '97 who may wander that way. Paul D. Clark.

Dayton, Ohio, May 13, 1901.

JAMES KING CLARKE.

My dear Pop:—I received your notice some few days ago as being one of the delinquents, which surprised me very much, as it seems to me that a month or two ago I both filled out your blank and wrote a short note.

I know, Pop, it's only fair for me to write you a letter for the book, since you have been to all the trouble of getting the fellows together and keeping them there, as you have always done, most admirably, and because of the bully time you gave us last Commencement. I am simply too busy here making automobiles, which, by the way, are the best built in the U. S., to even take in my usual trip to Florida. Since leaving college in December, '95, I have had a varied and more or less exciting experience. My travels have not been extensive, but have proved to be both interesting and beneficial. Have been over into the Rocky Mountains of Idaho and Montana three times since leaving college, and have spent part of every winter in Florida. Had a rather interesting experience in Key West just previous to the Spanish war, which would scarcely bear repeating here. Some of it would not look well in print, but if you want to know about it, some of the fellows will tell you of a few startling occurrences.

So you see, Pop, I have just drifted about till I had a couple of sad experiences, then I got down to work like all the rest, and here I am. I picked out the automobile business as a good, new and modern thing, and believe there is money to be made in it, so I will stay by the ship till I make some money, then pull my freight to a more congenial and soothing climate, such as that which is found in the islands of the South Pacific.

I manage to get up to the good old burg about once every two

months, but the oftener I go the lonelier I get, so I am going to reserve my visits hereafter till spring (June) and fall.

As ever, your classmate,

JAMES KING CLARKE.

ARDMORE, PA., Feb. 26, '01.

SAMUEL CLAY.

The warlike conditions which have recently obtained in the State of Kentucky suggested to Clay's friends several hypotheses to account for his long silence. The well-known aggressiveness of his nature, coupled with his physical fitness to serve as a target, caused a great fear that he had been the "innocent bystander" in some one of the numerous interchanges of social amenities that are wont to amuse the inhabitants of Kentucky shire-towns on festive occasions. The secretary put his Sherlock-Holmes system to work and finally succeeded in relieving this fear. Communication was established with the farm by means of John Reilly's improvement on Marconi's wireless telegraphy, and the message was received: "Am raising live stock." At this juncture, owing to Colonel's explosive volubility, the coherer became tangled and the rest of the despatch is shrouded in the oblivion of the waving Blue Grass. So much of the message as was received, however, is still redolent of the fragrance of that Bourbon which is distilled by moonlight.

HENRY STEINER CLEMENT, JR.

Dear Secretary:—A letter from me will be of but little or no interest, still I shall write one if for no other reason but defense from those suggestive postals of profanity (implied). Since leaving college I have had a most uneventful career, studying law for about a year, in General B. F. Tracy's New York office, and at the same time attending the New York Law School. Late in 1898 I gave up the law and since that time I have been engaged in the hotel business with my father at his house, Congress Hall, Saratoga, N. Y., during the season, from June to October of each year, the balance of the time being passed in New York and Saratoga, with an occasional trip to other points.

I have missed only one football game with Yale since leaving college, that being at New Haven, in '97, and have seen all the baseball games with Old Eli in New York. I deeply regret having missed last June's reunion, and I shall expend every effort to be on hand in 1902. I saw a number of the fellows in Princeton on Nov. 17 last, but naturally for a short time only. Hoping to see that book *soon*, I am, As ever, sincerely yours,

HENRY S. CLEMENT, JR.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., April 4, 1901.

PERCY ROBERT COLWELL.

Dear Pop:—It hardly seems necessary for a man who has lived "the quiet life" ever since Princeton University gave him an A. B., to write a letter telling you about it. "The quiet life" does not furnish much material for exciting narrative, and, even though one be very lazy, he wearies, sometimes, of its calm, and longs for a fling, feels the surge of red blood and the eagerness to do something "strenuous"—this particularly when news comes that Teddy Roosevelt is on the warpath, as has happened so frequently in these latter days. But my strenuous impulses have generally been compelled to find an outlet in tramping about the country or in some other such inoffensive pastime. Even ths afternoon I've been workng off one of them upon a football, in company with certain other staid members of the University Faculty.

That's almost enough of an introduction. Now for autobiography—from the day when Arthur Leonard took particular care of my sprained ankle while the rest of the fellows put me in through the car window. I spent the next five months at home, recovering from that same sprained ankle, and wondering if, upon the face of the earth, there was any lucrative employment for which I was fit. Then I "got a job" and went to Plainfield to live. About this same time I did a rapid sprint down West street, New York, to catch a train, and thereby discovered that my ankle was well. So I threw away my cane and once more walked on two legs as other men do.

In Plainfield I was general assistant in "The New Jersey Military Academy," a private day school for boys which had an ephemeral existence. I taught eleven branches, ranging from spelling to geometry and Virgil, and I also exercised a disciplinary jurisdiction over some twenty interesting infants of various ages. My one achievement was to beat some sense and a little knowledge of spelling into the head of a small boy who, when first I knew him, solemnly spelled pig "p-i-g-u-e." That boy was fourteen years old and came from Chicago.

In the following April "The New Jersey Military Academy" passed away. Its death was very sudden—due to some curious transactions of its principal—and I was left once more wondering what use the world had for me. The suspense was not, however, of long duration, and in June I went to live as private tutor at a cottage in the Ramapo Valley, near Ramseys, N. J.

Here I stayed for over a year, endeavoring to teach two boys certain rudiments of knowledge which are considered proper to the juvenile education. When the strenuous impulses came I took to the fields with dog and gun—and the pheasants would rise and fly away in derision. I did, however, shoot two clay-pigeons. Also I became a constant pedestrian and explored the hills and the Ramapo Valley with much zest. "Light Horse Harry" Leigh was supposed to be living in Suffern, only four miles away—in reality he spent all his days at Tuxedo—and about once a week I would tramp over to

Suffern to see him. Now, Suffern is a town of perhaps fifteen hundred people and twice as many dogs. I had seven canine friends who were wont to follow at my heels when I was pursuing my perambulations about the country, and when I appeared in Suffern with this escort, there invariably began a celebration which "made Rome howl." Curiously enough I never found Harry at home.

In the summer of '99 I was appointed to an instructorship in the Greek Department here, and I have since been leading a pleasant but eventful life, insinuating "circumstantial participles" into the brains of anxious freshmen, endeavoring to energize lazy sophomores and to discover to them the beauties of Homer and Euripides, trying to refrain from calling Seward Erdman's kid brother "Spud" in the classroom, really learning some Greek, and working in a desultory fashion in the English Department for a dim and distant A. M. I have not yet been mobbed by the students nor had my windows broken, though I inhabit the room once occupied by Professor Hoskins. Neither have I been treated to firecrackers and alarm clocks in the fashion in which we were wont to make life merry for our aged guide in the intricacies of Homeric Greek, though I hold forth in a part of the room out of which he chased us on one memorable morning—with fire in his eye and an umbrella in his hand. From such misfortunes may I be preserved!

Many younger brothers of '97 enter the classes each year. May the privilege be mine to see the sons of '97 one day sit in my lecture room! Scoby Van Nest and Mrs. Scoby are here, and Davy Magie, and for the sake of the old class we try to see that the University does not go too far wrong.

There is always a welcome for '97 men at 33 Blair Hall, and with that trite information I'll turn off the gas and go to dinner. Success to you, Pop, and to every classmate. Faithfully yours,

PERCY ROBERT COLWELL.

33 BLAIR HALL, PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 8, 1900.

ROBERT COMIN.

My Dear Keener:—I thought I had contributed all the information you desired, when I filled out the blank question sheet you forwarded. As I am anxious to see a Triennial Record of '97 come out soon, though, and as you are looking for something more, I will send these few additional details of my career:

After being stationed for two years at Bloomfield, N. J., as a kind of general utility man in the High School, I received an appointment as instructor in History in a new high school, opening in Brooklyn, called the Eastern District High School. I came here in February, 1900, and am growing up with the school.

The only experience in my career since leaving college, in the way of an adventure, was a pleasant little trip abroad during the summer of 1900. I went with no special object in view, but to see a little of the Old World and get a glimpse of the Exposition. I landed in Eng-

land in the early part of July and after taking a hurried trip through central England and spending a week in London, I went direct to Cologne and Bonn. I spent about a month in Bonn. There were about 2,000 students in the university at the time. So far as I could see they have none of the delightful outdoor life that is worth a college course to an American student. From Bonn I went on up the Rhine, visiting Heidelberg, Frankfurt, Nuremberg and Munich. Then I spent a few days in Switzerland, ascending the Rigi, and ended my sight-seeing by spending a week at Paris.

As might be expected of one who was a "poler" in college, I am doing a little graduate work in history and economics. I am not yet aiming at any more degrees. I feel that I have all I can do to carry my A. B. at present.

Here's one man that is praying for a rattling good baseball team for 1901 and a football team that will make Yale sorry she ever saw it, and will bury such little incidents as Cornell and Columbia.

Awaiting anxiously the Triennial Record of '97 and with best wishes for the secretary, and every classmate, I am,

Ever faithfully,

ROBERT COMIN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1901.

LE ROY CLARK COOLEY, JR.

Dear Pop:—After leaving college I took up the study of Theology at New College, Edinburgh, Scotland. The students in Edinburgh number about five thousand. They have very little of what we would call college life, because there are no dormitories. Most of the students live in "digs," as they call their lodgings, in a students' quarter, in the old town across the Meadows. I had the pleasure one afternoon of searching out the autograph of our James McCosh in the Registrar's book of the University. The professors are attended by an usher, who wears a silk hat and usually has a red nose and is fat, with brass buttons—quite imposing. This usher is supposed to keep order and answer various questions. At the beginning of the term nearly every student attends nearly every class to see how he might like it, to sample it, so to speak. After the electives are handed in, the attendance falls off wonderfully. Instead of paying a single tuition fee as with us, the student pays £3 for each lecture course he takes. As a result the canny Scot student often has only two subjects instead of six or seven.

The Professor of English holds the conspicuous position among the Edinburgh students which dear old Cam did with us. In fact, I attended one or two demonstrations which made it seem like home. Singing plays a very important part in the Scotch system of horsing. On one occasion the English professor entered his class room to the hymn, "See the hosts of Hell advancing, Satan leading on."

I attended the Easter term at Oxford. The many different colleges gathered together in one town offer many advantages, especially in

athletics, from the fact that the University is represented by virtually an intercollegiate team. Each College dines together in its common hall at night. The other three meals the students have in their rooms. Four meals a day are very conducive to hospitality. Oxford is surrounded by water very suitable for boating of every description. When the examination time came I was surprised to see most of the students of my acquaintance decamp into nearby villages to study in peace and quiet.

The last two years I have been studyng at Union Theological Seminary. Things have been uneventful except that I was on the Steamship Hamilton which sank the Steamship Macedonia, in a fog, off Seabright, June 13, 1899. Another adventure was that I was thrown out of a carriage and the horse and carriage rolled on top of me down an embankment. No bones broken.

At present I am serving as Associate Chaplain in Hampton Institute. The congregation has averaged about eight hundred so far, made up of three races—red, black, and white.

I am trying to develop the Princeton spirit among the students here at Hampton.

With good wishes and greetings to all the members of the Great and Glorious Class.

Sincerely,

LE ROY C. COOLEY, JR.

HAMPTON, VA., Feb. 23, 1901.

FRANK BERTINE COWAN.

My Dear Classmates:—Having just received notice that my delinquency has caused our Secretary to wander from "the narrow way," I feel that I must perform my duty in this respect at once, and so relieve myself from any farther responsibility for his wanderings.

The story of my life since graduation can be summed up in few words. Immediately after leaving the "Classic shades" I returned to my Country Seat (?) and spent three months renewing my acquaintance with those who know what it means "to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."

In the autumn of that year I entered Auburn (not the penitentiary) and pursued a course of theological study. The following summer I practiced on some meek and long-suffering people among the hills, and succeeded in organizing a church (good, old orthodox Presbyterian, too), with fifty-six charter members.

Then occurred the "great event" of my life. I was married Sept. 14, 1898, and *WE* sailed immediately for "the land o' cakes."

I spent six months in Edinburgh studying theology, and then we traveled for two months in England, France, Switzerland and Italy.

We returned to our native heath in May and for ten weeks I expounded the Scriptures to "Old Duff," Anthony Comstock, and other notables, at Stamford, N. Y. In the fall I entered Auburn Seminary for my third and last year of theological study, and graduated from

that instituion in May. I was ordained May 16, and ever since I have been trying to lead men into "the narrow way," hence my haste in responding to the Secretary's second appeal.

By the way, I almost forgot to mention that I am a happy pater and claim the distinction of possessing one of the "Jewels."

I think I have recorded everything (and possibly more) that would be of interest to those who will have the privilege of perusing these lines.

With best wishes for the success of "Our Glorious Class,"

Faithfully yours,

FRANK B. COWAN.

MORRISVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1901.

JOHN HAMILTON COWAN.

A course of theology, first at Princeton and later at Auburn, drove "the father" into such a depth of philosophic misanthropy that he refuses to yield to the blandishments of the secretary. To those who were wont to be the auditors of his impassioned eloquence, and who have heard from his lips many an outburst of Ciceronian invective against the theological heresies which becloud the thinking of the present day, it may seem strange that a man so evidently destined to sway multitudes by the power of his rhetoric should so voluntarily relegate himself to the realms of un-Princetonian desuetude.

Habitat—PITTSTON, PA.

EARL WALKER COX.

Dear "Pop":—If I tried, I think it would be possible to condense all the information you would like to have into the space required for a telegram, which would be a poor return for the numerous communications forwarded to me by the secretary.

Since leaving college, I have been in the wholesale coal business right along, except for six or eight months, when I kept the books for a New York manufactory's local branch, which I left about a year and a half ago, when we enlarged by opening a retail yard. There are no '97 men and very few Princeton men at all in this business, either buying or selling, in this territory, so that I do not often run across any of the fellows.

With the exception of a week spent along the Hudson on a wheel, several years ago, when I was lucky enough to meet a number of the class, my vacation has taken me every year to Lake Keuka, N. Y. Townley has missed being there only one summer, and some of the other fellows have been with us at times.

At the meetings of the local Alumni, '97 continues to be better represented than any other class, which is an advantage, as you can get up a private reunion if things get at all tiresome. I'm thankful that I have been at all the commencements and two football games since we

graduated. It has been a great satisfaction to have a good time with so many of the fellows, and has been always worth while; but I hope some one has written you a full and complete history of the Triennial for the special benefit of those who were unable to come. That reunion certainly deserves the prize, as the attendance records will show, and as all who were there will bear witness, and the promoters should receive the blessings of their thankful classmates.

The next big event, I suppose, will be 1902, and we ought to prepare for that, while some of the more foresighted, with whom we are acquainted, will be laying plans for the time when '97 will be represented among the Alumni Trustees.

Yours truly,
EARL W. COX.

HARRISBURG, PA., March 29, '01.

ROY GALBRAITH COX.

My Dear Patriarch:—In response to the promptings of a few atoms of conscience which occasionally rub together, especially when urged by the excitment incident to the deciphering of your periodic hieroglyphics, which have been conveying increasingly violent denunciations, threats and imprecations, my pen is at last at your disposal.

After enjoying an ornamental summer, subsequent to graduation, my idleness was suddenly terminated by the opportunity to secure a bottom position with the Harrisburg Trust Company; and on September 8th, 1897, I started to settle down. The work was agreeable, and by sticking to it I have been moderately successful. Indeed, fortune has so favored me that matrimony became possible and attractive. My marriage took place November 28, 1900, under the auspices of Hitzrot, Buck Thompson and Earl.

We do not have many opportunities of meeting with the good old class, but bring on your fifth annual reunion, and don't judge our class spirit by our literary disinclination or procrastination.

Yours truly,
ROY G. COX.

HARRISBURG, PA., March 25, '01.

Assistant treasurer Harrisburg Trust Co.; treasurer Eastmere Water Co.; secretary Harrisburg Mfg & Boiler Co.; auditor Harrisburg Board of Trade; director Greensburg & Hempfield E. St. Ry. Co.; treasurer Spring Lake Poultry Co.; member of The Country Club of Harrisburg, Harrisburg Athletic Club.

DAVID MAHON CRAIG.

My Dear Fellows:—I would hate to tell just how many times Pop Keener has written to say that it was "up to me"—it was more than once however, as he will testify, and not wishing to use up the entire class fund in postal cards, I have finally decided to dispute his word no longer.

I have been in so many different places since graduation that I can't quite recall the full list, but if you will consult the map of western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio you will find them all, and thereby save Pop the trouble of getting the record out in two volumes.

I might add that I have been "working on the railroad" ever since the summer of '97, and to my fellow Big Mackites this tells the whole story, but as there are a few in the class who missed this superior training, a few details are necessary. Railroading consists principally in moving from one small town to another, and when one gets it down to a science, he makes his moves just before his board bill becomes due, and thereby is enabled to live on his salary. Now this is strictly a professional secret, so please don't give it away, but if any of you fellows aren't making a hit, here's your chance for a home run. Another fine point about railroading is this private car racket, and there's where you sing, "Palms of Victory." I used to travel exclusively on mine, but one of the handles broke and since then I've done most of my traveling afoot. If William Moore only inhabited these parts, I believe I could work that car off on him, for it has many fine points.

I am at present busily engaged on a literary production in the nature of a black-list. It is compiled from a strictly personal experience, and contains the surnames of all the bad hotels in this section, truly a boon for all travelers. It will cost only four bones per, so send along your checks, but don't stick the stamps on as I may want to use them.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID M. CRAIG.

BEDFORD, OHIO, May 2, '01.

FRANK GRENVILLE CURTIS.

Dear Pop:—Your last urgent appeal received, and as I am the principal factor in maintaining a domestic establishment I don't think I shall wait for your C. O. D. telegrams with which you threaten me. To tell you the truth, I do feel a little ashamed for not responding before, but procrastination is the source of all evil, and I really think those who have failed to answer have not done it out of lack of spirit for our great and glorious class, but rather because they keep putting it off until the morrow, which in some cases, never comes. Then you must remember that it is a very difficult thing to write a history of your own life, especially an uneventful and prosaic one, which is the lot of most of us. Autobiographies are always difficult even among those who know how to write and really have something to say. You speak of me as a literary man, and that in my case lack of ability cannot be pleaded as an excuse, but let me assure you that any such ambition is of the past, for I have taken upon myself the responsibilities of life and am fighting earnestly in the struggle for existence, and hoping fondly to survive among the fittest. Circumstances make our futures, and although upon graduation we may tell our class secretary what we are going to be, let me ask you, Pop, how many of us have carried out our intentions. I should really like to know.

Now, as to what I have done since leaving the dear old place. After spending a restful summer at the sea-shore, I packed up my things and sailed abroad instead of taking a P. G. course as originally intended. I visited England, France, Austria and Italy, Turkey, Greece, Palestine, Syria and Egypt. I mention Egypt last because in importance to me it was anything but least. Not because I viewed the mummied remains of old Rameses the Great with so much interest, nor because I looked upon the towering columns of Karnak with such veneration (they are even more imposing than those of Whig or Clio Hall, which as a loyal Princetonian you may dispute). No, it was not mummies or ruins which interested me particularly, but a little lady who since then has become my wife. And right here I want to avow before all my classmates that the song I used to sing in college was not for the purpose of advertising any of my future family-in-law. I knew none of them then, and to my knowledge there is no Dr. Herrick in the family.

Upon returning from abroad my literary plans were abandoned. War had been declared, and I enlisted in the 171st N. Y., but saw no active service. The following December (1898) I was married. Harold Chatfield was best man, Ed. Davis and Dean Elliott ushers. Two months afterwards I went into the brokerage business in the firm of Nicoll, Herrick and Berg, of which I am now cashier. But, perhaps, the greatest happiness of all, Pop, came to me last January, when my little girl was born; the dearest baby that ever lived (at least we think so). She will be a true daughter of Princeton, and in time to come will wave the orange and the black at all our victories, for the time is coming when everything will be a victory for Princeton, and all her rivals will be rivals no longer. Old Nassau will rule supreme, the one great American university, and the class of ninety-seven will shine forth the brightest star in our great constellation of success.

Most sincerely yours,

FRANK G. CURTIS.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., May 3, 1901.

GERALD SCHOOLEY CURTIS.

Curtis is the guest who "has married a wife and cannot come!" The cares of pater-familias have put letter-writing entirely beyond his powers. He is engaged in the wood-fire-proofing business, and solicits the patronage of all members of the class who are anxious to have permanent abodes in the hereafter. The secretary humbly bespeaks for this advertisement the serious and immediate attention of those who have thus far failed to respond to his mild requests.

GEORGE KNOWLES CROZER, JR.

Dear Pop:—During the first two months I have been sick with the grippe, and away from home repeatedly, otherwise your frequent re-

quests and appeals for a letter would certainly have been answered long ere it were necessary for them to have become faithfully frequent and justly vehement. So here goes!

I have done nothing to startle myself or anyone else, by its inherent merit, in the last four years, except one thing, and of that I am duly proud—the fact that I returned to college and secured my "Dip." My one regret, however, is that it was not with the "great and glorious."

The fall following graduation I began to study law in Philadelphia, but six months' time proved to me that it was a mistake to continue, with a view to practice—that it was not in my line. From then on till last fall found me busy rolling up considerable mileage, and keeping my address on the move. The latter wandered at odd and irregular intervals to points intermediate between San Francisco and Cairo! Early last October I went into business in Philadelphia, and am hard at it as one of the "day workers."

Well, I feel sure that when many of us gather for our fifth reunion in '02, we will have the proud but usual satisfaction of eclipsing the records of all previous classes in numbers and enthusiasm and in everything else. I guess by this time I have said about enough, if not more.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE K. CROZER, JR.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 10, 1901.

EDWARD PARSON DAVIS.

Davis evidently desires to be forgotten, for he consistently refrains from responding to the overtures of the secretary. It cannot be learned whether he is still only a cornet or has developed into a full orchestra. It is rumored he is practising law, and that instead of emitting notes he is now protesting them.

WILLIAM POTTER DAVIS, JR.

My Dear Pop:—Your letters and postals are always welcome, and when they come five in succession—well, I must come out of my shell and respond. Don't think for an instant that my silence has been caused by lack of interest in the class or lack of appreciation of the labor involved in the compilation of such an addition to American literature as the '97 Triennial Record, but attribute it to a natural reluctance to send a letter saturated, like this, with so many references to the ego. A man who writes an autobiography must have done something worthy of mention or he is classed among the conceited and foolish. Here goes for the second class!

Wars have troubled me not. I did not leave my Dolly Gray "to go to fight the foe." My paths have been paths of peace, except, perhaps, occasionally there was a little internal dissension just for sweet variety's sake. Nor have I been in the "wild and woolly" hunting for

or being hunted by big game. My *locus in quo* for the last four years has been the Quaker City, and my object has been, for the most part hunting after big game of the biped variety. I am a lawyer, and—but to retrospect.

After leaving the dearest place on earth, I matriculated at the University of Pennsylvania Law School. How did I like it? How did Adam enjoy himself after he left Eden? His only trouble was that he had been in paradise and he must have realized in the words of Josh Billings, "it is only a step from hoe caik to plum puddin', but to go back again is a mile and a half by the shortest road." Well, after spending three years hunting antiquated cases, I was at last permitted by a kind Providence and lenient faculty to bag one LL. B. A more appropriate degree would have been M. T. Then I hung out my shingle with the firm I had been with since leaving Princeton. My office is in the Betz Building, and the latch string is always out to any '97 man. If any inducements are necessary I might suggest that the Rathskeller is in the same building.

With best wishes to each and all until we meet in June, I am,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM POTTER DAVIS, JR.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 18, '01.

MURRAY GREENE DAY.

My Dear Classmates:—Pop has been sending me letters in bunches, asking for my class letter, so in self-defense and for the fear that he will begin to telegraph me, C. O. D., I take my pen in hand, etc., etc.

I left college the 19th of June, '97, and I had a picture of myself having a nice loaf all summer and then going to work in the fall, but the Powers that Be decided otherwise, and I was told to go to Kansas City, and thither I went and stayed until after Christmas in '98. In Kansas City I had a sub-laboratory for the Paving Company, and when I was sent East in the winter of '98, I went to the head laboratory in Long Island City. I was at the head laboratory until the 28th of April, when I was ordered to St. Louis to the sub-laboratory there. I got there the first of May, and stayed there until the first part of July, when I was ordered back to the Kansas City sub-laboratory. I stayed in Kansas City, this time, until the winter of '99, when I went East on my own account. Shortly after arriving East I was sent to Santiago de Cuba, where the company had large contracts for paving, as well as a water and sewer system.

Cuba was interesting until yellow fever broke out in June, and then it was somewhat trying. In the meantime I had a trip on business to Kingston, Jamaica, which was very pleasant, as it broke the monotony of a routine life in Santigao.

In the early part of July I began to feel miserable and thought, of course, I had yellow fever, but when I went to the doctor he assured me that I was so full of malaria that there wasn't any room for yellow

Jack. This was, of course, comforting, but I think I would rather have "yellow," as with it, it is all over one way or the other, in a few days, and with malaria you are over it when you are dead—which is also comforting.

By the latter part of July I was so sick that I was sent to the States. Before going, we were fumigated and put in quarantine for five days. They quarantined us by putting us on an old ship out in the harbor for five of the longest days that I have ever spent or ever hope to. Every morning that ship would be pointing at the yellow fever hospital. The doctor came aboard each day and looked us over for symptoms of yellow, but none appeared, and on the 22nd of July the Ward Liner came in and we were taken over and put out for the States shortly after. The trip up was uneventful. We got to New York on the 29th of July, and I was more dead than alive, but glad to get back. I got a month's vacation, and went to Maine, where I recovered very rapidly, and in September I had a position offered me at Highland Park, a suburb of Detroit. I stayed there until the 17th of December, when the work that I had charge of being finished, I went back to New York and got back my position with the company, and was ordered to sail on the 20th of that month for the City of Mexico, via Vera Cruz. Arrived there, after stopping at Progresso and Campeche, on the first of January, 1900.

I was sent to Mexico for six weeks, but got back from there the first of July, which is a little more than six weeks, but that seems to be my luck. After getting back from Mexico I took a month's vacation, as I had a touch of malaria. After my vacation I went to Chicago and was there from August till October, when I was ordered to Kansas City, Kansas, to take charge of a plant. This work lasted until December of 1900. Since then I have had a trip, lasting some six weeks, to Dallas, Texas, but most of the time have had little or nothing to do. In a few days I expect to go to Chicago and make my headquarters there, and travel from there. I hope, if any of the fellows come through, they will let me know.

Besides these long trips I have had several short ones. One in '98 was especially interesting, in the Indian Territory. My tale is told. I admit this is somewhat long-winded, but hope you fellows will forgive me.

Good luck to you all wherever you are, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,

MURRAY G. DAY.

KANSAS CITY, MO., April 25, '01.

WALTER MOORE DEAR.

My Dear Pop:—After carefully perusing the sample letters you have kindly provided as a model which you expect me to strive to equal, it is with much trepidation that your humble servant narrates the following account of his uneventful life since leaving the elms of Old

Nassau. As this letter must be somewhat personal in its character, due to the writer being the subject of it, I trust that any charge of egotism may be withheld; for I class myself with those unassuming members of '97, who have neither achieved greatness nor had it thrust upon them, and who, having no one to sing their praises, nor any historian to write their obituary for the emulation of future generations, must narrate their own exploits.

All histories having a beginning, and brevity, besides being the soul of wit, will also add in this case to the interest of this letter for you, unfortunate devil, who have to wade through it, I will come to the point and launch forth upon the dark paths of the last three years.

Safely tucking my prized sheepskin in my trunk in June of '97, I hied myself to the seashore to seek the solution of the question, "What are the wild waves saying?" Nothing of importance occurred which would be worth narrating, though I can assure you it was the most momentous two months of my life, as I illustrated loafing as a fine art and bade good-bye to what is probably my last vacation of any extent.

Thanks to Squirt Daniels, who had imbued me with the taste for finance by kindly requesting that I pass two examinations in "Poly-Con," my steps turned towards Wall Street, as I strove merrily to whistle, "Two more months and I'll be looking for a job." Fortune favored me after a short search, and I landed in a broker's office, where my certificate as a member of '97, readily secured me positions of head of the copying department, messenger service, deposit and transfer clerk and general sweep; the salary was sufficient to provide course dinners at Dennett's, where I've seen other rich (?) '97 men. It is a fact that I saw Lugs Mason eating crullers at that hostelry, so that you can perceive Lugs was making money from the start. Two months of brokerage found me with such an accumulation of worldly funds, that I decided to retire, and accordingly gave up my job and took a week's vacation, during which time Mac. Wilson assisted me in enjoying myself.

With the advent of 1898, I turned my hand to the reportorial end of newspaper work. I will slide over the first six months of my introduction to what was really WORK, as it was the most trying and discouraging period of my struggle to earn a livelihood. Then, my work lightened as I became familiar with my task, and murders, suicides, railroad slaughters, divorces and all those other essentials which make up life on this mundane sphere and furnish an excuse for the power of the press, followed in rapid succession. After a year and a quarter of reporting on my home paper, I then essayed advertisement soliciting. After three months' trial, appreciating the fact that my forte, if I had any, was not in this direction, I returned to reporting, and had the decidedly easy work of writing a daily letter from the seashore resorts along the Jersey coast. While it was not strictly a vacation, yet I must confess that it was hard to distinguish between actual work and time for pleasure. In the fall of that year I entered

the business department of the newspaper, and still occupy the same position, with more or less responsibility, and with fair prospects.

Like others, I have had my disappointments and occasional successes, but on the whole, life has dealt well with me. I have made two uneventful trips, one to New Haven in '97, and the other to Princeton last November. Certain memories connected with these travels bring sad recollection, so we will hurriedly pass over the subject. I might state that I visited the two previously mentioned places in '98 and '99, of which Poe's run and six-to-nothing at Princeton, and Poe's kick and eleven-to-ten at New Haven, are my most distinct recollections. I have also attended our three reunions at Princeton. I have had no books published, though I believe some of my writing has appeared in print; still it was hard to distinguish the same after the blue pencil had waded through it. My dabbling in politics has been of a limited nature. I attempted to buck the organization on the election for county committeemen, and I am now among the "has-beens." Since then I have retired from the political arena.

I have joined the First Signal Corps, N. G. N. J., which has been organized recently, with headquarters in Jersey City. It is a mounted organization and our mounted drills are very similar to a wild west show.

This, my dear respected father-of-his-class, is the history of an uneventful life; that is, as much as can be told. Did I think it wise to reveal all, you, no doubt, would admit that I have not "told the half," but we will let well enough alone, so—'nough said.

Yours for '97,

WALTER M. DEAR.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Dec. 5, '00.

JOHN BARCLAY DE COURSEY.

Shortly after graduation Jack went into the paper manufacturing business, but was obliged to give it up on account of continued ill-health, which reached such an acute stage recently that a serious operation was necessary. He is now at Atlantic City recovering from the effects of the operation, which was entirely successful.

JOHN DE GRAY.

De Gray is not a rolling stone. He has been employed with the Pencoyd Iron Works, Philadelphia, Pa., ever since graduation. He has evidently absorbed some of the exclusive tendencies of the Quaker City, and refuses to recognize any person living north of the Schuylkill. This explains his evident disinclination to hold further correspondence wth the meek and lowly secretary.

EVARISTO VICENTE DE MONTALVO.

Cuba freed, the Count has returned to his ancestral estates, and is now basking in the sunshine of the tropics, surrounded by a score of obsequious attendants, who fan his fevered brow and press to his parched lips costly goblets wherein is the clink of ice and the sparkle of nectar. The enervating influences of such a life have destroyed all his epistolary energy. Countless appeals have failed to rouse him from his lethargy, and the secretary regrets that a pen once so prolific of graphic description should now rest idle. His mission in life accomplished, his sword has been beaten into a plow-share and his spear into a sugar-hook. The raising of cane (sic) once more engrosses his entire attention.

CHESTER BURGER DERR.

Chet's modesty prevents him from writing any but personal letters to the secretary. He is too modest by far. The various notes received give ample proof that he is hiding his light under a bushel, and that the class has reason to regret his refusal to contribute to the Record. He is in the general insurance business in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and for a small remuneration will insure you against anything from mosquitoes to matrimony.

RALPH DERR.

My Dear "Pop":—After five or six notices and as many unsuccessful attempts to get together enough words and sentences to make up a letter, a guilty conscience tells me "something *must* be did,"—and now or never. To some it may not be hard, but yours most truly finds it about the toughest proposition he has yet tackled to get out a letter of this kind, and all other attempts have been failures, complete and absolute, but, perhaps, telling about them in this one will help to fill it out.

After the Triennial of the "Great and Glorious" last June the writer returned to the "City of Brotherly Love" (after overstaying his time leave not more than three to four days), and took up again the arduous labor of "pen pushing" and earning a living. (Between you and me, "Pop," about enough for carfare six days in the week and tobacco for a consoling smoke after dinner those six days.) You perhaps know or have heard how refreshing and invigorating is the atmosphere about the Quaker's home on a warm summer's day, and so it was last June or July, but almost too much so for this party, so about the middle of July he "pulled his freight" to Atlantic City, for a rest after the gay and exciting time Philadelphia afforded; stayed there a week, returned to the daily Turkish bath, and again about the first of August pulled out, in answer to a very urgent call from the mountains, which proved one of the finest, if not *the* finest, summer vacation ever experienced. Since then, about October tenth, he has been

making a living in the draughting rooms of the New York Shipbuilding Company, along with another former member of the "Great and Glorious," endeavoring, a great deal of the time, to get a letter off to yourself, with results as above.

News of members of the class is scarce in this section, so much so that there is none to send—Camden being too far from the centers of civilization—but you have probably heard from, or of, everyone long ere this. I am, "Pop,"

Yours most sincerely,

RALPH DERR.

CAMDEN, N. J., March 11, 1901.

WALTER MEREDITH DICKINSON.

My Dear Pop:—You must pardon me for not writing you before, and you must lay part of it to negligence and part to having a great deal to do. Things have been going along in the usual humdrum way, as Trenton is not very lively at the best since the "Princetonese" don't have as free a foot in the town, owing to the coppers shutting down on them instanter and bottling up their overflowing spirits.

The most momentous thing that has happened in my family during the last year was the arrival, on January 24th, this year, of Miss Roxalene Howell Dickinson, and now you are not the only "Pop" in this part of the country. My only regret is that she cannot go to Princeton and get a true collegiate education, but maybe I will be able to instill into her some of the "spirit." However, she can go to Princeton very often and breathe the fine malt air for which the town is noted.

As you can see by the letterhead, I am still in the real estate and insurance business, and am holding my own in "nailing an easy thing" now and then. I wish the easy ones would only come a little oftener. I wish you the greatest success in getting up the book, and trust that I am better late than never.

Your sincere friend,

W. M. DICKINSON.

TRENTON, N. J., Dec. 15, '01.

JOHN TRUMBLE DOWNING.

My Dear "Pop":—I suppose about this time you are receiving numerous epistles which begin—"pardon me for being so dilatory in regard to your communication of the 17th ult., but"—excuses *ad nauseam.* And I must beg to "join the push." My only plea is, frequent calls and interruptions by Mr. Procrastination, the lad, you know who stole Papa Time's watch and lawn mower some time since.

As soon as I could shake the thief and break away from his baneful influence I did so, and now it gives me unalloyed pleasure to comply with your request and tell you where I've been "at" and what and whom I've been doing for the past three years. It is briefly told:

Immediately after graduation I went West, where I spent the summer traveling for a New York house, through Western Missouri, part of Oklahoma and the Territory, Eastern Kansas, Nebraska and Western Iowa.

In the fall I matriculated in the National School of Osteopathy in Kansas City, Mo., where I edited the "Osteopathic Magazine" the last two years, and graduated there last spring—June, 1900. In July I attended the National Convention of Osteopathic physicians at Chattanooga, Tenn.; then came East, and have been practicing here ever since. Am enjoying good practice, good health, and good things generally, and am now permanently located at above address.

Yours forever,

J. T. Downing.

Scranton, Pa., Dec. 6, 1900.

WILLIAM WILSON DRAKE.

Dear Pop:—Your telegram has been forwarded to me and I am forced by your persistence to make some kind of an answer, although I am quite convinced it will be of interest to no one.

I am a farmer now; in fact, just getting settled, which means lots to do, but not exactly the things that make interesting reading. I hope this will count for a letter and so answer your purpose.

Yours truly,

W. Wilson Drake.

Warrenton, Va., May 12, 1901.

CHARLES JOHNSON DUNLAP.

Dear Pop:—Really when I sent back the statement that I was not holding public office, had not written for the public press, was not married, had no children, had only taught school, studied law a little and practiced it less, this should have been proof enough that nothing more could, or at least ought, to be said about an uninteresting career.

What more can you want? Details of the teaching? There is more than one of the boys who have seen and heard enough of that in their own experience. For me it lasted for three years in a suburb of New York City, and there was proper gratitude when the season was over. Of the law study? It was carried on while teaching, for a short period in a law office and for a year and a half at the New York Law School. There are two or three things left to learn on the subject. Still in July of 1900, the State of New York admitted me to prey upon the public, and I have devoted myself to that occupation ever since. I secured desk room in a busy office in New Rochelle and have been practicing for myself, with all the varied experience of a country office, from chasing bad debts and debtors, and running down titles, to the practice in the court room.

Very truly,

Charles J. Dunlap.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1901.

CHARLES FRANCIS DUNN.

Dear Pop:—Those irreproachable, anonymous letters which you send as a guide on the road to elegant epistolary composition, I have unfortunately lost and remember nothing about them, save that your taste in selection was unquestionable. So I'll have to give you the skeleton outline, the plain crude facts of my career since leaving college, without an attempt at elaboration.

For the first fifteen months after graduation I presided over the intellectual destinies of two youths, one of whom found love with its natural sequence more to be desired than erudition, while the other is now a member of the class of '03.

In October of '98 I came to New York to look for a place, which I found after a month or so, with Harper & Bros. On the failure of this house a year later another opening offered, with Charles Scribner's Sons, where I am at present, in the advertising end of the business. It's a business which suits me to perfection, but whether I suit it so well is still an open question. I am neither married nor engaged, and the only mark of distinction I have received is a call by the City of Greater New York to ascertain my qualifications as a juror. I didn't qualify (Sweet are the uses of adversity), but the honor conferred I may presume is none the less.

CHARLES F. DUNN.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 17, 1901.

RICHARD EVERETT DWIGHT.

Dear Pop:—I can't stand your last heart-breaking appeal, and will have to try and write you one even though it is the worst letter in the bunch. I had always intended to write one, but, as you know, I was always about the last man in the class to start anything, especially at examination time. I didn't want to startle you by trying to make it appear that I had changed my habits any since leaving college. Besides I have had hard luck with my epistolary efforts. I intended to write you on the first call for information, but when I thought it over, knowing all the calls upon your strength which this job involves, it occurred to me that it would be too much of a shock and surprise to you in your delicate (?) state of health to have one whom you would put down for at least two or three extra urgent appeals, show up on the very first call, so I wrote you, or thought I did, somewhere between the sixth and twelfth request. Unfortunately, however, as I was in court at the time, I wrote you on the same blank on which I spread out my magnificent (?) record, and was very much pained to receive, not long afterwards, a communication from you saying that you would like to have me hurry up with my letter, and then when I wrote you I had written it on my information blank, you added insult to injury by writing me "you had noticed some writing on the back, but couldn't read it, and would I please write something that was legible." That is really the reason I am so terribly late. How-

ever, it is just as well for me to write now as earlier, for I had nothing to tell then and have nothing now. I have been "goating" it ever since I was admitted to the bar, two years ago, in the above-named office, and doing as little business as possible on account of my delicate (?) health. As I am writing this letter to try and help you break the record if possible and have really nothing to say, I will stop wasting paper.

Very truly yours,

DICK DWIGHT.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 21, 1901.

EDWARD GRAHAM ELLIOTT.

My Dear "Pop":—Had the past three years and five months of my life been filled with such stirring and thrilling events as military service in Cuba or the Philippines, or such a momentous occasion as taking unto myself a helpmeet and better half, as has been the case with so many of my distinguished classmates, I think it would be a very easy matter to "spin a yarn" that would be interesting. I could write of the hum of the bullets and the terror they brought; of the hair-breadth escapes from shot and shell; of hand-to-hand conflicts with the foe; or perhaps of capture and imprisonment with its untold hardships; or again of the wounds received, my suffering and agony till help and rescue came in the person of a beautiful "angel of mercy," who tenderly cared for me and watched over me as I hovered, weeks long, 'twixt life and death—at last restored to health as much through her untiring watchfulness as through any surgeon's skill. Let us not think that "the Romance ends right there," rather that she consented to be the "angel" of my life. Oh, those happy days, when Young Love first awakes! What rapture! What bliss! What volumes could be written about them, that would fill with envy the breasts of all those less fortunate fellows!

But alas (?)! I cannot; such has not been my fortune; but I try to console myself with the thought that perhaps some of those fellows who can, will "spin the yarn" for the rest of us poor unfortunates.

Since we stood together for the last time, under the classic elms of Old Nassau—it seems to me I have heard that expression before, but no matter—since we stood, I say, and witnessed the destruction of East College and the terror of certain instructors who dwelt therein, the story of my life has been simple, and I might almost say uneventful.

In the late summer or early autumn of '97 I was installed in the chair of Latin Language and Literature in Bolton College, Bolton, Shelby County, Tenn.—these last details of location are for the benefit of those benighted ones who have not the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with the above-named institution; further I would add that it lies within hearing distance of the steamboat whistles on the Mississippi, in the land of cotton and malaria, to say nothing of yellow fever which raged fiercely that fall. For a month or more I suffered from the slight inconveniences occasioned by a "shotgun" quarantine,

which were more mental than physical. Also I had the pleasure of boarding in the same house with a young lady who had "spells"—fellows, I warn you, beware of a woman who has "spells."

In June, '98, I received the news that I could be an instructor in Latin in the John C. Green School of Science for the year '98-'99, but could I afford to give up a professorship for an instructorship? Ah, yes, that longing for the old place was so strong that I was willing to make the sacrifice. You see, I had been compelled to miss the First Reunion, and I didn't propose to miss another. What mattered the result anyway? I had been a professor once, if I should never be again.

The summer of '98 I spent in the mountains of East Tennessee, trying to rid myself of the malaria of West Tennessee, and at home preparing for my new duties. I must confess I entered upon them with fear and trembling. I remembered so well our own conduct as Freshmen, and I didn't feel a bit older in '98 than in '93, and feared that my youthful appearance would serve as an incentive for similar outbreaks. But the Fates were with me, and I passed through the ordeal without having to flee for my life or summon a procter to my assistance.

Can it be that the "good old days" of thoughtless "horse-play" are passing away and a riper maturity coming in its place? If so, I believe the future mental growth of our beloved Princeton is assured, without in the slightest particular lessening that manly spirit of which we boast, but rather increasing it.

For two years I enjoyed the pleasures and experienced the trials of an instructor; happy years for the most part, and made so largely by the number of '97 fellows who lived in Princeton during that time. I can never forget, Pop, those "Sunday-night-seminars" in your room that first year; the initiation into the freedom of Edwards, so cordially and frequently bestowed upon Henry Russell; the debates on every conceivable subject, sensible and nonsensical, indulged in by us all; the honor of champions easily resting with Arthur Leonard and Henry. The first year, too, witnessed the wonder of the age, that brought joy to Old Nassau, "Poe's run"—"Poe's kick" a year later it was not my good fortune to see.

The year '99-1900 was not so happy for me, being darkened by sorrowful circumstances, with which I will not trouble you; rather let me pass hastily over it to that glorious event that came at its close, our Triennial, the finest that any class has ever had. Those were happy days, gladdened by the presence of many; tinged with sadness by the absence of a few.

Shortly after commencement it was my privilege to lay aside my duties as instructor in Latin and become again a student, pleasant as had been my experience as an instructor in Latin, and agreeable to my tastes as was the study of the classics. I believe my present studies, viz., Jurisprudence, Politics, etc., will be even more in accordance with my inclinations.

On August 16 I sailed from New York for Bremen. George Howe sailed at the same time, and we were together till October 15; first in

Wernigerode, in the Harz Mountains, and then in Halle, where I left him, just entering upon a three years' course of study in the classics, while I came here. It is my present intention to remain here the first semester, then go to Heidelberg for a semester, then back to Berlin for two semesters, and then America and Princeton; but too late, I fear, for the "Quinquennial."

There are three other Princeton men here—MacElroy, '96, Phil Robinson, '98 and Kellogg, '99, but alas! no '97 man. The university students number nearly ten thousand; there are men and women of almost ever age and nationality, but predominating, of course, is the German student, very many of whom bear upon their faces the scars of the "field of honor." Although forbidden by law, the practice of duelling continues even in Berlin, and every day one sees men with their heads bandaged up to such an extent that one might easily suppose them to have been in a railroad wreck.

For my part, I can see no beauty in this, but I have heard German ladies say that they thought it was charming. As yet it has not been my good fortune to witness a duel or take part in a "kneipe."

Here, Pop, you have my autobiography—save that I have not enumerated the "positions of trust" I've held, nor the "honors" that have been bestowed upon me. I can't recall any just now and should any be suddenly thrust upon me I will cable you at once. To be sure, I am an M. A. Princeton, 1900, but I am not married, have no children and am not even engaged. I do not think I am in danger for two years at least, as I do not find the German maidens all-entrancing.

So my story ends and with a heartfelt "God bless you" and "auf Wiedersehen," believe me, As ever most sincerely yours,

EDWARD G. ELLIOTT.

BEHREN STRASSE 57 III, BERLIN, GERMANY, Nov. 16, 1901.

JOHN DEAN ELLIOTT.

My Dear Pop:—Here goes to save you from the bother of sending me the second notice, third notice, etc. Since leaving college my life has not been very eventful. I started working, but not finding it very much to my taste, I entered medical college in the fall of '97, and have been at that ever since. By good luck and much work I am now on the homestretch and expect to become a doctor next spring. I am neither engaged nor married and am in no imminent danger from those sources. I was at our Triennial and had a grand time and I have been very fortunate in getting to the Burg on most of the large occasions and thus keeping in touch with many of the boys. I have been to all the big football games and many of the baseball games, and have enjoyed most of them, although occasionallly they didn't go our way. I guess this is about all I know to tell you, so will close.

Sincerely yours,

DEAN ELLIOTT.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 3, 1900.

WALTER SHIPMAN ELY.

Ely engaged in various enterprises after leaving college, and even tackled Alaska. He received such a frost that he returned to New York City, and went into the stove business with the purpose of thawing out. He soon became such a warm article that his services were demanded by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, and he is now in the employ of that soulless corporation. His connection with the rapid transit system does not seem to have facilitated his appreciation of the obligation to his classmates. May it come with years.

FRANK WARNER EMMONS.

Emmons believes in the annexation of Cuba politically and individually, as indicated by his marriage to one of the belles of Havana, where he now is serving the Government in the Quartermaster's Department.

SEWARD ERDMAN.

Dear Pop:—I hasten to reply to your third communication; for, knowing that you would keep on sending me notices, I have waited, in order to answer them all at once.

Since leaving Princeton my career has been as follows:

My first year was spent in private tutoring in Asheville, N. C.

In October, 1898, I entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York City, and am now in my third year, with one more to go.

My summers have found me a quasi private tutor to three small boys, with whom I spent this last summer in Paris and Scotland.

The splendid work of the '97 men who are in the fourth year medical work acts as a spur to others of us who are plodding along.

The mystery of prescription writing is overcome, for after my pig-Latin drugs, shall read "To be taken with one grain of salt."

Very sincerely,

SEWARD ERDMAN.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1901.

FRANK EVANS.

Dear Pop:—Your frantic appeals for a letter have finally aroused me to this effort; but you must know that in a mining camp, where one works thirteen hours a day, sleeps eight and a half, and has the rest of the day to one's self, that remaining half-hour is very precious. However, under skies that rival sunny Italy's, with pure air to breathe and pure water to drink, and the beauty of snow-clad peaks to the east and to the west, ever in sight, life is very pleasant. Our camp is about two-thirds Mexican, one-third American. The latter—those who succeed in holding their positions—are a splendid lot.

I think often of the fellows in my class, but I fear that it will not

be soon that I may see any of them. May '97's sons ever be brave, true and good, is my final wish. Yours,

FRANK EVANS.

MORENCI, ARIZ., April 27, 1901.

THOMAS ST. CLAIR EVANS.

Dear Classmate:—I cannot but feel that because of my narrowness very few of you will care to know what has become of me, for I fear that I did not show myself friendly while in college.

Following graduation, I became general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Associaton of the University of Pennsylvania, in which position I remained two years as one of our class missionaries to the heathen.

The following year found me back at Princeton as general secretary of the "Philadelphia Society," to succeed our own "Lucius," who did so much for the highest good of Princeton during his two years in this position. This year finds me back at "Dear (?) Old Penn" as so-called "permanent secretary" of a new and unique organization, having entire charge of the religious interests of the university.

Oh, yes, I was married July 12, 1900, at East Northfield, Mass., to Miss Edith Muir Pierson, and we have our happy little home down among the descendents of the "Schuylkill Rangers," in the so-called slums of Philadelphia. We wish that some of you might don your working clothes some dark night, sneak out the back gate of your "four-hundred" mansion, and drop in on us at the "Settlement," where the sights and noises would far excel the Freshman-Sophomore game.

With most grateful remembrance of you all. Affectionately,

TOM EVANS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 13, 1901.

WILLIAM FULLER EVANS.

Dear Old Pop:—I am much in fear that a recital of my doings since I was graduated would be neither interesting nor instructive. Of course there *are* many things of which I could tell you that would make mighty entertaining reading, but unfortunately those things are not made of the stuff that bears the light of public opinion. And, anyway, half the zest in them would be gone in the telling! Secrecy, you know, like inhibition, adds relish. It may be selfish, this, but I fancy all the other fellows feel as I do. All that one can tell is what one has done *in the world,* and *that* may be told easily and cheerfully. But even so, if it were not that I deem it my duty to '97 to do my little share toward making this *Record* another "record-breaker" by adding my "little page or two," I think I should cry quits right here. But as we learned in those wonderful days when we had ethics that "oughtness" should be our strongest incentive toward doing the right, I bow to this sublime force, acknowledge the sovereignty of class spirit, take

off my coat, and proceed to set down here, for the edification of my classmates, my sins of commission and omission; and since the sins of omission seem to be far the larger category, I'll arrange them first.

Up to date I have not been caught in the dreadful snare of matrimony. (I put this first because it appears to be the commonest and the greatest of "all the ills that flesh is heir to.") As a natural consequence my children are yet unnamed.

I have not held any position of profit, honor or trust, for I hold that school-teaching comes under none of these heads.

I have not obtained a degree from any institution, unless it be the honorary degree of A. D. F. from the University of the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

I have entered into no business, except the degenerate one of getting all the fun out of life that I can.

I have no profession, except that of teaching young, innocent minds that $s = \frac{1}{2} g (2t-1)$, and how beatific it is to know that Rameses II. wore a wig.

I have taken no part in the various fracases that have of late disturbed our national equilibrium, unless one mentions the rather modest role of urging pupils, if they ever by any mischance become a nation's hero, not to allow themselves to be pushed off their pedestals by old maids bent on osculation, nor by women desirous of basking in the glory of the brazen halo that surmounts our Presidential mansion.

I have written no books. At least I have *published* none. My correspondents sometimes complain at being forced to wade through four-cent volumes.

I have taken no journeys abroad, nor have I strayed farther from the home-fold than the distance to be covered in a long day's journey. And "thereby hangs a tale!" But I shan't tell it to you, for I should be afraid of hearing you say, "Skip the bad words, old man!" Ah, Pop, how that phrase brings back many a good day when you played ball with the fellows in front of Old Nassau's steps, before we began our evening singing.

My, my! but it makes a fellow long for the times "o' auld lang syne" to bring out of Memory's depths the days and nights of college life! Never again shall any of us be so free, so untrammeled, so irresponsible as we were in those blessed, glorious years when '97 owned Princeton. Didn't '97 simply cover herself with all sorts of glory? Well, Well! And isn't she still keeping it up? Well, *yes!* It is so good to hear one's classmates grappling hard with the old sullen, selfish world, and taking falls out of it, time without number. Some of us have discovered that more things than "laissez faire" are needful, if we are to amount to anything, but I think—and, am glad to think—that deuced few of us are discouraged; and that we are no more afraid of work than we were of catching *pensums!*

But I digress. You didn't ask for sentimentalizing. Let us get back to my little day's work. As you have seen, my life since June,

'97, has been largely one of negation; a sort of "supernaturalistic uniformitarianism," to quote our verbose Prexy. Little have I done, and this is it: For a year after graduation I was lost to the world in the loneliness of my native hamlet. Then a hole opened in the Greenville High School and I just naturally fell into it. I couldn't climb out for two years. And then, while I was in New York last June, just before going down to Princeton for our Triennial, I met there Mr. Gregory, the principal of the Long Branch schools, who, in his greatness of heart, looked upon me, was moved with compassion, and offered me a place in his domain. I took a running jump! So here I am teaching science and history in the Chattle High School, and here I shall remain until June, 1901, unless the Board of Education sooner recognizes the glow of intellect and ambition in me, and presses me to move to higher spheres.

—*Et hic omnia.*

I am always most heartily, yours and '97's,

WILLIAM FULLER EVANS.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Dec. 18, 1900.

GRANT HENRY FAIRBANKS.

The excitement of getting married completely bowled over Fairbanks, but with the assistance of some classmates he was safely launched upon the uncertain sea of matrimony. After leaving college he went into the wheel business, but the business went to his head. He slipped a cog and landed in a paper-mill. He evidently possesses such a reverence for the virgin surface of his shining sheets that he cannot endure to sully their spotlessness with any of the lines and marks which would convey to the secretary a graphic idea of his career. It is learned from other sources that he is fulsome, fearless and flourishing.

GEORGE OSTRUM FORBES.

Dear "Pop":—Your bright, newsy letter, headed "Third Request," has finally aroused me from the trance brought on by over-indulgence in the good things contained in the sample letters enclosed in your previous epistles to me. I would that I could tell you of some wonderful discovery, or a great success in politics, or of my experience while lying in a fever-striken camp in far-off Manilla, but I cannot. I can only say with the immortal Croker, "I done my duty where I seen it," or rather I tried to.

After spending four years at old Princeton, and finding there nothing more to learn (?), I started out to explain to the wide world a few things hitherto unknown to it. It is unnecessary to add that the fall was great, and the realization of lack of practical experience was painful. I began my "Business Career" at "three-fifteen" a week, learning

the iron trade as it pertains to that especial branch called "malleable cast iron." I find there are a few things in the business which cannot be learned in the laboratory.

Some two years ago I joined the ranks of the benedicts (I notice several other members of the "Great and Glorious" have been equally fortunate), and have been blessed with a son, whom I hope will be duly enrolled at Princeton in the class of 1924, or thereabouts.

You see, my story is soon told and in few words. If it will add any to the success of the Record (which I very much doubt), you are at liberty to use it.

Hoping my tardiness has not drained too much of your abundant stock of good nature, and promising never again to pass by a first request, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. O. FORBES.

ROCKFORD, ILL., Feb. 8, '01.

JOHN MUSSER FRAME.

My Dear Classmates:—"Happy is the nation whose annals are brief." If the same test can be applied to individuals then my post-college life must, up to the present time, have been perforce, a happy existence. To those of you who have been engaged in business or in professional labors, the simple narrative of my deeds and misdeeds will seem very commonplace. The three years after graduation were spent in the Harvard Law School—there is the whole story in a nutshell. The course in a law school is best described by the word "thorough." A premium is placed not so much on brilliancy as on steadiness. Some one, Justice Gray, I believe, once said, "The Law School is the only place I know where working is considered fashionable." At any rate I soon learned that one cannot live always in Arden Forest, and for the first time I settled down to hard work.

The monotony of student life was relieved by occasional pilgrimages to the literary shrines of New England—the Longfellow House, Concord, Salem, Brook Farm—and by numerous excursions to the thousand and one historic spots in and around Boston. Of course I treated myself to a trip to the Maine woods, where there is no end of sport, and, better still, spent several weeks sailing along the coast of Maine. In the fishing villages we encountered not a few amusing "originals," who would prove to be, for those of you who contemplate literary production, very fine stuffing for novels.

My absence from class reunions can be accounted for by the fact that the law examinations at Harvard and Commencement at Princeton are contemporaneous. In the winter of '98 I spent a few days in Princeton, but I was oppressed with the conviction that I was a "has been," and I was so lonely without the old faces that I felt like a fish out of water.

My summers have been spent in offices, and by that means I have acquired considerab'e experience on the practical side of law. Last November, the day after the Presidential election. when everybody was sleepy and stupid, I wriggled through a ten hou. oral exam., and was admitted to the Bar. Now I pay rent and smoke and wonder how and why it is that nobody needs a lawyer.

Hoping to see as many of you as possible at Princeton next June, I remain, Yours fraternally,

JNO. M. FRAME.

READING, PA., Feb. 26, '01.

HARVEY THOMPSON FRAZER.

My Dear Pop:—I am sorry you weren't pleased with the letter I wrote you, and that it took three postal cards and a personal letter from you to make me write again, and I hope I am not the last one to get my letter in. I am still studying medicine at the P. & S., New York City, and hope to graduate in June.

Yours sincerely,

T. FRAZER.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Feb. 13, '01.

CHARLES LAMB FURBAY.

My Dear Pop:—Your persistent energy deserves its reward. Do not understand me, however, to attempt the inference that *this* letter, or, in fact, *any* letter which I might write, would constitute a reward for your unexcelled and unparalleled efforts in behalf of the glory of '97. There is very little to be said concerning myself—perhaps nothing that would be of interest to my classmates. I have spent the time, since leaving college, profitably and otherwise, but I have always been proud that I am a Princeton man and particularly proud of being a member of the great and glorious class of '97.

Fraternally,

CHAS. L. FURBAY.

POMEROY, OHIO, May 11, 1901.

PERCY LEE GALLAGHER.

Gallagher, after leaving college, undertook a mercantile life, but found it little to his taste. He then entered the legal profession, and is now an ornament to the New Jersey Bar. The writing of briefs evidently accounts for the secretary's failure to secure from him more than a bare answer to his questions.

MY STURDY LITTLE MOUNT.

ROBERT GARRETT.

My Dear Classmates:—"Pop" is a distressingly busy "Master" at Lawrenceville, and now that he has favored us with that characteristically enthusiastic appeal, and deluged the laggards with profane postals,—in behalf of ourselves, as usual,—I want to uphold my share of the class burden by sending a letter that will not magnetize his blue pencil. Its length is unfortunate, but I trust you will bear with me.

Before turning to the story of my few adventures in the busy world, I am going to take some liberties with you and grasp this unique opportunity to press upon your attention in a few very brief words some class matters,—of importance both to us and to our beloved Alma Mater.

There are various cardinal points towards which our attention should be constantly turned, and in which that zealous love for Princeton and all her concerns, for which we as a class have been, and desire to be noted, should find adequate outlet. Much success has been achieved by many of you, whether in professional study, as teachers, or in business; but how can we measure that success,—what can we

lay our hands upon that will indicate how much has been accomplished? A few,—and they are notable because of their isolation,—have shown what they are capable of doing, and what their opportunities have meant to them; but the output from our factory has not been at all commensurate with the amount of energy expended,—the finished product has hardly ever been placed upon the open market. Perhaps you say "give us time so that we may first get our bearings,"—but what of those that have already set the pace? Are they so far above us in ability and general excellence that we can afford to let them get such an insurmountable lead over us in the race? I do not urge that we should have set up, in type, anything that comes to our heads or hands, but there certainly should be some worthy results from our specialization and original investigations.

Then again, we are far behindhand in the most important field for which our education in a measure fits us,—we are taking little or no part in public life, in active politics. It is a crying shame that the university men of our country care so little to turn their attention towards the task of bettering the existing conditions about us. Why is politics, both local and national, in its present state? Why does corruption run its extravagant course unchecked? Is it not largely due to the fact that most of the educated men of the country,—those educated both mentally and morally, those who have been best fitted to direct public affairs,—have stood aloof and have let the unscrupulous take over the government and all its concerns? We need honesty, we need energy, and we need efficiency in politics to-day, and although we may feel helpless in the rushing tide if we strike out alone, yet it is plainly our bounden duty to assume the responsibilities of citizenship, to throw in our mite towards the improvement of our surroundings, and, in so doing, to fulfill our share in regaining that eminent position so illustriously occupied by the Princetonians of a century and more ago. We cannot all at once step into high posts of honor and gain a leadership that only years of training will fit one for, but there are many lesser offices that we might fill. We must turn towards these, and no matter how unimportant they may seem, they should be regarded as public trusts, and used for the improvement of present conditions. You see, this is my hobby now, and I must "crack it up" whenever there is the shadow of an excuse! So I hope many of you will soon become aldermen, councilmen, ward-heelers, police commissioners, "any old thing," so long as you choose the best elements and eschew the evil ways of our Machiavellian bosses. I for one am heading towards some such post, though whether or not my cranium will drive itself into a mud wall in the shape of a Gorman or a Quay, remains to be seen,—I'll let you know later,—or my executor will!

There are one or two other little things,—excuse the mark, "Pop"!—of which I must speak before closing this sermon, and first of all let me ask why do all you blamed bashful youths continue to withhold from our wearied secretary those newspaper clippings that he asks for so often? Don't inquire too closely into my own conduct on this

point, but, seriously, let's make some good New Century resolutions, and deluge "Pop" and his album with endless tales of '97's doings. How can he keep us informed of each other's successes unless we furnish data,—something about "the other fellow," at least? Haven't you noticed the unfortunate paucity of news about the class in the Alumni Weekly? We are each and all to blame for that. So do let your good resolutions go so far that you will constantly furnish the much desired information about yourself and your adventures,—and, incidentally, *don't forget that bully paper* that is such a comfort to the lovelorn Princetonian!

Then, too, there is that struggling memorial fund,—have you pondered often and long upon those suggestions concerning the object for which we are to spend the slowly accumulating thousands of dollars? That Biological Laboratory of the worthy class of '77,—you note the significantly close resemblance of those numerals to our own, don't you?—that little, useful brick building is glued fast in my mind as the foundation on which we should build,—for remember, we cannot model our gift after any other, we must rise head and shoulders above them all and establish something,—though it need not be necessarily of brick and mortar,—that will endure at least through the coming millennium.

Now that I have preached long and loud I will bore you with as rapid as possible an account of my successive wanderings over the face of the earth.

During the early part of the summer after our dismal parting, I had a good, quiet time at Quebec and afterwards at Pointe-a-pic, on Murray Bay of the St. Lawrence. The natives of the locality are not remarkable beings to look upon, but they have managed during the few generations of their family history to retain names such as Blackburn and Mackintosh, and to practice a sort of modified sword dance, while they speak a patois of French, and know little or no English or Gaelic.

When I left this interesting spot, Ted McAlpin took me in at his summer home in the Adirondacks, and was generous and considerate enough to allow me to bag the only deer we killed during a hunting excursion of forty-eight hours in which we saw eighteen of them.

In the early autumn I came back once more to the borderland of the South, intending to take a law course at the University of Maryland and dabble a little in business. So far as the law is concerned I went off on a wild "tack," landing in the middle of the Johns Hopkins historical department, beside a fifteen-foot table, bound for Ph.D.-dom—it is hard to say how I got there, but there I was and there I stuck. Business has succeeded in keeping just within sight, but just out of reach.

In December, I was mustered into a new cavalry organization, Troop "A," of the Maryland National Guard,—foreseeing, as you will note, the blowing up of the "Maine" and the outbreak of the war. But somehow my foresight did not go far enough to enable me to choose

the organization that the President desired from our State, so after a few days in camp, in April, we were sent back to our homes labelled "not wanted," and had to content ourselves with looking from our cupboard-shelf at the troops going south to the great camps, or to Cuba and Porto Rico. General Lee threw me down, too, when a staff position was sought, and the nearest I got to campaign scenes was to visit Newport News when the troops were walking the streets in lovely pink and blue striped pajamas, or were hurriedly crowding themselves, a la sardine, into the transports destined for our new island possession

The academic year of '98-'99 was spent grinding slowly at history and economics at Hopkins, with the monotony occasionally disturbed by a shy entrance into the gay world, where entanglements were carefully avoided, simply because "Pop" has too much difficulty now keeping up with the many alliances effected with the other sex, and I do not want to add to his troubles.

In the spring and summer of '99, I was making strenuous, Rooseveltian efforts in preparation for an extended journey into the Near East, on an expedition organized for the purpose of pursuing archaeological research in a part of Syria that, curiously enough, has been very little visited by scientific explorers or even by mere "globe trotters." We sailed in August for England and, arriving in London, set to work gathering together the many things, necessary and unnecessary, that we then considered should make up an explorer's kit. I drove down to Fenchurch Street Station one night and welcomed "Luke" Miller and "Puss" Balken to the sad, smoky metropolis,—for they, also, had taken upon themselves the feverish desire to conquer worlds unknown and were heading for the same land in which the great American Expedition of 1899 was to work.

After a few more day of hurry, we joined forces in Paris, and went to Marseilles to take ship for Beirût. After ten days, filled with the rare delight of a continuous living panorama in which we caught glimpses of Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, Sicily, Greece, the Dardanelles, Constantinople, Asia Minor and Cyprus, we landed in Syria.

Then,—the custom-house. Our twenty-eight pieces of baggage, large and small, were hauled and carried in by the jabbering native boatmen, and were strewn about in all directions to await the pleasure of the small official with red "tarbush," who was urged to allow us to hurry through, since we were harmless American travelers, bent upon no revolutionary mission against the suzerainty of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan. All went on well and speedily, until the last of the many trunks was pounced upon. Here a halt was called, while the great black colossus was opened for inspection,—blank astonishment and consternation, — impossible! — four dangerous rifles! — contraband! "These cannot pass,—bring back all the twenty-seven pieces for minute examination." Chagrined, but powerless, we stood aside, mutely watching the official go carefully over everything, extracting here a revolver, there a box of cartridges,—finally allowing us to go to our hotel with only one revolver to protect us on the long journey east-

ward into the desert; and this was ours only because it was overlooked in the search. A good part of the time left for final preparation in Beirût was spent in devising ways and means to release the captured arms, and in making repeated visits to the Custom-House, personally, or through our backers furnished by the American and German Consulates, to ask the officials to mitigate their sentence of confiscation. Success was finally attained for the larger arms by persistent urging that they were not dangerous weapons, to be used against the Empire, —they were too small to be employed in military operations,—therefore they must be merely sporting guns. And "armes de chasse," they were called, although at home we style them "Winchester carbines." The revolvers were secured by a common oriental method of pro-

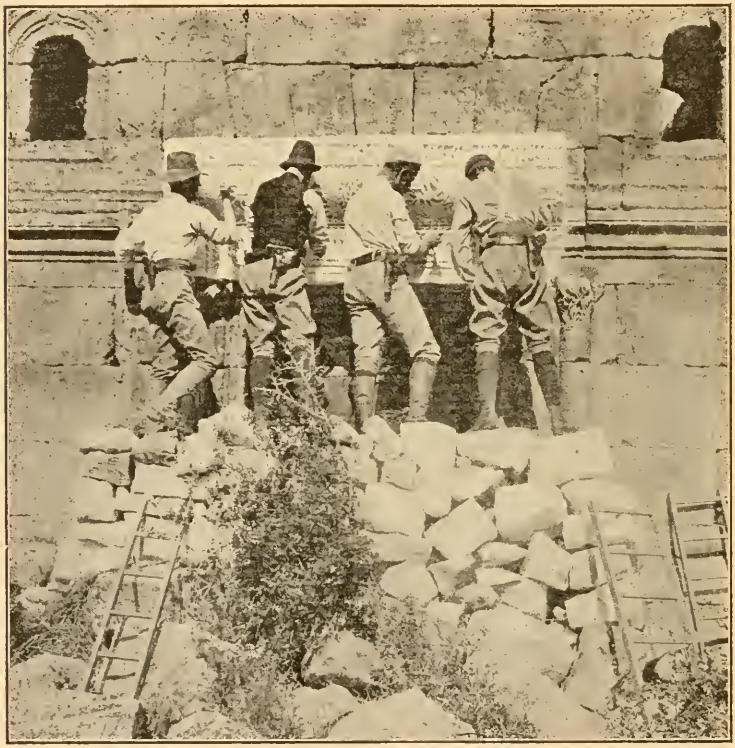
A PRIVATE HOUSE, NORTH SYRIA, EARLY CHRISTIAN ERA.

cedure,—our representatives were allowed, in their discretion, to give to the chief of the Beirût Customs one of our 32-calibre Colts, on the surrender of the others and the cartridges,—for was not this a most modern type of American fire-arm, never seen in the Orient, that would be a nice little toy for our wise Turk?

Two weeks after our arrival, we were again on the way, this time going northward by way of Larnaka, in Cyprus, and Mersina,—the Port of Tarsus,—to Alexandretta, our point of departure for the interior of Syria. Nine hours riding on little horses of Arab stock brought us to Antioch, the scene of our first encampment, happy that

we were at last well on our way, but rejoicing rather more that there was something to repose our weary bodies upon, other than those miserable English saddles, brought for our especial benefit.

The desolation of ancient Antioch is profound. Little remains to indicate that it was once a center of civilization, hardly less superb and powerful than Rome herself. The modern town is squalid and miserable to the western mind, and we were not sorry to strike on towards the east, after a stay of ample length to allow us to learn of the almost total absence of valuable historical remains.



"THE WORKERS" IN "THE EAST."

Beyond the river Orontes we came into the district that proved to contain a marvellous group of ruined towns, standing, as it were, high and dry, and founded on a rock,—a sight that almost took our breath away when we had had time to realize their number, their splendid state of preservation and the fact that the very names of the majority of them are unknown to archaeology and perhaps to history. It is true that some of them were visited, forty years ago, by the Comte de Vogüé, and were described by him a few years later,

and it is true that he told of other ruined villages in the neighborhood which he was not able to visit; again, it is true that a few philologists have ventured into the region, and have copied many inscriptions found on the houses and on tombs. But strangely enough, no one has had the energy or the foresight to go over the country thoroughly, in order to collect the data that stands so readily at hand, to bring it back, and to publish it for the benefit of American and European students.

It remained for the chief of our party,—Butler, '92, one of our lecturers in the art room of Old North,—to conceive the plan of visiting the country of our research and to carry it to a successful conclusion, —a result that I trust you will perceive for yourselves when the proposed publication is brought to light.

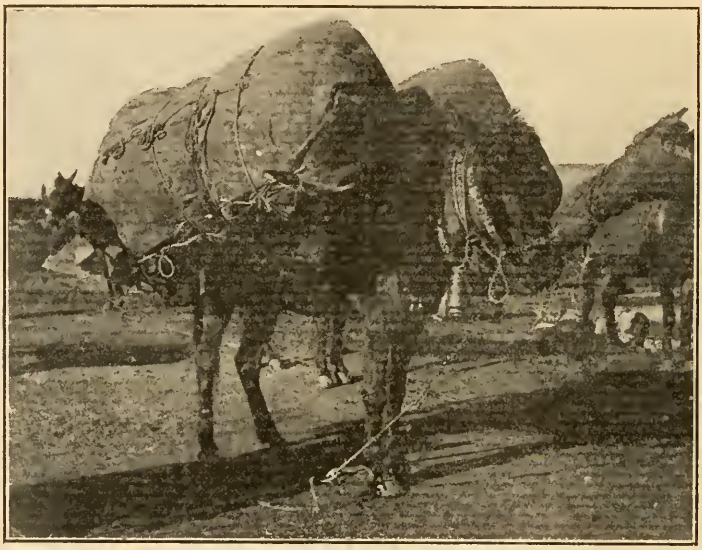
After a few weeks of steady work in this district, and when we seemed to have accomplished about all there was to do, we turned our faces again eastward, and soon pitched camp in the great desert city of Aleppo,—the city that grew and thrived by acting the part of "middleman" in the caravan transportation system of the desert, until the Suez Canal came and changed the route followed by the merchandise of India and Persia to Europe. But we were not mere tourists hunting for the amusements and distractions of a city, so our party was soon away, rapidly marching towards the mighty river of antiquity, the Euphrates, which until now seemed more like a tradition, a myth, than a fact, a natural phenomenon. On the third day we came to the edge of the river valley, and—oh! the wonder of it!—there lay the broad white ribbon winding southward until lost in the hazy distance, and here, across the broad valley, rose the hills of Mesopotamia, the cradle of civilization.

It was only a rapid survey that we took, and then, turning northward, our path brought us down the slopes into the valley, along which we wandered slowly towards the site of Karkhemish, the northern capital of the Hittites. Little now remains above ground of the original city, or of the Alexandrine and Roman ones built upon its ruins, but probably a thorough attempt at excavation would net the energetic explorer very rich results. Indeed, the little that has already been done there has proved more than well worth while, for most of the Hittite sculptures now in the British Museum were brought from this site some twenty years ago, and there are a few more interesting specimens still standing in the rough trenches cut by the English excavators.

We then made a hurried visit to the interesting town of Biredjik, towards the north,—the town in which the Armenian massacres of five years ago originated, and one that saw a host of that unfortunate people ruthlessly slaughtered by the fanatical Mohammedans, under the eyes of the abetting Turkish officials, until not one was left alive who openly professed Christianity. The Moslems did not look upon us with genial smiles as we strolled through their bazaars, but we were in the care of a uniformed policeman, so they thought it best not to indicate their ill-will more strongly than by surly scowls.

Our tour of the place over, we recrossed the Euphrates, and, after a night in the tents, pitched just beside the river, we turned our faces westward and hurried to headquarters as well as was possible with the slow caravan, the unfavorable elements and the increasing mud along the way. Passing through Aleppo again, and southward through Hamâ, Homs and Tripoli, taking refuge at times in the houses of village Shêkhs, we landed in Beirût shortly before Christmas.

The party then broke up, to spend the two months of the rainy season according to the individual inclination of each of its members. I rushed away to join "Puss" Balken in Cairo, where he had already learned all there is to know, old and new, of one of the most fascinat-



THE QUEEN OF THE MULES,—READY FOR THE MARCH.

ing cities of the world. He was familiar with every nook and corner of the place, and found me an amenable pupil and a ready attendant during all his vagaries. We finally decided to tear ourselves away from the merry streets of Cairo, and venture up the Nile to take a glimpse of the majestic temples and the tombs of the Pharaohs. The beauties on the tourist steamer, however, pleased "Puss" beyond measure, and the wonderful relics of antiquity were unfortunately of minor importance!

It was not long before we had reached the first cataract, had inspected the colossal dam across the Nile, that is to multiply the agricultural wealth of Egypt so marvellously, had returned to Cairo and had taken ship for Italy. The four days out on the Mediterranean wearied "Puss" sadly, but finally we came into the Bay of Naples and landed

safely, only a little the worse for wear. Next came Pompeii, with a somewhat closer view of smoking Vesuvius, and at last, Rome.

My three weeks in the Eternal City were very quickly ended, and with our chief explorer, who had come by a more direct route to Italy, I left "Puss" and the gaieties of the American colony of Rome, and in less than no time we had passed through Brindisi, Patras, Athens and Smyrna, and found ourselves again in Beirût. In ten short days more we were in the saddle, climbing laboriously up and over the Lebanons in the direction of Damascus. A light rain dampened

A MONUMENTAL TOMB, NORTH SYRIA, EARLY CHRISTIAN ERA.

somewhat our enthusiasm over the delight of renewing the varied experiences of camp life, but, well bundled up in the Arab cloaks that served as protection against both cold and wet, we dismounted at the first camping place contentedly tired, and ready for the three long months of toilsome travel then before us.

Turning northward in Coelesyria, between the Lebanons and the Anti-Lebanons, we arrived soon at Ba'albek, to view those marvellous ruins whose foundations date back to early Phoenician times. The vast dimensions of the blocks of limestone in the lower courses of the outer

wall make one feel that the science of engineering of to-day is far behind that of the ancients in handling large masses. It is conceded by all, I believe, that no machine can be constructed on known mechanical principles which could lift one of those Cyclopean hewn stones. The largest one in the wall measures sixty-five feet in length, and it is about thirteen feet square on the end.

On and on the caravan travelled, always in a northerly direction, until, at the end of five weeks we approached the region of our autumn's efforts. A thorough study of its southern extremity was accomplished, and, before striking out for the desert once more, we paid a hurried visit to the northern border of our working field, touching up, as it were, some of the earlier investigations. Here our party was augmented by the arrival from Aleppo of Dr. George E. Post, "Wolf" Post's father, and a distinguished member of the faculty o the Syrian Protestant College,—in fact a colleague of "Luke" Miller and Fred. Jessup.

Leaving the old haunts, a few hours' ride brought the party a second time to a marvellous stretch of Roman road that stands almost in its original perfection, defying all time, and yet used daily by the solitary wayfarer or by long strings of camels passing to and fro. It must have been a masterpiece of its period, and its preservation is such that it is probably a finer example of Roman road building than exists in any part of Europe.

In the second journey eastward we did not go quite as far as the Euphrates, but turned south while still a good day's ride away, after having visited a few remarkable ruined sites of towns dating from the early Christian centuries.

We now headed straight as possible for Palmyra, the great Tadmor in the wilderness, built by King Solomon. But the unexpected difficulties of the way made our goal seem a long distance off. At Isriyeh, one of the places selected for a night's repose, we threw ourselves into the arms of a portion of the great confederation of tribes called the Anazeh Bedawîn, a people that does not own allegiance to Ottoman rule, and that hovers on the border of Mohammedan civilization in order to claim as its just due a part of the spring crop raised by the settled inhabitants of the edge of the desert. It so happened, however, that only a few months earlier, it had been somewhat subdued by an attack of a body of Turkish mounted muleteers, and had been forced to pay tribute to the government. When the Anazeh at Isriyeh saw that we were accompanied by four of these muleteer soldiers, and that the party was fairly well armed, they evidently thought that discretion was the better part of valor, and contented themselves with sinister scowls and threats to some of our men, that this was a rare opportunity for them to gather in great plunder. Putting on an extra guard in the camp, we retired to our beds, and—never spent a quieter night. We were amused next morning to learn that the sub-chief of the Bedawîn announced that no water should be given to our animals from the common well unless the dragoman,—whom he considered

the head of the party,—would partake of his hospitality, in the shape of the usual cup of coffee.

We mounted our horses and rode away from this supposedly dangerous spot at an early hour, and began the last stage of the journey to far-off Palmyra, over an almost pathless, hilly region, hardly known even to the camel-drivers who were acting the part of guides. During a long stretch of two and a half days, we did not lay eyes upon a human being,—nor even an animal or other living creature, save a few lizards and some small birds. On and on we trudged, hour after hour,

COMMANDANT OF OUR BODY-GUARD.

in a most monotonous, snail-like manner, and as evening of the first day approached, some anxiety was shown in regard to the absence of water. We had brought some skins full for the animals, but it was a mere nothing for our seventy beasts of burden, not counting the fifteen camels that served as feed and water carriers. And what about the thirty-five men? There was a little water for the use of the kitchen in the two small barrels brought for the purpose, and we "outlanders" had enough to drink,—but what of the Arabs of the party? "To-morrow, to-morrow," said the guides, "there is water only a little way off, just over there." We had settled down for the night, making the best of things, when an exasperating thunder-shower came up,—think of it, off in the desert, the second of May, rain!—who ever imagined such a thing? But the worst of it was that we were only on the edge of the downpour, and besides, we had little or nothing to

catch the rain in. No help for it!—so to bed. At half past three the next morning we were hurried out of a deep sleep, and were soon on the march again. One horse had died during the night, though not because of the lack of water; and another was evidently suffering from tetanus, traceable to the cruelty and ignorance of the native who had him in charge. All our troubles seemed to come at one time, but suddenly, while on the march, anxiety was turned into joy at the discovery of a large pool of rain water in the bed of a dried up stream. The storm had indeed stood us in good stead, especially in that its circumscribed area had included this rare spot, which was capable of holding the water for some little time. If it had not been for this "find," after three or four hours or so in the saddle, there is no telling what mig have come of the heavily laden animals, as the long-sought-for well was only rediscovered after some five hours more of steady progress.

The next afternoon we came to the glorious remains of ancient Palmyra,—the beautiful temples and the great colonnade, now of an

OUR CAMP AT PALMYRA.

ivory and gold color, built by Queen Zenobia and her Roman conquerors. Ba'albek and Palmyra together are two of the most awe-inspiring remains of antiquity to be seen to-day. They rival the Parthenon in sumptuous splendor, though not in architectural accuracy of detail, and they are more magnificent than the temples of Egypt, though not so colossal. Before we had had time to see the full extent of the ruins, we felt it necessary to hurry westward, and a few days more brought the caravan to a village called Dumêr, a five hours' ride east of Damascus. Here Dr. Post and I left the camp, he to take up his duties at the College in Beirût, I to leave for home and our triennial reunion. The other members of the party went southward into the country called the Haurân, for three more weeks of archaeological research.

Thus endeth a most ideal journey, one of the sort that, in spite of necessary difficulties and ordinary obstacles, is of inestimable value

to the individual who is fortunate enough to experience it. The main evil evolved from it is that somehow there is created a restless desire to try one's fortune a second time, and to accomplish more of the work that has, through many causes, been left for our generation to do. Speaking from the standpoint of history, an untold number of priceless monuments are scattered throughout Syria, Mesopotamia and the neighboring countries,—buried for the most part, it is true, but still obtainable if energetically sought,—and it only remains for those of our time to throw themselves into the work with the proper zeal, in order that the world may be vastly enriched by material that lies uselessly hidden away in the wastes of semi-civilized lands. Much has been done and more is now being done, but probably a vast deal more still will be accomplished during this century.

Since leaving Syria and since our reunion, I have had only the ordinary experiences of a latter-day individual. I went over to Paris for the second revival of the Olympic Games, but did little or nothing creditable in my several efforts. Princeton won a few points, but we did not have the sinecure that was evidently ours in Athens in '96. Nevertheless, together with several other institutions, I think we were victorious on the Sunday question, and I for one am very glad we were represented in this second series of events held under the misnomer of "Olympic" Games.

After a quiet summer in Europe, I came home to take up again my studies at Hopkins, and the various tasks of an ordinary American citizen,—including the casting of a second ballot against Bryanism. The doctorate is still a long way off, but I somehow have a vague hope of landing the prize on a red-letter day of the distant future. At any rate:

". . . . . All things declare
Struggle hath deeper peace than sleep can bring."

And so I struggle on.

A hearty grip of the hand to you all, and a joyful "God-speed."

Faithfully yours,

ROBERT GARRETT.

BALTIMORE, MD., April 24, '01.

GEORGE JARVIS GEER, JR.

Dear Pop:—Since leaving college my career has been one of few events, and of little interest to anyone. As I have, in previous letters, told you, I started to work for my "*daily bread*" as a day laborer in the blast furnaces and steel mills at McKeesport, near Pittsburg, on the same day that McKinley started on his "job" in the White House, March 4th, 1897, only I worked during the night instead of the day. After such an auspicious beginning, I continued in the same business for two years, learning and working at all the different "jobs" in a Bessemer steel mill.

I did not get married there, nor have I since, notwithstanding the fact that one of my fellow-workmen offered "to make me acquainted" with some of his "lady friends," with matrimonial intent, but as a day laborer I withstood the temptation. Since leaving the mill I have been in a banker and broker's office in Pittsburg. Since last December (1900) I have done nothing, owing to a little difficulty I have had with our common enemy, typhoid fever, but am about recovered now.

In your letter to me you seemed concerned as to my behavior or doings. I can only say that my life so far has been very quiet, and, in fact, always has been, since the time "way back in Freshman Year," when Teddy McAlpin used his good influence over me. Poor old Teddy; I'm afraid he has "gone to the dogs," for I saw him in the Waldorf "smoking a cigarette" a short time ago.

Howard Brokaw and Ario Pardee have, at intervals, been seen around, and in Pittsburg, which seems to have some peculiar attraction for them.

Fearing that Charlie Speer has been delinquent in writing you, I will tell you that he is now driving a coach and four, making weekly trips (in his mind) down the "Shenandoah valley." If ever in that vicinity, don't fail to look him up and make a trip with him.

Vic. King has been studying medicine for the past four years, and is now a full-fledged M. D. He would have been down to the triennial last year had he not stumbled on a patient with a case of small pox. He was, consequently, locked up and quarantined for three weeks at that time.

I shall see you all at Princeton in June, and trusting now that you are well and prosperous, I remain always yours, in dear old '97—the class of good times, good spirits and good fellowship.

GEO. JARVIS GEER, JR.

PITTSBURG, PA., April 17, '01.

CHARLES ALBERT GEORGE.

My Dear Classmates:—I have always felt I was only half graduated, because, as I remained in Princeton after you all left, I did not receive the finishing touches of the "car window."

As soon as it was all over, I went into camp in Old North, and started to scratch "bones" for Professor Scott—and incidentally to study the osteology of antiquity. A big bone-hunting trip was proposed, and in January, 1898, I composed an expedition to the West. (The "bones" are still to be found.) But I did get some ranch life, and the experience started in a quite conventional way. The best hearted fellows that can be found, teaching me to ride, put me astride a mild pony that could not be clubbed into a trot, going *away* from the ranch, but which lost no time getting back when her head was turned *toward* the ranch. I hung on to the "horn," but not tight enough, for when the pony stopped at the gate of the corral, I didn't. I kept on—over it—and refused to be comforted. One thing I learned on that ranch, that is common to all ranches, the owner delights to have

a tenderfoot around, for the regular hands always strive to do so much more than the "greeny" that the result is very gratifying to the owner.

Long, lonely days of riding in the blinding, burning sun, watching cattle in the herding season (over thirty miles is often ridden in one day, turning back groups of "strayers" from the herd, and all the time in plain sight of the starting point), haying later on occasionally, or hauling trip to "town" (forty miles each way behind walking teams!), a few weeks handling hay in a seventy-mile wind (the wind blows only one direction in Nebraska—in your face), lots of snow and fifteen degrees below zero, with all the while a horizon of low sand dunes and no trees, created a longing for the old campus. So, after ten months' absence the "bone" expedition landed back in the "Old Burg," and once more took possession of Old North. The finances of the "bone" department were low, so I fooled one of the professors into believing I was cut out for a literary career, and he kindly invested his confidence and influence, with the result that I've been "hanging around" the library ever since.

At Commencement of '99, the University was, as usual, big-hearted, and presented me with an A. M. Putting up a bluff of hard work for another year made me desire to try a new camp, so after the Triennial I persuaded a loyal Princeton girl, with a Princetonian ancestry, to leave New York and go into partnership with me; so, on August 9, 1900, articles were signed, the old camp deserted, and a new one set up in sight of the big elms, where we shall be glad to welcome any of the "Faithful" when they visit Alma Mater.

Yours in '97,

C. A. George.

Princeton, N. J., Jan. 23, '01.

SELDEN ELY GILL.

Seldom Sober Gill has failed to respond. The "cannon-orator" is speechless. The "sounding rafters" no longer reverberate with the thunder of his stentorian eloquence. Every head is bowed and sadness reigns in every heart. A tragic stillness fills the air heavy with foreboding. The silence is ominous of impending evil. With "baited" breath the multitude awaits its leader's words. Wrapped in melancholy he stands, with chin sunk upon his breast, his brow all furrowed with untimely care, his hair disheveled and with eyes downcast, his face distraught, a very picture of despair. Why the silent throng! Why the sorrowing chief! See, in his hand the cause of all his grief—an empty stein. The keg is dry; the beer is ausgespieldt, and Gill is silent as the tomb. . . . . .

Immediately after leaving college he entered the employ of the Gill Boiler Company, where his experience with tanks stood him in good stead. After making for himself an acid-proof, non-corrosible, absorbent lining, he magnanimously tendered his invaluable services to Mr. Bell, who manufactures telephones on a small scale, who, knowing his proclivity for a rapid life, makes of him daily, a human. elec-

tric shuttle-cock between Trenton and Philadelphia. His rapid oscillations are said to have inspired Tesla with his idea of interplanetary communication. What next?

What Gill will do
No man can tell.
Let's draw the vail,
— — — — — —!!!

NELSON WILLIAM GILLESPIE.

Gillespie, after graduation, was associated with the Batcheler Syndicate of New York City—an organization which furnished stories and patent insides for country newspapers, and supplied desirable advertisements. A year later the syndicate changed hands and Gillespie accepted a position with the Cosmopolitan Magazine. He held this about a year and a half, when he joined the staff of the New York World in the capacity of a reporter. As to his present whereabouts the secretary is in complete ignorance, the frequent urgent appeals failing to elicit even a reply. Dame Rumor has it that he has abandoned his journalistic work for a sphere more congenial to his aristocratic proclivities. When last heard of he was "doing" large cities in company with the English nobility.

WALTER BEATTY GILMORE.

My Dear Keener:—Your latest threat, to bombard me with telegrams, C. O. D., has succeeded where your horse postals and numerous other communications failed, and I surrender. Here is your letter.

After graduation I read law in an office and was admitted to practice in 1899. Since then my life has been that of a country lawyer, for this town, although the county seat, has a population of less than ten thousand. Any classmates who are in the same walk of life, under similar conditions, will understand the routine of my existence without further description.

I am still a Republican in politics, but there are no offices of profit or distinction coming to me on that account, since everybody within a radius of twenty miles is a Republican.

The Cumberland Valley is the garden spot of Pennsylvania, and Chambersburg is the Queen City of the Cumberland Valley, but just a trifle secluded from the rest of the world. It lies fifty-two miles from Harrisburg and the Pennsylvania Railroad, consequently my trips have not been numerous. My visits to Princeton, in the capacity of an alumnus, have been limited to two—a football game each time. That of Nov. 17th, 1898, was a salubrious occasion, the other was not. Good football in this neighborhood is confined to Mercersburg Academy, a few miles south of us, and the Carlisle Indians, a few miles to the north. My own athletic recreations have been confined to a good deal of golf and a very little baseball.

With one exception there are none of '97 located nearer than Harrisburg, so I see almost nothing of the rest of the class. I can think of nothing else that might be of interest at this time. Regretting the trouble I have given you to secure this, and hoping it may not be too late to be of service, I am,

Very sincerely,
WALTER B. GILMORE.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., May 10, 1901.

HENRY JAMES GRAHAM.

My Dear Pop:—As you insist upon having a letter for the Triennial, let me explain that I have delayed answering your request for one, because it appeared to me that my life since leaving college, in so far as it might be of any interest to the members of the class, has been a blank.

As many members of the class while in college were rather expert at drawing blanks, I cannot hope to describe mine in a manner sufficiently vivid to suit their tastes, especially as it consists of four years of examining titles to real estate and two years of settling estates of the dead. All the members of the class will realize that anything relating to the latter would appeal only to those of the "Dutch Gregory Type," of whom I believe there is but one, and any of those unfortunate individuals who are Pennsylvania attorneys, I am sure, will certify that I am doing my classmates a favor when I do not mention the many trials of the former occupation.

With best wishes to the class, and especially its secretary, I am,

Yours truly,
HARRY J. GRAHAM.

PITTSBURG, PA., April 20, '01.

JOHN WILLIAM GRAHAM.

My Dear "Pop":—The postmaster of Denver, here, has requested me, in very strong language, to write you a letter so as to stop those scathing postal cards you have been sending me lately, as he said that he didn't want the morals of the community corrupted. So I guess that I had better drop you a few lines to preserve the peace of the town.

You have him pretty well frightened, and I imagine he thinks you are a very fierce sort of customer. I would have written you sooner only I thought you would receive so many interesting letters that you would not want to be bored with any from me, as you know I am not much in the writing line. Living so far West, I did not know but that you would forget that there ever was such a person in the class of '97, and that I would escape unobserved, but to my sorrow I see that you are still as watchful and wide awake as ever. I don't believe they are working you hard enough at "Lawrence," or else you wouldn't have any time to think up so much trouble.

Nothing has happened in my brief career since I left college which is worth writing about, so I scarcely see any use for this letter. I

graduated from the New York Law School in '99, along with several other loafers of '97, and have been practicing law here, in Denver, ever since, with varying success.

So far I have been able to attend to all my business without any assistants, but I have no doubt that as soon as the people here realize that I graduated with the "great and glorious" class, I will be overrun with work.

I think probably the pleasantest times I have spent since I left Princeton were when I got back to the reunions and saw the old place and the boys once more. It is a thing which we Westerners appreciate very much, since we have so few opportunities of returning. I have been fortunate enough to attend all the reunions so far, and I hope to be on hand every year for several years to come.

Now that I have told you all about myself I suppose you think it time for me to close, and I will, although it is a great temptation to keep on writing to you—you know how hard it is to tear yourself away from old friends.

Here's good luck to you. Hoping to see all the boys back at our next reunion, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
JOHN W. GRAHAM, JR.

DENVER, COLO., March 11, '01.

ALBERT BROOKS GRAVER.

My Dear Classmates:—It ought to be a great pleasure to write this letter, but I am sorry to say I write it with much reluctance. For my life since graduation has been so uneventful that I know that anything I shall write in regard to it will prove most uninteresting. Nor have I the ability to write a humorous letter, and so make it attractive. In fact my only excuse for the existence of this letter is that I was practically coerced into writing it by your secretary.

The study of law has occupied my time entirely since leaving Princeton. Entering the Harvard Law School in the fall of 1897, I spent three most enjoyable years there. I roomed in a dormitory named Winthrop Hall, and the life reminded me much of our life at Princeton. The dormitory was filled with Princeton and Yale graduates, who were studing law at Harvard, and the boys were always very congenial, and the life a jolly one.

Graduating from the law school last June, I spent last fall preparing for the bar examinations, which I took in December, at Pittsburg, along with three other Princeton '97 men, and we were all successful.

At present I am at Las Vegas, New Mexico, where I expect to stay until next September, getting as much enjoyment as possible out of an outdoor life. In the fall I shall return to Pittsburg, where I shall hang out my shingle with as much hope and courage as I can muster. How heartily I wish some of the '97 men were out here, to

go with me on some of the trips into the mountains, which I am planning.

With very best wishes for success to you all, I am,

Sincerely yours,

ALBERT B. GRAVER.

LAS VEGAS, N. M., March 28, '01.

JOHN LEIGH GREEN.

Dear Pop:—I have received two letters from you requesting a letter from me. I must be very thick, but I cannot imagine what sort of a letter you want. If it is a history of my life since leaving college, I am very much afraid you and the rest of the fellows would not consider it worth reading, and it really is not. I have not been to the wars or done anything great. The only thing of note that has happened to me is that I have been married, and that fact I believe you and my friends in the class are aware of.

Beyond that my time has been spent in traveling and working, about evenly divided. So you see there is nothing of interest I can give you for the Triennial Record.

Hoping you are in good health, and that you will have better success with some of the other fellows, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 28, '01. J. S. GREEN.

JULIAN ARTHUR GREGORY.

Dear Pop:—Dispensing with all preliminary remarks, such as assurances of my love and affection, both of which, you know, have long been yours, I gladly hasten to comply with your last request for a letter, as compliance in such a case is much more in my power (though not more to my taste) than in at least one instance that I might mention.

In the fall immediately succeeding my graduation I began to study law in the New York Law School. After a two years' course I received the degree of LL.B., and in June, 1899, was admitted to practice in New York State. I had, during the summer of 1898, taken a trip West, among other things spending a few weeks with some sheep herders in Colorado, not to mention staying a month or so in the town of Bryan.

Since October, 1900, have been practising law in the city and am at present at 155 Broadway. Have not started out for myself, but am acting as managing clerk.

My say is said. Further particulars may be had from me in person, now and then at Princeton, but at the Quinquennial the recital will be colored. May we all be there.

With regards to all the fellows at Lawrenceville, or any others you may run across, I am,

Most sincerely,

JULIAN ARTHUR GREGORY.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1900.

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER GULICK.

Dear Pop:—After receiving your ultimatum I make this effort to comply with your request and tell what has happened to me since graduation. My experience has not been particularly exciting or interesting.

In the fall of '97 I came back to Princeton and spent the year there tutoring, studying some myself, and doing some research work for the New Jersey Historical Society. In summer of '98 was at Long Branch tutoring; when college opened I returned to Princeton and took a post graduate course in history, also tutored and worked in the University Library. Received the degree of A.M. in the spring. No loafing that year!

In the fall of '99 I entered the New York Law School where I have been ever since, and whence I hope to be graduated and be admitted to the New York bar this spring.

Sincerely yours,

A. A. Gulick.

New York City, Feb. 20, '01.

HOWARD LANGLEY GUSS.

The nervous strain incident to the serious undertaking of the entrance into the "holy bonds of matrimony" evidently unfitted Guss for letter-writing. The following information was taken from a newspaper clipping sent the secretary:

"Rev. Howard Langley Guss, of Mifflinburg, Pa., and Miss Mabel Collison, of Rantoul, Ill., were united in marriage at the bride's home, on Belle avenue, yesterday (April 18, 1901), at 7 o'clock A. M. A very impressive ceremony was pronounced by Rev. Andrew C. Lenox, D. D., professor of biblical theology in the McCormick Theological Seminary, assisted by Rev. F. A. Hosmer, of Freeport, Ill., and Dr. Thomas J. Wheat, of Rantoul, Ill."

Rev. Guss was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Princeton University in 1897. Last year he spent as private tutor in the home of Charles W. Deering (Deering Harvester Company), and is now in the junior year of the McCormick Theological Seminary. On April 24 Mr. and Mrs. Guss sailed for Antwerp, and their itinerary includes Belgium, England and Scotland. Mr. Guss expects to take a biblical course of study in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Edinburgh. After completing this course, he will return to this country to resume his ministerial work in the Presbyterian Church.

ARTHUR HERBERT HAGEMEYER.

Dear Pop:—As I wrote you some time ago I would gladly write a letter for the book, and especially so, if by doing it I could help to defeat again our rivals, but really, Pop, my attempt in that line would be a farce, as I have done nothing but work since last I saw you.

I could more easily tell you about the things I have not done. I have not been married, the nearest I ever came to getting myself in

such trouble was when I helped "one battle Bogue" get tied up. I have not enlisted and gone to the Philippines; I did not attend the "White Rats Ball," in fact there are so many things that I have not done that you would soon tire of hearing about them, so I will go no further.

Yours very truly,

A. H. Hagemeyer.

New York City, N. Y., April 30, '01.

JOHN PORTER HALL.

Dear Classmates:—I wonder if the rest of you can claim to have received as much attention from Pop of late as I have. I dare not tell how many postals, circulars and "Last Appeals" have fallen to my lot. It is too bad Pop's patience has been so sorely tried, and I wonder that he has had the courage to wrestle so persistently with some of the backsliders.

There is really not much to tell of my life since leaving college. Since graduation I have been engaged in teaching Greek at Macalester College, in St. Paul, Minn. I am very pleasantly located and enjoy my work a great deal, but, of course, nothing startling or remarkable is supposed to interrupt the uneventful current of the pedagogue's existence.

I am, therefore, unmarried as yet, and the chances lessen as the months go by.

What a glorious time we had at the Triennial last June! We fellows out West, who had not been back in the meantime, enjoyed to the full every moment of our stay. Can we ever forget that Yale game and its appropriate finish?

But that is all a matter of history now, and, no doubt, a digression from the main subject of this letter, which is myself, but as this subject is short on autobiographical material I shall close with a "Long life to Old Nassau" and a "Three times three for '97."

John P. Hall.

Minneapolis, Minn., May 13, 1901.

ROBERT LEE HALLETT.

My Dear Keener:—Am sorry you are having so much trouble in calling in your letters, but really it is a difficult matter to sit down and write when you have no personal object at stake. Since last October I have been sort of a cosmopolitan, no certain dwelling place, but like many other "dominies" looking for some place to settle down and take up my chosen work.

Since leaving the Seminary last May, I have seen but few of the boys; saw Doggie Trenchard a great deal during the summer. Am waiting patiently now for something to come my way, and shall feel more contented when I am once located. Wishing you all success, I am,

Very truly yours,

R. L. Hallett.

Milford, Del., March 8, '01.

ALFRED HAMBURGER.

Dear Pop:—Agreeable to your several requests to write you a letter regarding myself, here goes! Never was much in the witty line, so think that a short statement of my life since I was graduated from college would be more interesting to my classmates than anything else.

After leaving college, instead of spending the summer at the seashore as usual, I had the dignified honor of going to Commercial School, and upon finishing my course there, in the fall, I entered upon my commercial career with The Ph. Hamburger Co., Distillers, whose main office is at Pittsburg, Pa. I have since devoted my time and attention to the business, having started at the bottom and since filled every position, including salesman on the road to head officeman. During that time I have had the customary vacations which a business man usually takes, and no special incidents have occurred outside of business that would be of interest to my classmates, excepting perhaps the loss of my devoted mother, which loss occurred last November.

I am happy to state that I am enjoying good health. Am as yet not married, and there is no telling if I ever will be.

Otherwise there is nothing for me to let you know, and with kindest regards to you and my classmates, I remain,

Yours very truly,

ALFRED HAMBURGER.

PITTSBURG, PA., March 13, '01.

ALFRED PATTEN HAMILTON.

My Dear Keener:—When your "3d Notice" appeared I had to give up, and I can only trust that, when this reaches you, it will find you fully recovered from the effects of Washington's Birthday, as you will have need of all your reserve strength when you get through with this.

I have always wanted to write things and see my work in print, and now that you have placed temptation before me I simply cannot resist it. You must take the blame for this upon yourself.

"What have I done since leaving Princeton?" It would not bear publication, and I am afraid you would return this letter were I to tell all. I have tried my hand at coal mining, engineering and railroad work since I left Princeton, and unluckily managed to accumulate enough of the filthy lucre to buy a few trees in this wilderness and go into the lumber business. The Forestry Laws of this state are not what they should be:—they should prohibit any one from cutting timber for a period of at least fifty years, how much longer I do not care, and they should have been in force three years ago. Then I would have been in some other business than sawing wood. Keener, always respect the oak. You have no idea how much trouble a few of them can get you into sometimes.

I made a slight mistake in answering one of the questions in the blank which you sent and omitted answering another one. I did make

a public address—to a baseball team that I was manager of last summer, in the midst of a game, that was not intended for the public to hear. It was very short and very much to the point, and greatly appreciated by the grand stand. Ad Kelley spent a few weeks in Elkins last summer and played on the team, while here, and my remarks were chiefly directed to him. If you see him this spring he can tell you what they were. They wouldn't look well on paper.

As for ideas for the Triennial Record, I must confess that I was never fortunate enough to have any about anything and I am afraid that if you follow any that I might offer the government would have the book placed in the National Museum. I thought that I had a few ideas on the football situation last fall—before the Cornell game—but after giving odds on that game decided I was mistaken.

I only wish I knew of some other '97 fellows near me that I could inveigle into this letter scheme of yours. Don't fail to put me down for a copy of the Record. Sincerely,

A. P. Hamilton.

Elkins, W. Va., Feb. 8, '01.

JOHN LINTON HARKNESS.

Dear Pop:—I have your last before me now, and I must acknowledge that I have been slow in writing to you; but even the snail may get there, so here I am at last.

Since I left old Princeton, I have been always wanting to be back there, but as that could not be, I have tried to make my life here a "round of pleasure" by eternally grinding over medical books. In fact I almost think that Edwards would blush (if it could) with shame and take a back seat if it could see me *now*. You notice that I emphasize the word *now*, since I know it will be hard for you to believe it, but you see I *expect* to inflict myself on a long suffering public, though I doubt if they suffer long when I get hold of any of them (please do not misconstrue that), so I want an excuse for so doing. Pop, I do not like that last letter of yours dated Feb. 12, '01, because it looks to me as though you had departed from the ways of a true philosopher and had measured out some "good old English," commonly known in this now-a-days world of ours as swearing, evidenced especially in the large black letters which stare me in the face, and I'll bet my last nickel you jumped all over us Delinquents with both feet (in spirit of course) including that large part of your anatomy above your hips and below your head. My life here has always been the same, striving after medical knowledge during the winter, hospital work part of the summer and the rest in the mountains, with every once in a while a wild plunge into the gay world of folly, with its usual result next day—very sleepy and mayhap a headache. If you repeat that about 1,400 times, you will know what I have been doing since I left Princeton.

Your sincere friend,

J. L. Harkness.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 15, '01.

HENRY ALEXANDER HARRIS.

My dear "Pop" Keener:—Since you have urged me so relentlessly for this confession, I have finally saved up money enough for paper and postage, and mustered energy enough to fill my fountain-pen, under the horrible and night-mare-ing impression, that if I fail to cough-up, you will go away mad, under the impression that I have fallen below even the standard of mine ancient enemy! Heaven forbid it!

In the summer and fall after graduation. I spent most of the time in (non salaried) recuperation, doing a little work during September and October, along the New Jersey coast, just to keep my hand in. In November, I struck a Civil Service job with the city of New York, which I held until March, '98, when my mingled joys and sorrows began. Having taken an exam., some time before, I was appointed to a position in one of the departments of New York City, at an increase of salary. When I was about to start in at the new stand, I was asked by the head of the department, if I knew any "prominent men" in the City, to whom I could refer. I told him I would try and look some up, and he said I had better get a letter from some "prominent man." As I went out looking for "prominent men," and letters, I commenced to get a hunch on what he was after. Well, I went to see a prominent Princeton grad of my acquaintance, who assured me he pulled just as strong an oar with one party as the other, and it was no time before I had presented my little old letter to one of the "powers" behind the (Tammany) throne. The outcome of it was, that I went to work in my position with a merry heart, being a full fledged member of a West Side Tammany Club, receiving all invitations to funerals and card parties, and assurances that my chances for promotion (in Tammany, of course) were brighter than the four stars in the southern cross!

During the spring, I tried to get in the Volunteer Engineers, but being told that I was a physical wreck, and should never go to a tropical climate, I got disgusted and went to Mexico in June, resolved to try on this tropics business. I worked on railroad construction and location, down there, till May, '99, when I got a leave of absence and came north. The primary reason for this being that our preliminary line had reached such rough country, in the Sierra Madres, that I, (not having the wings of a dove nor the feet of a fly) got exceedingly frigid in my creepers and quit the camp; later being given a two months' leave of absence to go north and warm my feet and attend the second reunion of the *one great and only,* than whom there is none such.

During the summer, autumn and winter, '99 and 1900, I worked for a silver mining company in Mapimi, Mexico. It was a delightful place, and when we did not have amateur bull-fights on Sundays, we thought our holiday had been poorly spent, if we did not have at least two stabbings and a shooting!

In the early spring of 1900, I went south to the Isthmus of Tehauntepec, to work for a firm of English contractors down there. On my

way from the north to the south of Mexico, I stopped off for about three days in the City of Mexico. One day, returning to the Iturbide Hotel, where I was stopping, I met Murray Day, picturesquely doing nothing as usual, under the beautiful hallucination that he was working for the Barber Asphalt Company, who had large contracts there. I spent two interesting months on the Isthmus, and then, the yellow fever, having started to get a little too pressing in its demands, the historical frigidity once more sought my feet, and I left, ostensibly to be present at the Triennial.

Last August, I came down here to Porto Rico, and have been working since then on the new macadam road construction, under the War Department. The climate here is magnificent, with pretty girls galore. Yes, Pop, I am still susceptible, and you know that I can talk far more Spanish now than I could in Mexico, so look out!

I have been something of a wanderer, Pop, but as my chief down here used to say: "A rolling stone gathers no moss, but gets lots of polish." I have so far fulfilled the first part of the proverb, and am still striving for the latter, with poor results,

Well, here's to you always, for the "Great and Glorious."

Ever yours sincerely,

HENRY A. HARRIS.

JUNCOS, PORTO RICO, April 21, '01.

HERBERT STALEY HARRIS.

Dear "Pop":—I appreciate the fact that your labors have been very arduous in your efforts to present to the world the doings and undoings of "our great and glorious,"—undoings, doubtless, when one considers the effect that negligence such as mine must have had on the nerves of our much enduring secretary. The postal card with its notice to hustle up was the last straw, and my haughty spirit of indifference has at last been broken beneath its superimposed load.

But what next?—three years in a Divinity School, digging up Hebrew roots and cracking theological nuts—the kind with much shell and little meat—may have served to sharpen one's teeth at the expense of one's wits, as may readily be seen by a perusal of this epistle, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Just at present I am trying to get into marketable shape some of the uncut gems laid away in academic and post-graduate days. But the teachers in the great school of experience are so unappreciative of the lustre and brilliancy that lie hidden beneath the accumulated dust of the ages since Alma Mater forced her offspring out into the cold world, that I have long since despaired of attaining to the height of the ideal to which our beloved President pointed on that last great day when we were all dubbed Knights of the Realm of Learning.

Now I know you must all be getting deathly tired of this nonsense, so I'm going to tell you very simply that I'm pegging away with ideas and books and human beings as my stock in trade, with the hope that,

in some way, the proper ingredients may be so mixed together in the crucible of life that the result may be to the glory of God and the benefit of human kind.

Such is the story of the best part of four years. The only incident besides was six months of service for Uncle Sam (June—Nov., 1898) as a nurse in the Hospital Corps, U. S. A.

I have never been married. I had one vacation that furnished fish stories enough to last a decade. I received my training in theology at Union Seminary, New York City. I was ordained a Presbyterian minister, April 10th, 1900, by the Presbytery of Rochester, N. Y., and since February, 1900, have been assistant to the Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D., Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York City.

With kindest regards to anyone who may be interested enough to read this letter, I am,

Yours in the same old spirit,

HERBERT S. HARRIS.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 18, '01.

WALTER STEWART HARRIS.

To the Most Persistent Ever:—Believing that further delay on my part would result in your billing *yourself,* C. O. D., to my address, and hoping that Lawrencevilie fare has so increased your tonnage that my pleasure at seeing you would be the immediate precursor of my bankruptcy, I *hasten* to assure you that the office boy has instructions to return all further collect messages unopened. I may add further that this is a cat which does come back, and that in all probability you will burn Minnesota coal next winter—plus express charges.

Your strictures on my apathy are excused by distance—but a long-distance telescope would teach wisdom. I hope I am not an apostate son—at least, I have always paid my tax on numerous brotherly epistles from Kennedy and others, but when one has gone from under the teaching of the Alma Mater, whom we all cherish and remember, it is time, at least, to try to *do* something which will talk for itself—to justify our Princeton days before the world. Perhaps some of your difficulty with apathetic brothers has come not because they forgot, but because all their time and energy were directed toward remembering.

However, I should be ill repaying Titanic effort were I to use this letter in explaining what is doubtless true of us all. As I understand it, the object of your stupendous and admirable persistency, is that of getting me to tell all I know about myself—permitting me the right to expurgate the text where advisable.

After leaving the historic shades I was, as you know, for some time in New York City, studying at the feet of one Keener—may his family live forever—and imbibing that legal knowledge which enables me to know that, should another of his name continue his

persecutions too far, I might recover damages to the extent of the charges on one collect telegram, sent without authority. However, trusting in Hibben's maxim, of the line of least resistance, and feeling sure that if a man has just the right brains for the law he may feed off the fat of the land, but that if he has not, he might as well resign himself to ham sandwiches and patched breeches for the rest of his life, I decided that I already knew all of the law that was worth knowing, and, consequently, left New York for Duluth—there to go into the grain business. I stayed in the Zenith City for four or five months, and was then recalled to the Minneapolis office of the firm for which I had been working. I was employed by them several months longer, but finally left them for the bank, where I am still employed. In December, 1899, the bank gave me a wedding present in the shape of an appointment as assistant cashier, which office I still hold.

Princeton men are fewer here than I intend they shall be some day, and I have seen few classmates, or others, with the exception of those I saw in Princeton while on my wedding trip. One thing we all must sincerely regret in our Princeton experience is that the friends we made there have, in so many instances, passed into other places of living, so that though we may be the same old pals on meeting, there is always the sorrow that they cannot be with us as in the good old days.

We have a Princeton Association here—mostly composed of older graduates than '97. Hall and I are, I think, the sole representatives of the "most glorious." Jenkins, '94, sometimes visits me here, and I also see him in Kansas City, where he has a church. With those exceptions, I can give you little history other than my own.

There are two reasons, particularly, which perhaps will excuse me for not writing you before. The first and most important is that another Princetonian has been born to Old Nassau. February 10 is the day, and he is just about large enough to absorb most of the pater's attention in the homing hours. I might here add a paragraph which I suppose the censor will expurgate—"go thou and do likewise." I hope some day that "son" (nomen Stewart Brewer Harris) will enjoy the memory and inspiration of Princeton days as I do, but he will never know what real education means till he has another Princetonian of the third generation on the carpet.

The second reason, spoken of above, is that I am serving on the Hennepin County Grand Jury. We are investigating a corrupt city government, and, between delving in filth and revelling in banking, I am fairly forced to the wall in the matter of time for my own concerns.

I am sorry, Mr. Bull-Dog-on-a Root, that I cannot find much more to say. Though there are many things I might say to fill in the history I have briefly sketched, I cannot see that the details would interest any one half so much as they would interest me, and that is less than a chapel sermon (which remark you may also expurgate). You

all know how it is. We are all busy using the tools given us under the elms, and in the rush of many things it is only the few that are worth the telling.

Only one of these is left—my assurance of interest in, and friendship for, all the brethren. Yours most sincerely,

WALTER S. HARRIS.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., May 13, 1901.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT HARROLD.

My Dear Pop:—Your different communications have reached me in due time, and my conscience has troubled me until in desperation I sit down to write you a Triennial letter. I enclose the sheet properly filled out. It presents an appalling list of negatives, but you, scholar that you are, have not put forward the commercial idea in your synopsis, Pop. Not that I am finding fault. Understand that if it were otherwise, and searching questions were made on a commercial basis, my answers would still be of a negative nature.

The three years since graduation have passed by in a flash for me. Hard work has been the order of the day, most of the time. I went to Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., in September, '97, where I tried to cultivate the commercial idea. Was partially successful, and in January went to work for a firm in Macon, Ga. My sheet will furnish you with those business details.

I came east last May, and, I can assure you, New England is quite different from Georgia. To its factories and bustle, and its seemingly cold-hearted formality, the Southerner has to become accustomed. And the entire factory idea of specialization is new to him. In the South, with the negro as the labor unit, skilled labor is a rarity. Your Yankee, however, is different, and can run a machine, make shoes or argue politics, with equal aptitutde.

The rubber business is a very interesting one, and I would gladly give you a description of it, but I know my space is limited. There is always an element of excitement in rubber manufacture, on account of the inflammability of the materials. Naphtha is used as a solvent for the rubber gum, and you know a spark (electric or otherwise) in naphtha, means a fire in short order, and then it is a case of hustle or the whole plant will go. We have only had three since I have been here, and we easily extinguished those with our fire hose. Live stream is used entirely, instead of water, as it smothers the flame.

Well, Pop, I have spun out a letter some way or other and hope it will be acceptable to you. I am patiently waiting for some '97 man to launch forth a literary production. Encourage the idea. From a cold-hearted business point of view, times were never more propitious for the young writer than at present. All kinds of fiction are having tremendous sales. Other young Princeton men are making names for themselves and their Alma Mater, and '97 must not shrink. Well, "Light thickens and the crow makes wing for the rooky wood," (re-

member our Macbeth class with the dear old Dean) so I will close this rambling epistle.

I had the pleasure of meeting several Lawrenceville boys, Christmas time, on their way South for the holidays. They knew *Mr.* Keener very well, and were rather awe-struck when I told them what an old reprobate "Pop" Keener was in college, but they all had a wholesome respect and reverence for Princeton, which was very good. Teaching the young idea is great work, Pop, in which connection you should read Meredith's "Lord Ormont and his Aminta."

Well, good bye, and "Long life, long health and '97 associates to you forever." Man can want no more.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM E. HARROLD.

HUDSON, MASS., Feb. 18, '01.

TURLINGTON WALKER HARVEY, JR.

J. H. KEENER,
LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your request that I send you a letter advising you of my doings and whereabouts since I left college, would state that, after leaving college, in March, 1894, I was engaged in the steel car business, in the capacity of Secretary and General Manager of the Harvey Steel Car Works, located at Harvey, Ill. In March, 1896, I moved to Marietta, Ohio, spending the time at that point until September, 98, drilling oil wells, and was fortunate in this time in building up a very nice business. From Marietta I returned to Chicago and went into the railroad supply business, representing concerns outside of Chicago, in the sale of various railroad specialities. In November, 1898, I purchased the plant of the Belle City Malleable Iron Co., in connection with some of my friends, and am now acting as President and General Manager of that company. We are doing a very nice business, employing about three hundred men.

I was married on December 31st, 1896, to Mary Dwight. We live in Lake Forest, Ill., and have two children, one a girl, born August 26th, 1898, and the other a boy, born January 6th, 1901.

I trust this information will be satisfactory and complete.

Yours truly,

T. W. HARVEY, JR.

RACINE, WIS., May 7, '01.

FRANCIS REYNOLDS HAUSSLING.

My Dear Pop:—Your very cordial "13th communication" was received last evening. I should have written long ago but have been waiting for something to happen which would interest the class. The story of my life for the past four years can be summed up in the two

words "medical student." That means no time to get engaged or married or into trouble of any kind. Trusting that this letter will again put me back into good standing in the class of '97, I am,

Sincerely yours,

FRANK R. HAUSSLING.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 7, '01.

WILLIAM BURTIS HAVENS.

My Dear Class Secretary:—In answer to your request I gladly give a brief account of the things that I have done since leaving the greatest of all great Universities, where, for a brief time I was a member of its most illustrious class, of which fact I shall always be especially proud.

Fate decreed that I should terminate my college course at the end of my first year, and after a summer of pleasure with some of the friends, that I had the good fortune to know and appreciate while at school, I settled down here in Toms River, as a clerk in the office of my father, who I might say had been highly honored in having been chosen to fill the responsible office of Clerk of the County in which he has lived from the time of his birth; and I considered that I was favored in being placed here with him, with the advantages and opportunities that one can readily see are at one's command in such a position.

In the spring of 1897 I met a young lady, a native of the State of Ohio, who, not having heard of me before she met me, and, therefore knowing little if anything of my previous history, was, much to my surprise, willing to say "yes" when I asked her the old question,—that people of experience say is ever new, and since I never had dared to ask it before I cannot dispute it. As the stories go, after drawing down the curtain over the scene for a while in November of 1897, we were married, and I hope we will live happily ever after.

In September of 1897, which year was a very eventful one for me, I was appointed, by my father, Deputy Clerk of Ocean County, which position I still hold, I hope to my father's satisfaction.

February 7th, 1899, I was surely made happy by the coming to my home of a son, who bids fair to become President of the great and glorious United States some day, and perhaps may attain the signal honor of the Presidency of our great and glorious University. Do the members of the illustrious class of '97 agree with me as to my last statement? I am sure that they do.

On the 23d day of March of this year, a little girl came to take her place with us, and at the Junior Prom. of the Class of 1920, of which my boy, I hope, is to be an honored member, I could wish her no higher honor than that she might be a favored one in the dance.

This letter is already long enough, especially in view of the fact that I have said so little that would indicate any achievements worthy of mention, for as you, my dear Class Secretary, will remember, in a recent letter I said that my achievements were almost wholly a matter

of the future, and if I can accomplish ever so little of what I have in mind, Princeton University will not consider me a discredit to it.

I would say briefly in closing that I have in the town of Toms River a nice home and a wife who is as ardent a Princetonian as I am, where we will be only too glad to see, and to entertain, any member of the Class who may ever have the good fortune to get to this town (I know that I said "good fortune" and I won't take it back), and if you don't believe I would be glad to see you ask Mr. Stockwell, one of '97's stars, and a rising young lawyer of Camden. I am sure I can risk my reputation for hospitality in his hands.

To you, my dear Class Secretary, I wish to express my sincere appreciation for your untiring work to make the Triennial Class Book a success, and I hope that you may have the fullest measure of the success that your splendid efforts deserve.

To the members of the only class, the glorious class of '97, I wish, individually and collectively, that success that eventually will make each member as successful as his fondest hope has ever pictured, and the Class—Princeton's greatest pride and benefactor.

Very truly yours,

W. Burtis Havens.

Toms River, N. J., April 29, '01.

WILLIAM HENRY.

My Dear Secretary:—The Record of which this unimportant letter forms a part is a volume replete with the Princeton spirit and with reports of the effects of that force, in unadulterated form, upon "the wide, wide world." All "the cares of life" cannot overtake a man in time to down him if he has got as much of that virile stuff in him as most '97 men have.

My desire to read the letters of other members of the class is vastly greater than the desire to write my own account—for the time since I left college is a wasted interval.

I was completely broken down when I left Princeton in the spring of 1896. Since then I have been in process of reconstruction. The time has passed pleasantly enough. I shifted around, from time to time, according to the weather, from the Adirondacks to Florida, stopping for whiles at intermediate places. I was at Princeton during last winter and attended several lecture courses for a while. I am now strong enough to stand life in my native town, where I continue to live, at all seasons, and am about ready to leave it for a useful career in the outside world.

The Triennial Reunion gave me the greatest pleasure. It was like a small resurrection day. I hope that the real resurrection will be as successful.

I am grateful to the Secretary and the class for welcoming a mere ex-member back to the common joys of '97.

Sincerely faithful,

William Henry.

Princeton, N. J., Jan. 9, '01.

GEORGE THORNE HILL, JR.

Dear Keener:—I have not before responded to your appeals for a letter, as my "career" since leaving college has been so conventional and uneventful that I didn't consider it worth while. However, such energy and stick-to-it-ive-ness as yours deserves to be rewarded. Hence this.

After a brief essay at "mercantile pursuits" I came to the conclusion that this was not my line, and obtained a position as reporter for a monthly trade magazine. Subsequently became assistant editor of the same publication. A little over a year ago I was offered the associate editorship of a weekly trade paper, and accepted it. Am still holding the job.

I haven't been to war, nor been married, nor saved anybody's life, nor have I even made a speech. So you see the material is poor for a good letter. Of course I might romance, but as your book is, I suppose, a veracious chronicle, will refrain.

Complimenting you upon the admirable work you are doing as class secretary, and wishing you all success, I am,

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE THORNE HILL, JR.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., May 5, '01.

WALTON CRAIG HILL.

Greetings:—In the language of the immortal Gill. "Te Saluto." At last I am about to lift part of the burden from the shoulders of our good "Pop" and write him the story of my past life, or rather of my life since leaving our beloved Alma Mater. To begin with, "soon after we were married I found her father had more money than we had thought. I took the $13,000 and she took the child. I last saw the child in Kingston," (no, I have quit hitting the pipe). Since then I have led an uneventful life trying to disconnect myself from the mazuma I dreamed I had gotten from her father, but I did not want to beat out "Jude" Taylor, for you know, our elongated *Prophet* "Eddie" Shortz, said that soon after graduation "Jude" married an heiress, and ever after that was too strong to work, but as work was always one of my strong points, I cut out the heiress and went to work.

I have really had such a hard time finding my vocation that my friends finally told me that a business life mixed with a homeopathic dose of professional life would about suit me. So I followed their advice, and am now filling the office of Treasurer of the Inter-State Life Assurance Co., and by the way, I take this means of telling all the class, that about next year I expect to have them all under the banner of the Inter-State, so beware and don't get your hammers out against assurance.

I found it very hard getting a line on things, after basking in the shade, under the banyan trees for so long. I tried to get serious,

but I found people thought I was a preacher—(not that I was not highly honored at being classed amongst the gentlemen of the cloth), but I feared the cloth might get some places some time that were unused to seeing it. Then I struck out again; this time I was put out in one round as a bum politician, so I really did not know what tack to take. I quit being a politician, for we were having troublous times in our old commonwealth at that time, and discretion being the better part of valor, I withdrew into more peaceful pursuits.

I thought then of falling back upon the musician's life, and started out on that trial. Someone said something about being a pocket-edition of Paderewski, and I came to again. Nothing remaining for me to do I stuck to the law, and am now with the Assurance Co. I am placed in a very peculiar position here in this portion of the country. As I am the only living representative of the great and glorious class of '97, I have to be satisfied with going over the sandy desert of life and counting myself very fortunate, when I hit an oasis in the form of a Reunion, and there partaking of the camel's milk at the well of Shem. Then I move onward over the weary track again, until the next oasis is struck, and may it be all of our good fortunes to get on the fleetest of the camels, and, hastening on, partake full and well of good-fellowship and love and affection toward all of our fellows and classmates, in that greatest and dearest oasis in the lives of all of us—dear old Princeton. And in finishing such a letter what better words could we find than those of Kipling:

"When earth's last picture is painted,
And the tubes are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colors have faded,
And the youngest critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—
Lie down for an æon or two,
Till the master of all good workmen
Shall set us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy:
They shall sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas
With brushes of camel's hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting
And never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us,
And only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money,
And no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working,
And each, in his separate star,
Shall paint the thing as he see's it
For the God of Things as They Are!"

For continued success to all of you, I remain,
Sincerely yours,

WALTER C. HILL.

COVINGTON, KY., March 20, '01.

JAMES MORLEY HITZROT.

My Dear Pop:—Frightened by the large print of "Notis—2," urging a prompt reply, P. D. Q.—or quicker, I hasten to offer up the history of the four years away from old Princeton and the glorious fellowship of '97.

Now, Mr. Secretary, letter writing was never my strong point—and an amusing and interesting letter written by me would be a curiosity well worth preserving, but since you persist, here goes for my contribution, a mite costing a mighty effort even in the face of excommunicatory postal cards.

In the fall of '97 I entered the Johns Hopkins Medical School, a lonely member from Old Nassau. Never having over-trained my mind at Princeton, it was fresh for the struggle here, and I rapidly began to learn how curiously and wonderfully man is made. Getting a good running start, at the end of the first year I felt very much like the chick just out of its shell—"It's a dickens of a big place I've landed in." *Nil desperandum,*—I have plodded on and in June hope to join that great fraternity—the M.D.'s.

So few of the fellows have crossed my path that information gleaned from this source must necessarily be meagre. Nat Poe I see occasionally and have wondered why we didn't appreciate his ability as a ball player in Princeton. Nat is centre fielder on the L'Hirondelle Boat Club team, and it is a sight worth going miles to see, him with stocking down over his shoe-tops, chasing the ball and making catches which open the eyes of the opposing team and gladden the hearts of the Boat Club sympathizers.

Buck Thompson and I helped Roy Cox get married in November, and we gave Roy a send-off fit for the occasion.

Al. Graver is in Las Vegas, New Mexico, recuperating, and incidentally satisfying his craving for more of the West.

Bob Garrett I see continually, but as I know he is writing tomes to you, I can add nothing to what he will communicate.

Lastly, Pop, I apologize for my seeming neglect, but the life of a medical student, teeming with interest for him, has but little which would or could interest the "great and glorious,"—therefore the delay. Wishing you all sorts of success, and God-speed to every member of our class, Believe me,

Most sincerely,

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 23, '01. JAS. MORLEY HITZROT.

DWIGHT ELLINWOOD HOLLISTER.

My Dear "Pop":—Here I am writing my triennial letter within a few days of my receipt of your first request. Such unheard-of promptness I, myself, can hardly explain; for on previous occasions you have urged and prodded me even unto the fifth and sixth degree. May this make partial amends for past remissness. But why write at all? It's the same old story—nothing new—only a few statistics thrown in.

In the fall of '97 about a dozen of our glorious class, after summers of various occupations and amusements, drifted into the New York Law School. I was among them. Some dropped by the wayside of their own volition, some were dropped in similar places by the volition of others, and still others remained faithful for two years, and in June, '99, took the proud and dignified degree of LL.B. Fortunately I was in the last class. This was immediately followed by Bar Exams., most of us thinking it an excellent idea to dispose of that difficulty before we could have time to forget what we had been trying so hard to learn. The plan worked admirably and yours truly, amongst the others, became the real thing in the legal line. Then came the scuffle; but after a while, about July 1st, 1899, I found an unsuspecting soul of a lawyer, Morris P. Ferris by name, a man of standing and established practice and many years my senior. Yes, he wanted a clerk—one of some experience of course—and after some little talk on both sides, it was decided that I might do. Well, I learned one or two things before long, one being that a law school graduate is not necessarily a lawyer, and for a long time I could never free myself from the fear that I might lose my position. However, along about the following February, the inscription on the office door was changed to "Ferris & Hollister," and under the new régime, which still continues, I feel tolerably sure of my place.

As to the other information requested:—I am still unmarried and hope to remain so; am a member of no clubs or societies except the Yountakah Country Club, near Nutley, N. J., where I take occasional recreations on the links. My part in politics this campaign was a vain endeavor to reconcile with himself a red-hot sound-money anti-expansionist, a frequenter of the office, and bring him around to vote for McKinley. He refused to vote either way, and I am much discouraged. The only "articles" I have "published" are a few "summonses" and other legal notices in connection with my practice—exact titles, dates, etc., may be had on application.

Journeys—have taken a few short vacation trips in various directions, and four visits to the good old town and college. One of the latter was in the fall of '97 to obtain recruits for a certain athletic club football team in which I was interested, another a year later when the score against "Old Eli" was 5-0, and still another last June when "the great and glorious" reunited itself in such a great and glorious manner; the fourth I had almost forgotten—I chanced to be in Princeton, Saturday (Nov. 17th) and went down to the regular "varsity practice."

The "varsity" had an off day, and I believe the Scrub beat them. I did not remain over Sunday.

My house-address, where I still reside, is Rutherford, N. J., and my office is at 32 Broadway, New York City.

This, I believe, covers all the ground asked for, and were it not for the fact that you have brought it all upon yourself, I would apologize for thus imposing upon you.

Yours very truly,

DWIGHT E. HOLLISTER.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Dec. 1, '00.

WILLIAM SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Dear Pop:—That you may not be compelled to need all the postals in the Post Office Department, I at last write to tell you that I am alive. After an attempt at medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons I found that my brain could not stand the strain, and I have since been living the quiet life of a country merchant. That's all. Believe me,

Very sincerely,

WILLIAM SHERLOCK HOLMES.

FREEHOLD, N. J., March 21, '01.

WILLIAM HENRY HOOLE.

Dear Keener:—Your letter was received, a day or so ago, and reminded me of the fact that I had neglected to do what I had long ago intended to do. I hope that my neglect will not delay the good work.

I left college at the close of my Junior year and spent the summer traveling through Europe on a bicycle with my brother. We covered some 2,400 miles on our wheels, visiting France, Switzerland, Germany, Holland and Great Britain, with a side trip by train into Italy. We averaged about fifty miles a day, and during the whole trip we only expended twenty-five cents for repairs to the bicycles, though we had no duplicate parts with us.

I spent the next three years at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, where I was graduated in the spring of 1899. During three months of the last year I was very sick with a nervous disease, but I was able to complete the course. During the summer I was unable to do any work, and remained quietly at home. In the fall I was enough better to take up work in some Mission Churches in the Adirondack Woods of Northern New York. I was located at Stark, St. Lawrence County, somewhat over twenty miles from the nearest railroad. It was well into the woods, for one could go for ten or fifteen miles either east or west through the solid forest before coming to a road. The people were good-hearted and pleasant people, but rather widely scattered. I was called to attend a funeral, as the nearest minister, and I had to drive about thirteen miles. My churches

were ten miles apart, and the roads were not noted for their smoothness. I was expected to preach at both places each Sunday, rain or shine, snow or blizzard, and to attend the prayer-meeting at both places each week. During the year I missed only five Sundays, two while away on vacation, three on account of blocked roads. In one community there had never been any religious services until five years before I came, and the transformation was truly remarkable. Of course all the evil has not been eradicated, but the tide was turned from immorality to righteousness.

During the spring of 1900 I was ordained a minister by the Presbytery of St. Lawrence. At the completion of my year in the woods it was decided that the work was too severe for me and I gave it up. I then took up my present work. I have two churches now, situated about five miles apart. The churches are not large, but are growing. The South Wales Presbyterian Church has about twenty-five members, and the Griffin's Mills Congregational Church about thirty-five.

Yours very truly,

WM. H. HOOLE.

SOUTH WALES, N. Y., Feb. 19, '01.

AUGUSTINE MINSHALL HOPPER.

Dear Pop:—Your "reminder" has come to let me know that I am one of the "delinquents," and from what I hear I am by no means alone.

I haven't meant to neglect the letter, but I have done very little out of the ordinary the last four years, and it seems to me that the space in the Record ought to be used by the fellows who have.

I went into business in my father's office on July 1st, 1897, and the following year I was admitted to the firm of S. W. T. Hopper & Sons.

As you know from the printed questions which I have already answered I was married in May, 1898.

The arrival in Baltimore, on October 8th, 1890, of a little girl who is "just for Princeton," you have been told of, and in June, 1902, her mother and I hope to bring her up to her first commencement, and then you can all judge what a force she will be in influencing wavering "stujents" to go to college.

I realize, "Pop," that this is not an interesting letter, but, as I said when I began, I have had no startling experiences, and I am sure you don't want more of this sort of thing.

With my best wishes for you, for all time, I am,

Sincerely yours,

A. M. HOPPER.

BALTIMORE, MD., March 2, '01.

GEORGE HOWE.

Dear Classmates:—Si valetis, bene est, ego valeo.

With that as a text what a letter might be written! But neither as text nor as pedantry do I make use of it, but chiefly to kill two

birds with one stone, if you will pardon the mixed metaphor—that is, to wish you well and at the same time to tell my history in as short a space as possible.

Our honored secretary seems to think that each one of us will have books to write on our individual histories of the past three years. He seems to forget that we are not so learned as he, nor so precocious as Hector Cowan, nor so adventurous as "Sherlock" Holmes, nor gifted with so many hearts as is—or was, if it is all the same to you—my best of roommates, Eddie Axson. As for battles, public honors, positions of trust, we have forgotten what they were like, so long ago was it that we lived in that other world. Count Montalvo may tell us of fights, Dr. Russell of honors, Andy Andrus of position of trust, and Mr. Harold, from Georgia, of shoes; but the rest of us must content ourselves with almost a single sentence or else drift away into that ever-pleasant land of dreams. To be perfectly frank, I have already done that once—drifted back into that happy land, and lived it all over again—but it wasn't published. You see, the world was a little stronger than I was—and that is the story that the most of us have to tell so far, though we mean to tell a very different one later on.

To begin at the beginning, I was put through the car-window by some of you who read this—or don't read it—and whirled away to things untried, accompanied by the same black care that Horace said so much about. I wanted to write—you have already perceived my mistake—and so I managed to get a temporary position on a paper in New York, and slaved away for—well, it was, as I said, only a temporary position. I did not find it much to my taste to have doors slammed in my face, and the city editor tell me I was a fool. So one day I sat down in my garret room, folded my hands. and said to myself: "Cheer up, old man. To-morrow the post will bring you something good. Don't you worry, and don't do anything but wait." I waited and the post brought me something good. I became a governor—a tutor, I mean. For nine months I lived in the lap of luxury, and travelled in far lands. In France I learned to say: "Je suis fatigué:" in Italy, "odis lo studiare;" in Germany, "es thut mir leid;" and in England, "his my 'at hon straight." On the steamer I learned a little Russian too, which, while I cannot spell it, sounded like this: "ya wass la blue." I am not quite sure what it means, but I learned it from a pretty girl and it didn't matter. There was a Frenchman on that ship who for politeness' sake spoke American: "Say, shove along de potatoes, will yer?" He had learned his English from my protégé.

Paris appeared to me to be a rather wicked city, but our little trouble with Spain was at its highest development then, and I, being American. should not pass judgment. Monte Carlo was very attractive, but I couldn't find any positions of trust there, so I didn't lose anything. I remember how in college we used to struggle over those Seven Hills of Rome, but when I was there I did not find them particularly steep. Venice—ah, Venice!—get John Hall to tell you about that "beautiful city." There were a few other cities in Europe at that time, but I

haven't space enough to write of all that I saw. There was a pretty little San Francisco girl in Florence, and one day—I went home very soon after that.

Then once more I was thrown on the wide, wide world. I knew that Florida was narrow, so I started South. I didn't get any further than Virginia—the State, I mean—and then I came back again. My reputation had already been made, and on my return to New York I found six men wildly fighting as to which should have me. I walked into their midst quietly, with perfect self-possession, and stilled the uproar with the announcement that I would make my own choice. I made it, but it didn't go, somehow, and I chose again. On my sixth choice I hit it. For the next two years, with the exception of vacations, I remained in the great metropolis attending the grand opera. Thompson Frazer used to play the piano for me in those days, and Billy Jessup to instruct me in philosophy and poetics. Once in a while Charley Dunn would talk about authors, and Aleck Alexander about girls. One day even old Abbie sidled in and began on socialism, but he did not stay quite long enough for me to make out what he was driving at. You can imagine what happy days those were when I tell you that every morning I met Hagemeyer on Fifth Avenue, and once had Net Poe say to me: "I tell you, we Poe's are pretty fine."

But a good thing could not last forever, and one day I decided that I was not working hard enough. That was after an article had been rejected and I had failed to get a position I had applied for. I went down to Princeton and talked it over with the Faculty. Of course they had only one thing to say, and they said it. I told our great and noble class good bye at reunion, and then told other friends good bye. On the steamer I discovered Eddie Elliott with a girl at the extreme end of the boat, watching the phosphorescence, the moonlight and other sentimental illuminations. I don't think he succeeded, however. He talked too much Latin to her. I was afraid he might be ill after that, so I brought him to Halle with me and watched over him till the semester began. He went off to Berlin smoking horribly.

Now I have come round again to my first sentence. I am studying Latin and Greek in the University of Halle, and shall probably keep on at it for three years, if I can ever learn any German. If I were only a Pennsylvania Dutchman like Bob Sterling, I shouldn't have much difficulty. But if I were Bob Sterling I should have to be preaching, studying, hunting, fishing, riding a bicycle and attending afternoon teas all at the same time, and I could not do that. Anyhow, the beer over here is better than that which—I might hurt somebody's feelings.

That's my story. It was very uninteresting to write—as you will find it to read—and has filled up so much space that I haven't paper to tell about Ed. Axson. Arthur Kennedy might be a good man to write about, too, but if I say anything he will ask me for some more money. In fact there is no member of the whole class who isn't worthy of all that can be said, and there isn't one of us who would not like

to say it all if we could. It would be much more satisfactory to write about the others than about ourselves, because we are not ashamed of our love for our classmates, but we cannot harp on our self-love. Pop is very strict, however.

Fellows, did you notice that Pop did not ask us this time whether we were engaged or not? How many of us will volunteer that information?

Well, I am rather glad I was not in Princeton last November. Things were a little different when we were in college. But all the same I would give a great deal to be back at the beloved old place. I am quite sure that there never was a class like the class of '97, and that there never will be again. Some of us are 4,000 miles away, but in heart we are very near each other and Old Nassau. I don't think that either distance or time can ever take us very far away from Princeton. Pop could tell us all about time and space metaphysically, but none of us needs to go to him or to anyone, to find out that there is some thing that can overcome even time and space. All of us have that deeply rooted in our hearts.

Wouldn't it be glorious to be back in Princeton? It would be fine even to go through the car-window again, and yet we found that pretty sad three years ago. And the loving-cup!

May God bless and prosper you.

Your classmate,

GEORGE HOWE.

HALLE, GERMANY, Louisen St., 15 I., Dec. 10, 1900.

ARCHER STANFORD HUBBARD.

It is presumed that the catastrophe which has lately overwhelmed Jacksonville has so occupied the attention of Hubbard that he has been prevented from responding to the frequent advances of the secretary. That he is distinguishing himself in the financial world is evident from the number of responsible positions he now holds. He is assistant cashier of the Mercantile Exchange Bank, vice president of the Citizens' Gas Company and director of four other corporations. It seems a foregone conclusion that Morgan's claim to the title of Bonaparte of the financial world must soon be relinquished. A new star is appearing on the horizon.

PAUL HURST.

The secretary is still very sanguine that some report may be had from Hurst, but judging from his innate aversion to a rapid existence, fostered doubtless by his present sojourn in a tropical clime, this information will be forthcoming when the Record has become ancient history.

After leaving college the field of his activity was the cotton industry. He was associated with the American Cotton Company, a

St. Louis firm, which made a new kind of cotton bale. Last summer the President, in quest of sturdy and courageous youths to hunt the wily Filipino, hit upon Hurst as a person possessing qualifications necessary to circumvent the machinations of the dusky islanders. In appreciation of his extraordinary ability the President forthwith appointed him to a second lieutenancy in the regular army. He is now bravely fighting his country's battles in that far-off land, and it is generally believed that had he *arrived earlier* on the scene of action the laurels which now adorn the temples of Funston would have found an equally appropriate resting-place on the illustrious brow of our valiant and distinguished classmate.

JOHN HARRISON HUTCHINSON.

My Dear Pop:—I certainly feel honored in being asked to contribute to such a noble cause. I trust this letter will find you very well and not over-worked, for I have a few ideas of the constant strain, you must have upon you at Lawrenceville.

There is nothing like it, I am sure, having one's first, last and only original article published in such an important volume as the Triennial Record of the Class of '97 of Princeton Uuniversity; but I am afraid it will take a much better writer than myself, to even merit a place in such a popular volume.

Since leaving college, I am sorry to say, I have had no singular experience, such as Spanish Wars, and even China had no charms sufficiently enticing, due entirely to my "shortness." I have been spending most of my time at my home, Georgetown, and when not engaged in civil engineering duties have been spending my time among the laws of my native state. I think the law and the air in this vicinity are agreeing with my duties and myself very well.

As to the honors some of my classmates have achieved, and the great deeds they have accomplished, I am sorry to say, although I feel it my duty to tell the class about them, yet on account of my seclusion in the wilds of New Jersey, it will be simply impossible for me to furnish any information at all.

In fact, when I want to hear anything about any one of my friends, I go to dear old Princeton for the day and while there I find out all about them, for their Alma Mater seems to keep a much better watch over them than I can.

In closing I would say, that although I do not often have the pleasure of a visit from any of my distinguished classmates, yet I can assure them all that they are not forgotten, and should they at any time happen to visit Bordentown, I will be only too glad to have them drop in and drive the cares of life away, cheer the hours and fill the office with their presence. So with good wishes for you all, and a special blessing for our esteemed and honored Secretary, I am as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. HUTCHINSON.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Dec. 24, '00.

THOMAS HALL INGHAM.

My Dear Pop:—The pathos of your last communication has brought me to the determination to show you that this is not altogether a thankless world. I trust the other delinquents will feel the same way and help to restore the balance to your tottering intellect.

Briefly, then, I entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as rodman in the "Maintenance of Way" department immediately after graduation, and am now assistant supervisor at York. My career has been uneventful and not in the least checkered, and although I might make a few remarks anent the habits of the Jersey wildmen and the Pennsylvania Dutch I think they will keep for my autobiography. I am,

Very sincerely yours,

THOMAS H. INGHAM.

YORK, PA., Feb. 17, '01.

ALBERT WOODWARD JAMISON.

My Dear "Old Man":—Please forgive me for causing you to send a second copy of your masterly letter of which I am so glad to receive a second copy that I am not wholly sorry I failed to answer sooner. I have been nearly over head in work all this fall; how busy, you may judge from the following: this ranch is on the Platte bottom, 25 miles from Lincoln and the State University. Yesterday a party of students of Agriculture came out to see things. I took them down into the pastures, and we started up at least five different bunches of wild geese, probably two hundred or more in all. The students were very much excited, and asked all about hunting them, and seemed very much surprised when I said I had not been out after them at all. One morning (just to show you how numerous they are) three flocks passed over my head within gunshot, while I was working in a single corral.

I suppose this letter is to cover the entire period since Jimmy—"I believe you prefer the good old Anglo-Saxon—'stench'"—*et al* suffered their greatest loss.

The first two years after commencement I remained in Princeton as a laboratory assistant under Professors Cornwall and Phillips, doing as far as possible, what I was told, and incidentally having a royal good time, living on lower University Place first,—the abode of Freshmen, for one of whom I was frequently taken, especially at night,—then in S. Edwards Hall, long known as the abode of polers, but also known as the abode of one of the finest of the finest, who used to run gadding about nights with a huge police lantern looking for disturbers of the peace of the "incoming class"—to use the chaste and lofty diction of "Prexy" Miller.

After leaving Princeton, I put in a season, or as it is technically called "a campaign" with the Illinois Sugar Refining Co., of Pekin, Ill., as assistant chemist. During this time the hotel where I lived caught fire, and I escaped with a scant suit of clothes and an umbrella. (It was

3 A.M., and I had a firmly fixed idea that I should have the hose turned on me). It was very exciting, as the stairs were in flames before I got to them, and I had to do stunts over roofs, gutters and fire escapes before reaching the ground, to find some one had vamoosed with my unbrella—the only thing I had saved (I had held to it until I reached the fire-escape and then dropped it).

After the campaign was over I went on a stock farm of my father's at Hamlet, Ind., (the Ft. Wayne R.R. runs through it, and I had been over the road a number of times, never dreaming I should be interested in that part of the world). Here I stayed until the end of August, doing pretty nearly everything, first and last, that can be done during this season of the year. The main business there is raising pure-blooded Hereford cattle, but the other work of a farm is also carried on. Then I spent about a month travelling around to different places, all more or less connected with the cattle business, winding up with a bunch of fine stock bought at the Minnesota State Fair. I brought them through to this place after a number of delays due to several different causes. Travelling with the cattle was a very novel way, to me, of getting over the ground; disagreeable in many ways but still decidedly interesting.

Out here my work has been less varied but still there has been enough variety to keep the monotony broken to small fragments. Until to-day the weather has been almost perfect, in fact, if we had had the making of it, it could not have suited us better. To-day, however, we are having a taste of winter, with a limp cloth edition of the high winds the Platte Valley is famous for.

We all are very proud out here, for by common consent this is the largest and best herd of registered cattle in the world, none excepted. This property consists of about 3,300 acres, extending for five miles along the river, and it is mighty fine land, and raises mighty fine cattle, as I shall be most happy to demonstrate to any one of the class who can come as far West as this. We are always open to receive visitors, and they are always most welcome, whether they come to buy five carloads of bulls or simply to note the difference between a horse and a cow.

I believe this is all I have to say, except that you mustn't work too hard, for we need you. Good bye, old man.

Faithfully yours,

A. W. JAMISON.

ASHLAND, NEB., Dec. 22, '00.

HERBERT BROTHERSON JAMISON.

My Dear Pop:—Ever since August in 1897, I have been at work in the office with my father, and during that time have had a very uneventful sort of a life. There are very few fellows from the great and glorious class that are near here, so I have missed the good fellowship very much indeed. I was present at the first annual reunion, and of course had a great time renewing my youth, etc. I made all

my plans to attend the Triennial, but was taken sick during the early part of May, and was laid up for six weeks, which of course knocked me out of the trip, and I may say that I was never more disappointed than when I knew that I could not be present with you all.

As stated to you before, the most important event during the last few years for me, is my engagement to Miss Grier, of Peoria, a graduate of Smith, in the class of 1900.

I hardly think I shall be with you all in June of this year much as I would like to be there, but I hope to be able to come down for the fifth reunion.

With best wishes for yourselves and all of the fellows, I remain,

Very truly yours,

H. B. Jamison.

Peoria, Ill., March 9, '01.

JOHN GERE JAYNE.

Dear Classmates:—It is with difficulty that I can withhold the expression "Dear Children"—not that I am as old as our honorable Secretary, or as wise as our faculty members—but (and this is a *but* which brings tears to my eyes) I can conceal the fact no longer,—I am nearly bald headed. One by one the flowing locks have unlocked, one by one each curling ringlet has unrung, and by our *next* triennial "there'll be no parting there." So, "Dear Children," if you ever see a man with lots of hair at your back door begging for a square meal, don't feed him,—it isn't "Lady" Jayne. And right here I want to apologize to those members of our "ne plus ultra" organization at whom, in my thoughtlessness, I cried: "Go up, thou bald heads." My retribution is just,—you have been avenged. (Scobe Van Nest take notice.) (I hope this apology will help my hair,—nothing else has done any good.) But perhaps my personal beauty is no longer a thing dear to the class; well, if not, try to remember me as of the "hairy days," and forget that the hand that wields this pen is bald headed. Did any of you ever notice how few girls there are who care for fellows with bald heads? Well, since I—but that is another story.

Fellows (as Gillie used to say), this is the first time I have been able to address the class since I undressed you all on Class Day in 1897. I could tell you lots of things that have happened to me since then, but I would be arrested by the U. S. Government for improper use of the mails. Still as these letters are supposed to be heart to heart talks of a personal nature I will endeavor to give you an expurgated remark or so, on myself and him you used to know as "Bill Reynolds." Most all of you are adepts enough in expression to supply the strong words where you think necessary.

My own career has been checkered and chessed. I have taught school, coached baseball and football teams, worked in a bank, sung in a choir, played professional ball, chopped wood, preached a sermon and tended bar.

You know after a fellow gets over the idea that Greater New York

is just panting for him, he begins to answer want ads. in the Sunday *Herald,* regardless of his college diploma. I even went so far as to inquire after these three one afternoon:

(1) WANTED.—A bright young man as dishwasher. (No go—they wanted a man from U. of P.)

(2) WANTED.—A man with a wooden leg to mash potatoes for a hotel. (Didn't think I could mash *potatoes.*)

(3) WANTED.—An old woman with one tooth to bite holes in Schweizer cheese. ("Already filled"—the position, I mean.)

All these failures were exceedingly disheartening, and as failure followed failure I resolved to get even with this old fool world, so I took up that boon to all broken down athletes and unsuccessful business men—the Law.

I graduated from an office, and was admitted, with "other members of the class" to the bar (both before and behind it) one sweet day in June, 1900,—a day long to be remembered in the annals of Luzerne County, Penn.

"Bill Reynolds," aforesaid, during this same month, passed the best examination that has ever been passed in Lackawanna County, and we are now in partnership as the firm of Jayne & Reynolds, Room 47, Bennett Building, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Collections promptly made. Divorces painlessly secured. Conveyancing a specialty. All sorts of legal work *undertaken.* Loans negotiated and satisfaction guaranteed in general practice (and no extra charge for the advertisement—thanks, "Pop.")

Our meals are much the same every day. It's a continuous case of "Beans, bean-soup and beans." We have purchased large roll-top desks (on the installment plan) and they are pretty fair quarters to sleep in. On a cold night we pull down the shutting-up part and the junior unlocks us at seven A.M. We decided to accumulate a library (by "borrowing" books from our friends), so we are handicapped for law books, although we are pretty well supplied with patent office reports and copies of the American Agriculturialist.

We had one case (see Hook *vs.* Crook, 199 Pa., 305) with money in it. We got thirty-five dollars in cash, and it took just three hundred dollars for us to celebrate properly and spend our first fee. Bill is still figuring how much we will owe in seven years, if we have a few more cases. We purchased a real iron safe the other day, and it makes a grand thing to keep beer cool. We have hung up our diplomas over our respective desks, and when we get a case we know nothing about, we read the Latin to our client and ask him to call again. I am busy learning to speak Hungarian, as we have to get a license for one of that nationality, and I suddenly realized I didn't even know how to ask him for a glass of beer. Bill is studying Chinese for there is no telling when he will need it, as our board bills will be due soon, and they say that meals are cheap in China. We defended an Italian some time ago and he got the limit. We bade him a tearful good bye for

ten years, and the ungrateful wretch swore that as soon as his time was up he would back to our office and kill us both. What pleasant jokes one finds in this business! It is so nice to be remembered by one's friends. We make a specialty of lady clients, although we haven't had any yet. We thought we had one yesterday, but she was a book agent selling "The Way to Succeed." We took her remarks as a personal insult and slammed the door in her face. Bill and I make pretty good partners, we keep up an excellent general average. Bill tells everybody what a smart fellow I am, and I air the excellent qualities of Bill everywhere I go. Bill is a hard worker and I am a good loafer. I look respectable, and Bill is. Bill knows the law, and I look as if I did. Bill's hair is black and thick, mine is light and "light." I write a good hand, and Bill tells me what to say. Bill makes the speeches and I look dignified, so he will have the proper environment. "The eyes of the world is upon us and we have got to do it." Bill is a good general lawyer, and I am a good criminal.

We never have any disagreements, for as yet we have had nothing to disagree about. When summer comes again we are going to hold legal revival services throughout the country in a tent to advertise ourselves, and we have hired a crowd to tar and feather us so we can get our names in the papers, for as Bill says, "It is far, far better to be known as a tarred and feathered man than never to be known at all." So I reckon this is "The Only Way" to be recognized by the public. Sometimes work goes like a woman chopping wood with a dull axe, and a fellow feels like a rooster that did all his crowing sitting down, but when we feel that way, Bill and I start in to tell of the old boys of '97, and before long we brace up and feel as happy as a couple of cows going to a country fair. It's a real treat to sit down and think how many of you all are doing so well,—married, and all that sort of thing. We are making history, now, as a class, and we must keep up the good work. We always had good sense, and we never showed better judgment than when "Old Pop" was elected secretary. I want to thank him personally for having kept me in touch with all the fellows, and made the Princeton fire burn more brightly in my bosom. Should Providence smile on the firm of Jayne and Reynolds in a few years, we will give the class a house party for a month either in Duryea or Hoboken, and in the meantime "Should auld acquaintances be forgot," drop in at 47 Bennett Building, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., if you ever land in Pennsylvania, and we will show you what you want,—from a prayer-meeting to one of the borey-eyed kind.

Yours for '97,

"Lady" Jayne.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Jan. 5, '01.

LAWRENCE CHURCH JEFFERSON.

My Dear Classmate:—Your several requests received; the reason of my delay being that I have been getting into business in Chicago, and have been there, more or less, for the last six months (principally more).

My address in Chicago will be 5420 Ind. Ave.

My marriage experience is the same as a year ago, only we are all a year older. So far I have taken no part in clubs, societies, or politics, and as far as offices of honor, profit or trust go, none except by my own appointment.

Since leaving Princeton I have pursued post-graduate studies in packing and moving, and have attained all the degrees. My present move is the third in three years.

Last spring I spent three months of my time in the mountains of Idaho, hunting for my health, game and most any other old thing. On my way home I went through Yellowstone Park, and just happened to fall in with the Kennedys, '94-'01, from Covington, Ky., who are very fine fellows. We had a pleasant trip through the Park.

Since leaving college I have spent most of my time in the lumber business, but in about ten days will be in the manufacturing business in Chicago.

Hoping you will pardon my delay, I am,

Yours truly,

L. C. Jefferson.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 27, '01.

FREDERICK NEVINS JESSUP.

My Dear "Pop":—Those sample letters you sent have been the undoing of me, and have scared me out of any thought of a class letter. Even a sermon would be an easier task than soaring up to such heights. But a good while has lapsed since I last read them, and I'm glad to say they no longer haunt me as ideals. Instead of soaring, you are invited to take a long breath and plunge in with me, first of all, for a good 7,000 mile swim to Beyrout. There you will have a full three years to sit out under the blue Syrian sky and dry your clothes, if you don't immediately invest in white duck suits and military looking helmet hats, as Luke Miller and Teddy Balken did on arrival, or haven't come prepared with khaki equipments like Bob Garrett's. And while you are driving about the city in victorias with skeleton horses, or off camping at the Cedars, or travelling through the country on a blooded Arab steed, or enjoying Balken's interesting experience of trying to smuggle fire-arms into the Turkish Empire, you can leave me out at the Syrian Protestant College, teaching, writing, spelling, reading, in one and two syllables, the roundness of the earth and other branches of higher science and literature.

The college is a fine place, and the time went quickly, with the summers spent at home on the slopes of Lebanon, about 2,500 feet above the sea. It did seem a long way from Princeton, though, and one would very often miss the fellows and the life. Wolf Post was here for a couple of years, working like a Trojan and walking off with every prize which was open to him in the Medical School. It was a pleasant sight the first year to lay eyes on Allen Sankey—moustache, camera and all,—if only for a passing glimpse. Last year was the lucky one:

going down to meet Luke and finding Bob Garrett and Teddy Balken as well. It was like getting a big whiff of the old campus atmosphere, and did one good. You, who have been living on here within range of the fellows and the college, can't realize how we feel who are kept so far from it all. It was one of the hardships of our work that neither Luke nor I could be at the Triennial save in spirit, and that telegram was very much appreciated. The last distinguished visitor was Kirkwood, who brought back the old days, with slightly different setting, as he leaned back dreamily in an easy chair, enveloped in smoke, and murmured mingled accounts of Spanish beauties, ministerial experiences and bull fights.

Last summer my time was "up." I did the Paris Exposition in three hours, spent a month in England, part of it in the Scotch and English Lake Country, and then came on to America and Auburn Seminary.

Perhaps you'll think me prejudiced, but I am delighted to find that Seminoles are not after all the set of fruits, freaks, and unkempt farmers that we used to think them when we were down at Princeton. Instead it seems the next best thing to being back at college.

Little more remains to add to the short and simple annals of the poor. As for engagements, wives, children, lucrative positions, names of books written or crowned heads visited, I'll have to ask you to wait till our Sesquicentennial Special. Till then a long farewell to all greatness.

FREDERICK N. JESSUP.

AUBURN, N. Y., Feb. 19, '01.

WILLARD PARKER JESSUP.

Dear Pop:—Please pardon this lengthy delay in responding to your request for an account of my post-academic career, but there are reasons, I assure you. Inasmuch as such an account contain little of thrilling interest to the class at large, and because in your encyclical you emphasized the necessity of literary finish in the composition thereof, I thought I would not undertake to write until I had sufficient leisure to do it properly. Alas, that time has not yet arrived. You will believe me, perchance, when I tell you what I have been doing for the last six months.

The first year after I left college I acted as principal of the Oxford Academy at Oxford, Pennsylvania, one of those old-time farmers' academies which have almost entirely passed away. The life there was as much of a contrast to college life as you can possibly imagine. I realized to the full, the truth of all those reports of the cold, hard world which came to me while I lingered, lotus-eating in Arden. The experience served me in good stead, however, for I have since been able to bear the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune with lighter heart." This is putting it a little strongly perhaps, for I really haven't had so much to complain of after all. I expected a continuance of the delights of Princeton days and was disappointed—"*Hinc illae lacrimae.*"

In the fall of '98 I took a position as instructor at the Rugby Military Academy in New York. This was much more to my taste, as the work was easier and I had opportunity to indulge in the pleasures afforded by the metropolis. That sort of thing soon palls upon one, however, especially as, in New York, opportunities for social intercourse are very limited to one of moderate income.

In February, '99, I went over to Brooklyn to take a place as teacher of Latin and History in the Boys' High School, in which position I remained until June, 1900. It was a fine position, but the work tended to become very monotonous. I had seven classes to each of which I had to expound the same lesson in history. You can imagine, perhaps, that by the time I reached the seventh class I was somewhat familiar with the subject matter under discussion. However, it went well enough for a year and a half.

Brooklyn I have found a most delightful place to live in. Beside being so near New York, it affords many facilities for amusement, and at the same times one has opportunity to form those close social relationships with cultured people without which life is scarcely worth living. I may have been particularly fortunate in the people I have met here, but I believe there are more people of real culture to the square mile in this Borough than in any place of which I have had any experience. I have a great many friends here, and they have made it so pleasant for me that I have continued to live here, though all my work is in New York.

Last spring I was offered a position as private tutor in New York at the same salary I was drawing at the High School. As I would have to devote only my morning hours to this work, I though it an excellent opportunity to do something I had long desired to do, namely, to take up the study of law. So I determined to accept, and since October last, I have been drilling mathematics and English into the reluctant head of a candidate for admission to the "sacred precincts," and at the same time endeavoring under the kindly auspices of the New York Law School, to familiarize myself with the principles of jurisprudence as laid down in my own state. Now, maybe you will understand why I have not written before. I have scarcely a moment's leisure from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M., except on Sundays, and you may well believe that I am not greatly inclined to exertion of any sort then. I am enjoying the law work immensely, though I had no idea of the vastness of the subject until I got well into it. Our instructors encourage us by telling us that no man can know all the law, and so we toil on, absorbing what we can, and trusting it will be sufficient to enable us to pass a bar examination. At first it was a little difficult to prevent confusion of my morning with my afternoon work. There was a tendency to mix up truncated prisms, logarithms, and the binomial theorem with torts, novations and bailments, but I have quite overcome that.

No, I have not married or been given in marriage. The worst I have done in that line has been to act as accessory in the first degree

at a ceremony. I am, nevertheless, prepared to give testimony as to the conjugal felicity of one or two of the benedicts of our class.

My travels have been limited almost wholly to frequent trips on the Sixth Avenue Elevated and the Gates Avenue trolley line, on which I find, after a careful computation, that I have traveled about two thousand miles in the last two years.

Now and again I bespeak one of "the Elect" in the seething crowds of Manhattan. A hearty Princeton grip and the sight of a familiar face does me a world of good.

Into thy fatherly care, dear Pop, I commend this mite to be added to the reams of unadulterated English which, long ere this, must have filled the secretarial sanctum. With fraternal regard still undiminished for you and the members of the "great and glorious," I am,

Most cordially thine,

WILLARD P. JESSUP.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 3, '01.

WALTER LATHROP JOHNSON.

My Dear Pop:—One of thy wayward children has at last determined to write to the guardian of his college days, to say that the memories of those days have been ever present with him during this much of his journey through life.

For the first year after I went through the car window at the railway station of the old hunting grounds, I played the gentleman (or loafer), not doing very much of anything. Then, one fine day in June, 1898, I found myself in a stock broker's office, surrounded by a lot of funny papers they called stocks, and a few still funnier papers, with some square pieces torn off, called bonds. And here I have been ever since, always trying to learn something more about these queer pieces of paper or what they represent.

Although Harry Fine and I were, and are, the best of friends, I must say that I never learned to add until I struck Wall St.; while on the other hand I have yet to find any practical application in business life for the intricate theorems of Calculus or Differential Equations.

When I get rich, Pop, (which I see no signs of in the near future), I am going to endow a chair of Good Fellowship at Princeton, and seat a '97 man in it.

With the very best of wishes for your success, and that of all our friends whom this may reach, I am,

Your fellow classmate,

WALTER L. JOHNSON.

NEW YORK CITY, March 3, 1901.

NEJIB IBRAHIM ANGELO KATIBAH.

The sun never sets on '97, "Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sands" the voice of Katibah is heard in the land, sounding the praises of Princeton and doing credit to '97. For five

years he has been chief translator for the Sûdan Government Railway. Further information received from him is hereto appended, given in his own characteristic style:

Marriages:
(a) Date, Vid. Genesis.
(b) Place, Utopia.
(c) Maiden Name of Wife, Daughter of Eve.
(d) Residence of Wife, the Globe.

Children:
Supply ordered—*Post-Graduate Studies Pursued.*
(a) What, "To be or not to be?"
(b) Where, Great Sahara.
(c) When, when occasion occurs.

It is very apparent that a continuation of his efforts will cause the desert to bloom as the rose.

JOHN HENRY KEENER.

Dear Classmates:—There should be an unwritten law, with all the force and authority of a positive enactment, which exempts the secretary from writing a letter on such an occasion. His frequent communications, made necessary by the oversensitiveness of so many persons of retiring disposition, and still further increased by the inexcusable indifference and general apathy of others, have so exhausted his vocabulary that he is in danger of repeating himself and thus either betraying his limitations or else grating upon the sensibilities of his readers.

Then, too, he has already severely tried the patience of many members by his unremitting zeal in forcing upon their attention his matchless (?) compositions, so that the self-poise and serene temper which generally characterizes them has been disturbed and maledictions have been his portion. Why should he still further offend their taste and add fuel to the flame of their passions? Truly, additional messages from him seem like adding insult to injury.

Besides, serving in the capacity of "whip" entirely unfits one for sublime thinking and nicety of expression. The language one unconsciously acquires in this bolstering-up process savors strongly of the police courts, where force rather than elegance is the prevailing characteristic. To sandwich such material between so much that is chaste and exceptionally excellent seems utterly inexcusable, unless it be on the basis, that, by way of contrast, the latter is properly appreciated.

But, notwithstanding these excellent reasons for silence, the secretary is amenable to the same uncompromising custom of class obligation, and even he, dictator though he seems to be, must write a letter. With this justification for his act, and with fervent appeals to a suffering public for merciful consideration, he launches forth upon the recital of a few unimportant details, which, in their interest, are strongly akin to statistical tables, and, in regard to furnishing employment, about as profitable as the perusal of Webster's Dictionary, to see how the characters might turn out.

It was my good fortune to return to the university the year following

graduation. There was a strong demand for some one to play the rôle of fellow in Mental Science. No one appearing on the scene as a candidate, the necessity of the occasion brought to me the coveted honor. A year's hard work gave me but a faint glimpse of the only subject worthy the serious consideration of thoughtful men, but it impressed me more profoundly than ever with the undoubted superiority of this subject over all those that can engage the attention of the human mind. It was too deep for me, hence this tribute.

But my efforts during the year were not solely directed in the line of philosophical investigation. I had been commissioned by the authorities to act, in conjunction with Bill Leggett and the other supernumeraries, in an effort to make of Edwards a habitable abode. This dormitory had been the arena of so many midnight escapades that it became a stench to the nostrils of the governing body, and energetic measures were necessary. Armed with a dark-lantern and a club, I interspersed the weary hours of ontological study with herculean efforts to bring about the desired reform. Visions of hair-breadth escapes and bloody encounters did not deter me, for Edwards had to be reclaimed. It was—when I left.

The next year the President, in a moment of extreme altruistic feeling, tendered me the fellowship in ethics. I, moved by the opposite feeling, accepted. This brought me into close contact with the head of the university and gave me a splendid opportunity to suggest various improvements in his policy of running the institution, where, to my mind, he was not adhering strictly to the behests of the categorical imperative. It is needless to say, that before I ventured any suggestions, I was always sure of a hasty exit.

The most pleasant memories of these two years of post-graduate work are associated with a "seminar" which weekly convened in my room. It was composed of many of those of our number who returned for further study, and had a fair sprinkling of noted men of other classes. These meetings in their scope and interest rivaled the symposiums of classic days. The profoundest themes in all departments of knowledge were thoroughly discussed, and their relative position in the general scheme finally determined. Indeed, such was the character of that body and so beneficial its discussions that it is generally understood that without its helpful influence Russell could never have secured the proud title which he now enjoys. Others of that notable body achieved distinction, traceable solely to the impetus received here. But not so with your humble servant. The lingering fumes of bad tobacco and the painful impressions of a board-like bed drove from his mind the beatific visions of the early part of the evening and the morning found him with thoughts too deep for utterance and too chaste for print.

And, now, through the generosity of the authorities of the Lawrenceville school, I am posing as an instructor in Latin and mathematics, and incidentally drawing my pay. Here I suppose I shall continue as long as I can dupe these good people and keep up the bluff. If any

of you happen in this vicinity I should be delighted to see you. There is no latch string. It is "wide open."

In closing, I wish to thank all of you very heartily for your generous assistance in getting up this record. I say "all" advisedly. While a few of you have seemingly been unresponsive, yet I am charitable enough to believe that it was due rather to uncontrollable circumstances than to lack of class patriotism. It is a cause for great rejoicing that our class spirit has lost none of its pristine vigor, but that in each succeeding struggle an additional halo adds to its lustre. May the coming years still further cement us, remembering that in such comradeship we are not only most helpful to one another, but we are best serving our Alma Mater, whom we owe more than we can repay. God bless you all. Sincerely yours,

POP.

LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J., May 20, 1901.

JOHN MUMFORD KEESE.

Dear Pop:—What's the use? Can't you let a fellow alone? This is your third notice that lies before me, and I am *gradually* becoming ashamed to let you waste any more energy upon me. If everlastingly-at-it will accomplish, you certainly will succeed.

I have been one of the delinquents, because I do not feel interesting, but now I'll bore away to the best of my ability.

I would not hesitate so much if I could hold the attention of readers as Booth Tarkington does in his "Gentleman from Indiana." A great longing for the old days came over me as he made Harkless reminisce of the days under the elms and the seniors upon the steps, the songs and good fellowship.

The old world contains some queer people, and in my work I meet many of them—I suppose I'm one of them myself, and don't realize it—but after all, we have a pretty good world to live in. When I started to practice in a city, I wondered how long the hungry stage would last. At first I felt somewhat like the old "dark" in the following: "What you want to do," said the druggist, as he handed the old darky the patent medicine, "is to take a dose of this after each meal."

"Yes, suh," was the reply, "an' now, boss, will you please, suh, tell me whar I'm gwine to git de meals?"

But now I manage to get at least one meal a day, am a member of the staff and attending physician in one of our hospitals here; fill in spare moments lecturing to the nurses, addressing various clubs in the city, and "plugging"; am interested and doing well in my work, and beginning to have plenty of it. I do, however, deplore the necessity of getting in at six A. M., as I have been doing rather frequently recently,—could find the keyhole easily, too.

I have had some *good* visits with four or five of the boys who have seemed to enjoy the happy home with which I have been blessed for over four years now. We are on the high road of travel

here in the Empire State, and would be more than happy to see any of the fellows who might pass through Syracuse. Two 'phones in the office, so "you can't lose me." Call me up.

Sincerely,

SYRACUSE, N. Y., March 15, 1901. J. MUMFORD KEESE.

WILLIAM NOBLE KELLER.

Dear Classmates:—Since I left Princeton, in June, '97, I have been existing in and about Columbia, Pa. It was very hard to start into work, and I missed the fellows and the campus very much for a long time; now it is not so hard to go to work every day, and I always look forward to spring and fall, when I make a pilgrimage to Princeton or New Haven and always see some, if not a great many, of the fellows with whom I spent four of the most enjoyable years of my life.

July, '97, saw your humble servant enstalled as manager, "working manager," of "Locust Grove Farms," and I never realized before how much one has to contend with on a farm. Well, it was good experience, but not the kind of work I wanted, so after spending two years on the farm, I secured a position with the Columbia Trust Company, then organizing, taking charge of the farms as a side issue, which means long hours and hard work, but, then, there is always the chance of something better coming along.

Hoping by the end of five more years I shall be able to tell you of time better spent, Ever your friend,

HENRY NEFF KEHLER, JR.

COLUMBIA, Pa., Feb. 26, 1901.

HENRY NEFF KEHLER.

My Dear Pop:—I have time to drop you only a few lines in reply to your numerous requests as to my doings since I left Princeton.

After leaving college I spent four years at Rush Medical College, in Chicago. After graduation, passed competitive examination for interne at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, where I remained eighteen months. Since then have spent most of my time in Colorado and New Mexico, and at present am with Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Hospital at Salida. Yours very truly,

SALIDA, COLO., May 6, 1901. W. N. KELLER.

GEORGE HARRINGTON KELLY.

My Dear Pop:—Your gentle reminder of February 12th, reached me at Elizabeth City, N. C., last week, and this is the first opportunity I have had to reply to it. I regret that my "inexcusable indifference" has delayed this letter so long, and can only plead that you will bear with me for this time. I have been ill since the 1st of January, and after getting out of the hospital, went south for a rest, and am now in good condition once more.

Since our graduation my career has been a very uneventful one.

I spent three years at the Western Reserve University Law School here; was graduated last June, and immediately admitted to the bar. Since that time I have been general utility slave with the above firm, and am getting a little practical knowledge of his royal majesty, the law.

I have not taken any extensive trips aside from journeys up the lakes in the summer time and occasional short visits to other places.

It was a matter of extreme regret with me that, owing to the bar examination, I was unable to be at the triennial, and I hope that the next reunion will see me with the rest of the chosen.

I regret to say that I have not the pleasure of announcing my engagement to any of the best of God's products, and, therefore, cannot give you the name of my wife or my children.

Perkins is the only '97 man who exists in this town (and I don't mind saying that it is merely existence), and we see quite a good deal of each other, and do our best to celebrate properly the Princeton victories, etc.

I trust that I shall have the pleasure of receiving the triennial report before long, and that the announcement in the last number of the Alumni Weekly is an error.

I remain as ever, Yours for Princeton and '97,

CLEVELAND, O., March 1, 1901. GEORGE H. KELLY,
Alias "Pie."

ARTHUR MARCH KENNEDY.

My Dear "Pop":—In your very delightful letter of a month or so ago, requiring an immediate answer, you suggest that, in replying, we "just sit down and forget what we are doing"—on which score you must pardon my delay. In waiting for "the ebullitions of thought and feeling as free and untrammeled as the crystal fluid that gurgles, in all its pristine beauty, from some cavernous seclusion in the mountainside" to come along, I forgot why I had sat me down! I think that sentence of yours would paralyze almost any one! But having delayed you so much already, I shall now endeavor to make up for lost time by not delaying you too much, even in the reading.

You must know, then, that my career, since my heels disappeared through the car window at the Princeton Station, has been diverse, varied and not uncheckered. The wide, wide world proceeded at once to shove in any old direction, regardless of the shovee; so that I was glad to stop for a while at a factory in Philadelphia, where I had a job as a superintendent, and many interesting adventures. I learned to harden myself to the pathetic side of "the workers'" life, for that is a necessity; and I was edified to learn that there was an amusing side as well, for that means research and is correspondingly satisfactory. I learned to make estimates, etc., in a ceaseless roar of machinery all but deafening, and to have my letters punctuated by the crashing blows of a steam hammer about eight feet away All this was, of course, very pleasant,—which is not the manner of speech to be employed in referring to the fourteen hours a day

spent in a casting-room, equipped with seven furnaces, on red-hot August days. Sometimes, too, there was more or less excitement to be found in occasional chats with gangs of angry Union strikers, while vague feelings of loose bricks in transit pervaded one's inner consciousness or permeated one's outer periphery. These various factors, you will understand, united to keep me interested in my work. Bye and bye I was through with it, and after some further peregrinations, which included a couple of months in Princeton in the spring of 1899, I landed, at last, at the "Equitable Life" in New York, where I am, at this writing, still clinging to my job. But I must mention (what I see your sample letters make very plain to be my duty, as it is certainly my pleasure) that, prior to this, I took a few days off, one time, and was married. I am now engaged in "living happily ever after."

The president of the Equitable is, as every one knows, one of Princeton's most illustrious and loyal sons, and some day I may ask him to authorize a large contribution to your Class Fund, which you say is getting low. And if he says "Yes," I'll send you all that I find I do not need for the Memorial Fund, which is also low. Do not expect too much.

Busy as my life has been, I have yet found time for literary efforts. I wrote a book once which was read by several friends over whom I exercised an undue influence. Two of these are still my friends. I also wrote a "pome," which has been regretfully declined by four magazines, eleven comic papers and forty-four newspapers. It is about a fake cur who had a quarrel with a fakir named Dan. I append the last quatrain, gladly taking taking advantage of this rare opportunity to see it in print:

So he curdled the blood of discourteous Dan,
And, encouraged to curtail the monk,
His cur tail got curv'd 'round his curly cur ear
And his career ended curplunk!

I cannot better close than at this juncture. In the words of your sample letter: "I hope you are well; I express the earnest wish that your whole being is replete with virility."

Very sincerely your friend,
ARTHUR M. KENNEDY.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1900.

EDWARD GRUET KENT.

Dear Pop:—Your postal was received this morning and, of course, I cannot delay after receiving such an urgent appeal to write. I will do so even if the letter may seem pretty dry. As you may know, I am leading a very uneventful life, and, therefore, have little of interest to say.

After leaving college, in June, '97, I spent the following summer on the Jersey Coast and in September returned to Princeton, staying there until about November 1. After that I spent some time in

Philadelphia; then returned to Princeton, and remained there until college closed for the "midwinter vacation." (?)

In April of the following year I secured a position with the Essex County Electric Company, which has since been absorbed by the United Electric Company of New Jersey, and have been with that company ever since.

Orange, formerly a Yale stronghold, is now well represented at Princeton, and I think the class of '97 is in a measure responsible for this, for before our class entered college everything was very blue in this town. I think there are five Orange representatives in '97—Arthur Hagemeyer, Gregory, Frank Baldwin, "Chap" Reynolds and myself.

"Chap" Reynolds and Hagemeyer are now New York business men, Gregory is living in Connecticut, I believe, and Baldwin and myself are compelled to spend our days in Orange, the former being city editor of the Orange "Chronicle."

It is only when in New York that I see any of the '97 men except the ones above mentioned. The Princeton Club is the meeting place, numerous "sessions" being held there. For want of interesting news I must close, wishing success to '97.

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD G. KENT.

ORANGE, N. J., March 7, 1901.

RICHARD BROWNING KENT.

Dear Pop:—What have you been smoking lately? I answered your late circular the day after I received it, like a dutiful and loyal son of '97. Didn't you receive it? I am touched to the heart by your wail of woe and will hasten to duplicate the information I can remember it asked for. First, I am in business in Sioux City, Iowa, as assistant manager of the Mondamin Block Company, and have been out here about seven months. I am unmarried, thanks to my massive brain and a shortage of funds. I am a member of the Princeton Club of New York, president and secretary and treasurer and only member of the Princeton Alumni Society of Sioux City, and also a member of the Sioux City Boat Club. I haven't run for office, or held a position of honor, or read any papers before any august bodies. To my credit side, I can only write that I am still free and that the normal output of the brewery here was only increased five per cent. when I hit the village. During the muss-up, I was with the New Jersey Naval Reserves and met a man whose brother saw a Spaniard.

I don't remember your other questions, Pop, but please don't think I neglected your letter. If you only knew how lonesome I become away out here, for even a whisper from the dear old place you wouldn't accuse me of that. Why, I often get off in the woods

here and rip off a cheer or so just to hear the old name go skyrocketing through the air.

I hope you can dig enough material out of this to keep my name in the record. Good luck and prosperity to you, Pop. Don't let any of your bulletins pass me by.

Most loyally yours,
RICHARD B. KENT.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, Feb. 17, 1901.

CARLTON MONTGOMERY KERSHOW.

My Dear Pop:—In reply to your last bombardment, here goes for a try. After leaving the good old "burg" in June, '97, it became my object to find some sphere of activity in which to continue the round of toil, to which we had all been so constantly subjected in the strenuous undergraduate days at Princeton.

However, as a preliminary, I found it necessary for my health (of course, with the aid of a doctor's certificate) to put in the next few months in making several trips here, there, or "any old place," some long, some short, but I must say all very pleasant. My next move landed me in the Department of History and Literature in the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania. Here I led a very quiet, but enjoyable life for two years, interrupted, several times, by long trips to the far West, the South and Europe, on all of which occasions I never failed to run across numerous Princeton men and to have the opportunity of spending many a pleasant hour with one or another of them.

On one of these trips, two summers ago, while living in Berlin, I had the luck to share, for a time, my humble abode with Bob Wilkins, and had the advantage of his great linguistic abilities (they really were great, you know, although Bob wouldn't acknowledge it in public, of course) in my endeavors to make the natives talk American.

As many of the fellows know, we have a thriving Princeton club, here in Philadelphia, which we all feel is doing constantly increasing good work in running the affairs of the nation generally, as well as being a center for all loyal adherents of the old college.

Referring to that imposing list of questions, I am a member of several clubs and societies. Am not married. Have not held any position of profit, honor or trust (anyone would know better than to offer me either of the last two), but as to the first, I am busily engaged at present in trying to catch up to one.

Wishing all the fellows the very best of luck, I am,

Most faithfully yours,
CARLETON M. KERSHOW.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 16, 1901.

SAMUEL VICTOR KING.

My Dear Pop:—I have just finished my studies at the West Pennsylvania Medical College and can now tack an "M. D." to my name.

My life since I left Princeton has been uneventful, and now, as I shall have to sit and wait for patients, it is quite likely to continue so.

Best to all the boys. Will see you in June.

S. Victor King.

Allegheny, Pa., May 13, 1901.

ROBERT OGILVIE KIRKWOOD.

My Loving and Most Patient "Pop":—How the multitudinous successes—successes domestic, social, political, financial, scientific, philanthropic, and whatnot,—of your glorious family must cause the warm blood to spring with eager joy to your dear cheek. How you must, at times, stand in some great open, and send your "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world," or crawl into your downy couch at night with great peace in your big heart, and that characteristic small smile in your face, as you say over and over again to yourself, "He done it; he's mine; I always knew that he was a good one."

It is no reflection either upon you or upon your training, dear Pop, that there are a few who may not be numbered rightfully in the before-mentioned successful class. It is not strange that among your numerous progeny there should be some whose procrastinations, idiosyncrasies and utter lack of attainment, must often vex the pellucid deeps of your transcendently beautiful soul. These few, oh, Pop, may be reduced to one, but not to less, for I am such an one. With most humble obeisance I kneel before your august presence, and in beseeching tones crave pardon.

Oh, Pop! That I were married! That I might give you the "maiden name of my wife in full," or rather of *wives,* for I see you call for "marriages," which thought caused me almost to faint and my fifteen cents of worldly wealth to vanish into thin air. No, I have not even one wife, nor, awful to relate, have I prospect of one. For this reason I may not give "her residence at time of marriage" nor may I write the "name in full," the "date of birth" and the "place of birth" of *our* children, for, Pop, *we* have none.

Active politics has not known me, neither have I filled offices of profit, honor nor trust. After pursuing theological studies, which, without sprinting, were easily able to escape my grasp, for three years, in Princeton Seminary, I again find myself on the cold, cold world. Two or three little things of mine have been published. They are of such power that the last time I had the courage to read them I became nauseated. My addresses have been limited to sermons and such talks as normally fall to one of my calling. Yes, I have traveled a little, and I will tell you about that later. You see I am answering questions now. In the wars you mention, I have had no part. I have not crawled to the firing line, despite the fact that I was shot full of holes, neither have I had the opportunity of nobly ministering to the needs of the sick or wounded, as some of the better fellows have done.

I was in a war, Pop—a Spanish war, a Spanish war in Spain. Like the battle of New Orleans, it occurred after peace had been declared.

I always was a shark at history. This war was not noticed to any great extent in the press despatches, so I will tell you about it, and I might as well do so now:

The *casus belli* was of such a nature, Pop, that even your gentle spirit would have been aroused to bull-dog ferocity. The enemy chose a position which he evidently thought could be easily defended. After a most careful reconnaissance, my keen military vision and experience led me to doubt the validity of his conclusions. I was alone in a strange land; but, like an ancient hero, I charged. The battle was spirited, short, sharp and decisive. After some excellent artillery practice, the infantry came into play. The enemy seemed about to weaken, so, like a good general, I ordered up the cavalry—Shank's mares—which advanced, double-quick, in splendid order. The enemy, now completely routed, beat a hasty retreat, with the avowed intention of bringing up his reserves. Casualties—American, nil; Spanish, one, slightly wounded. I think it must have been the dust that hindered the enemy bringing up his reserves. Be that as it may, I held the field for two days and then departed in search of still greater glory. For this brilliant action, my dear Pop, I expect that you will place a bust of myself (please make it as flattering as possible, and place it in a good light) within our Hall of Fame. Oh, yes, don't forget to have my name writ large beneath it, so that future generations may gaze and wonder. Hold your breath, Pop. The foregoing is only the introduction. I now come to the main portion of my short epistle.

For the summer of '97, I had made arrangements to manage a hotel on the New Jersey coast, where I had been clerk two years before, but just as I was about to begin operations, the sheriff, bless him! seized on the whole business, and I found myself, much to my delight, with nothing to do, and my first summer's vacation before me. That was a most notable summer. I spent it visiting "Alex" Alexander, in Kentucky; "Abbie" Abbot, in Ohio, and "Up" Upshur, in Maryland. They all received me with royal hospitality and gave me an out-of-sight time. In the fall I went back to Princeton, became a full-fledged Seminole, and have not been entirely plucked since.

Lonely! That was no name for it. I used to go over to the campus at night and yell up for the old fellows, but none of them came. You know how you used to console me in those days. I ran an eating club of about forty Frenchmen. They seemed very young indeed. When I learned to know some of the other Seminoles and found out what remarkably fine men they were, I became more contented; but it was not like the old crowd, Pop, no, nor will there ever be one like it again. One week I took some of the Freshmen classes in English and as long as I was in Princeton the deluded youths would take off their caps in deferential salute. How I expanded! How my manly breast was filled with exultant joy! I understand now, fully, why it is that so many of our fellows have become professors.

In the summer of '98 I went to Philadelphia to take charge of the Mariners' Church, down on Front street. It's an organized church,

but mostly a mission for seamen. There were a number of meetings every week. It was awfully hot, but the work was interesting, and if no one else was helped, the preacher was. I spent my ten days' vacation with "Up" Upshur, in Maryland, and then went back to the seminary and another Freshman Club. The winter was a busy one, for I preached every Sunday in a little church in New Jersey. In March I went to the Old First Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, New York City, to help in Sunday School and young people's work. Later, I was appointed assistant pastor for six months and preached there during the summer.

In the fall of '99 I went back for the last year in the seminary, late, after the manner of seniors. I was not very well and had to "loaf a batch" in the infirmary. Then I was elected a member of the Benham Club. It was not necessary for me to do so much outside work, the subjects became more interesting and, taking it as a whole, I had a most enjoyable winter. In November our old club had a fine little dinner at the Hotel St. Denis, New York. The fellows present were "Alex" Alexander, "Pat" Patterson, "Wolf" Post, "Schoonie" Schoonmaker, "Rubber" Shearer, "Willie" Wilson and myself. "Alex" had a big turkey and "fixin's" sent all the way from "Ole Kentuck." We each told what we had been doing, sang the old songs and had a good time. In the spring I was graduated, and after another set of examinations the Presbytery of New Brunswick licensed me to preach.

The 12th of May found me a member of a personally conducted party of one on board the good ship "Ems," bound for Naples. I was dead tired, sleepy and stupid, with only one regret, and that was that I should have to miss the Triennial. Then, as time passed, when I found that I was not going to be ill, and that I was fully able to eat five meals a day, and sleep ten hours a night, as our old steamer steadily throbbed her way through a summer, moonlit sea, my lazy soul was stirred to its depths and I, at times, gave myself to delightful companionship. I stopped off at Gibraltar and went over to Morocco, where I was splendidly entertained by the Consul General for the United States. I saw a wild country and a wilder people. I could tell you a tale, Pop, that would make every individual hair of your old head stand on end. Here she is, standing free, on the sand of the desert, in the full light of the glorious Morocco sun: young, tall, erect, blue-black hair, oval face, great, dark eyes, straight nose, full, red lips, cheeks rich in color and curves. Her generous form clad in the silken folds of a fine, old rose, Spanish brocade, that some of her pirate cousins had given her. The gown was not a Worth creation. It was much too low at the top, too incomplete at the sides, and too high at the bottom for a street costume. I doubt if there was a hem, tuck, flounce, pleat, bone, hook, or whatever else they put in gowns, in the whole thing. But it was a success, Pop; a great success. The girl had style, carried herself like a queen. She might have been one for aught I know. There she stood and smiled in amused, but not unkindly fashion, at poor me, who sat under a huge growth of cacti, wishing that I were an artist and that

she would let me paint her. You can put your blue pencil through this if you want to, Pop, but you can't spoil my picture of her.

I went from Tangier to Cadiz, and made a trip in Southern Spain. Then from Gibraltar to Naples, Brindisi, to Patras, to Athens. Here I wandered about the Stadium and thought of that great day when '97's athletes did the world, amid the applause, and under the admiring gaze, of thousands. They gained many honors, but more than all, they prize the high roosting-place they have in the hearts of their classmates. I sailed from Piraeus for Constantinople, spent about ten days there and saw lots of queer things. Then went, on a Russian steamer, to Beyrout. The Turk who sat next to me, at table, during this trip, had three wives and a lot of slaves "on deck." At Beyrout I saw "Long" Jessup and Luke Miller. My! but it was fine to be with them. They were as kind as they could be, and you know what that means. They have both done great work at the college. It was there that Luke Miller read to me from the Princetonian the account of the Yale game and how we had again won the championship.

I went east as far as Baalbek and Damascus, and then, from Beyrout, sailed for Joppa on an English iron pot. We were light and listed so far to port that it was hard to walk about the deck. The screw kissed the willing deep about once in half an hour and so our progress was naturally slow. It was about hundred and ninety-seven in the shade, and that night we had rare roast beef and plum pudding for dinner, the captain saying that he believed in keeping things English no matter what heathen waters he was on. I slept on deck, because of the heat and for other reasons. Spent about ten days in Jerusalem and its environs and then went down to the Dead Sea and east of the Jordan with a Greek for a guide. People said that I would be killed, but I really was not. Indeed, I was treated very well, the Bedawi being sometimes hospitable. We were invited to a wedding by one tribe who had a camp near the mountains of Mohab. We arrived about two A.M. I could tell you a tale, Pop, but cheer up, I won't.

From Joppa I went to Port Saïd, Cairo and Alexandria. The country being full of the plague, I had to go all the way to Marseilles to get free of the quarantine. Then I went along the coast to Rome, and after that over much the usual route, with some side trips that are not usual, through parts of Switzerland, Austria, Bohemia, Germany, Holland, Belgium, France, England and Scotland. I saw the Passion Play, which, to my mind, was most impressive, and had the great pleasure of meeting "Pat" Reilly in Munich and "Bob" Garrett in Paris. Came home on the St. Paul, which arrived October 13. Since then I have been preaching temporarily in a church in New York City. We had another delightful club dinner this month. Same fellows as before, except "Pat" Patterson and "Willie" Wilson, who are now too far away to come. "Up" Upshur came from Baltimore to be with us, and we were mighty glad to have him. I'm coming down to Lawrenceville before long to see you and to hear about the fellows. I know that

every one of us is going to do "good work." I hope that we may all do it with a fine spirit.

May God bless you and every one of us, so that when we hold our Centennial reunion, and the roll is called, not one will be missing.

This is a most personal and informal letter, Pop, but it's the kind you told me to write, and so, as usual, it's all your fault.

Good bye, Old Man, Yours,

YONKERS, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1901. "KIRK."

P. S.—I have just received a call to the Second Presbyterian Church of Lexington, Ky., and expect to go there about June 1. If you, or any of the other fellows want to make me happy, drop in.

WILLIAM WHITE KNAPP.

Dear Pop:—Your post-card brought me to my senses, and I hope you will overlook both the delay and the uninterestingness of this paper.

The delay in writing was due not to the lack of enthusiasm, but to the lack of ideas necessary to concoct something worth reading. You see we C. E.'s did not have a very thorough course in English, and what little we had the chance to enjoy was not thought of as enjoyment.

Nothing so very exciting or out of the ordinary has happened since we all passed the loving-cup around, four years ago this June. Ely and I spent the summer in the West and Alaska, and in September I came out here to put in circulation some of the Elmira Bridge Company's money. That's one thing I succeeded in doing.

I can find no fault with the way the world has been run, the boarding house was very good for the first two years, and now keeping house, or rather having it kept for you, is very much better The housekeeping was started last May, and I can recommend it fully.

One thing I regret is that Elmira is as far as it is from Good Old Princeton. It was hard to be left out of the doings last June, but when the next celebration comes off I'll be there with a trunk or know the reason why.

This must get started or you will send another post-card. Good luck to you and all the other fellows.

Yours of the "Great and Glorious,"

WM. W. KNAPP.

ELMIRA, N. Y., March 22, 1901.

FRANCIS ADONIJAH LANE.

My Dear Keener:—The problem of how best to write a letter worth publishing, from uninteresting facts, is one that is far from being easy to solve. Simple statements of events connected with the acquirement of a medical education make dry and unprofitable reading and promise very little thanks—still, I want to read about every member of our class and feel that there has been no request thus far from our secretary, that calls so loudly and urgently for a persistent propaganda as the one which pertains to the class record.

Since leaving Princeton my time has been occupied almost uninterruptedly, with medicine. I learned how thoroughly different the life of the two schools was. At Princeton we practically knew no annoyances or grievances, but we experience little else at Medical College—there is nothing else to do but sink into a state of seclusion and turn poler. Day by day, I become more and more convinced that my Princeton days are the only ones of my life, thus far, that I would care to live over again.

After the close of the first session in medicine I attended an extra course of lectures and did some dissecting independently of the required work. At the conclusion of the summer term I went to my home in Ohio and soon after availed myself of the opportunity to get into the army. Being the only clerk for the Army Transportation Quartermaster, I had to work hard. My duties consisted of all the clerical labor connected with the issuing of mules, harness and wagons; I encountered the army mule, and risked my life in the service by dealing them out to the troops. The army mule proved to be a formidable enemy and was to be dreaded much more than the cannon which adorned the matchless squadron of which Spain was so proud. I had an opportunity to go to Manila, but felt that I could best serve my country at that period of my life by preparing myself for useful citizenship. So, late in September, returned to my studies. After graduating I took the City Hospital examinations and was appointed by the Health Commissioner as interne at the Female Hospital, where ten very valuable months were spent. Since then I have served ten months as assistant physician at the St. Louis Insane Asylum, where I had a rare opportunity to study the different types of mental alienation.

One month ago the Health Commissioner made me assistant physician at the St. Louis Poor House, thus extending a still further opportunity for me to fortify myself before undertaking the terrible ordeal of private practice. I have been extremely fortunate in getting these appointments, and believe that, for experience, my hospital training has been equivalent to almost ten years of private practice. I have seen but four '97 men since leaving Princeton—Tyler, Spencer, Hurst and "Hub" Jamison. Now I have made a short story long and will close with best wishes. Believe me, as ever,

FRANCIS A. LANE.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Feb. 23, 1901.

WILLIAM WALLACE LEGGETT.

Dear Pop:—Every time I receive notice from you I make up my mind to write you the same evening. Well, you know the rest. It was carelessness, pure and simple, and I am ashamed to be one of those who are rounded up at the eleventh hour, but I hope I will stick closer to the fold hereafter. Since I have neither traveled in foreign lands nor made any wonderful discoveries, I have very little of interest to

write you. I scarcely crawl out of the shadow of Old Nassau. Trusting I shall be more punctual herafter, I remain,

Very truly yours,

W. W. Leggett.

Princeton, N. J., March 7, '01.

HARRY WELLS LEIGH.

Dear Pop:—Please allow me to apologize most humbly for keeping you waiting for contribution to the Record, and thereby assisting your wanderings, or rather your attempts to wander—for I am sure you did not succeed,—in all sorts of bias pathways, and crowded trails.

Cheer up, Pop, it will not take me long to tell my tale. I left Princeton, during the festivities attendant upon our first annual reunion, to take a position as assistant to the resident civil engineer of Tuxedo Park, N. Y., and have been right here in the mountains ever since, except for an occasional escape to attend a class reunion or a ball-game. Have no children, am not married, and have no intentions. Did not take part in the Spanish War, am not a politician or an author, and have done nothing worthy of note.

I met a led from the south, some time ago, who had been imbibing knowledge, and other things, under the instructions of Lady Jayne and Bill Reynolds, and from his story I judged that Lady had been unable to find his blind man, and that Bill's arms were just as long as ever. Speaking of Bills, Bill Jessup lives somewhere in these wilds, but the only guide I have found who knows the way to his abode is dangerously ill of a mountain fever, so have been unable to find Bill.

Here's to the Record, and may it be as successful as the other "tri"—our reunion last June, which every one acknowledges was an unqualified success, at times even approaching the howling stage, begging Dr. Russell's pardon, "than whom there is none such." When a *Journal* (N. Y.) reporter was asked last week why Dr. Russell's name was not mentioned in connection with the new star that has recently appeared, he said that Russell was much interested in some earthly satellites, just now, and he had been unable to establish his claim as to priority of discovery, but that there was no doubt in his mind that Russell was the only original.

With best wishes for the success of all the members of the only '97, believe me,

Very sincerely,

Harry W. Leigh.

Suffern, N. Y., Feb. 25, '01.

ROBERT THEODORE LEIPOLD.

My Dear Pop:—'Twas the Ninety-seven spirit that imposed the silence. For Ninety-seven's doings were always well-doings. The years that have passed since graduation have been most uneventful.

On the 5th of July, '97, I began the acquisition of the much-dreaded work-habit, the Pennsylvania Steel Company kindly consenting to be my instructor.

For three years was I under their tutelage—vainly seeking to forget the green fields and the Golden Road of which we dream. Since the 15th of October, 1900, I have continued my attempted acquisition, under the guidance of the Fort Pitt Bridge Works, located at Canonsburg, a small and neighbor-fearing town some twenty miles from Pittsburg.

Twice have I been to New Haven, and thrice to Princeton, although I try to forget two of the journeys.

And of my other doings—are they not written on the sands o'er which the sea hath passed?

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT LEIPOLD.

CANONSBURG, PA., April 1, '01.

JEROME AARON LELAND.

Dear Pop:—Your many requests for some little attention from your sons have all made deep impression upon me, but I have never before quite come to the writing-point. Since leaving college, I have settled down into a staid and sober stockman, and am having some success and much pleasure in my chosen occupation.

It is not an exciting life, however, nor a good theme for this letter. I see a few Princeton men of other classes, but scarcely ever one of ours, and really, now that I have actually started this long delayed letter, I have little of interest to tell you. Coleman, '96, and I, managed to get back for the Sesquicentennial, but that is the last I have seen of the class and the good old place where so many pleasant days were spent.

Late in the summer of '98, Wiggins, '98, one Yale man, and two Harvard men, a couple of other friends, and myself took a fine trip through Yellowstone Park, and hunted south of the Park as far as Dubois.

There was plenty of hunting, but no finding to speak of, but one of our party, who remained in Wyoming until November, succeeded in killing several good specimens of big game, and now spends his spare time telling any one who will listen, the stories of the mounted heads he is so proud of.

If we had little shooting, we had much and fine trout-fishing through the Park and south of it along the Snake River in the Jackson Lake country.

It was considerably more trouble to catch bait,—flying grasshoppers, as artificial flies were often rejected,—than to get enough fish for a meal. We outfitted at Cinnabar, had saddles and pack horses, guide, provisons, etc., and camped through the Park, as well as while hunting, and all enjoyed every moment of the month we were out.

Since returning I have been grinding away like other mortals, and

could not attend the Triennial, of which I have heard much favorable comment. I have sent the photograph of Edward Akin Leland, Princeton, 1919—Providence permitting—which you requested.

Wishing every member of '97 a successful career, especially our secretary, and hoping to see you all in the near future, I am,

Yours truly,

J. A. LELAND—"Daddy."

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., March 28, '01.

ARTHUR WILLIS LEONARD.

Dear Pop:—I know that you have cursed me out for my long delay in unfolding to you the story of m' life; that you have said in your heart that I lack class spirit, and am dead to the promptings of personal friendship. But if you have said or thought any of these things, you have been quite wrong. The truth is that I have been facing a serious dilemma—a dilemma that I have in vain tried to escape, and that even now confronts me: that in my life which may be disclosed is uninteresting, and that which is interesting may not, with propriety, be disclosed. So, since I must write something—for I see the black shadow of your threatening frown, and hear the far-off rumbling of your avenging thunders (O Zeus Keener!)—I'll pass the whole thing up and write a bluff. The bluff will contain a few facts, much fancy, and no fun. It follows.

Since I left college my life has been an unattractive mixture of wandering, waiting and hard work. The wandering led to no place that I should not have preferred to be away from; the waiting brought no satisfactory reward; the hard work reaped its usual and logical recompense, more hard work. I trust that this will not depress you.

Of my present life this passage from Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*—which I quote at the risk of seeming obnoxiously literary—will speak more adequately than any words of mine can do:

"Ay," cried he, "this is indeed a pretty career that has been chalked out for you. I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late: I was browbeat by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad. But are you sure you are fit for a school? Let me examine you a little. Have you been bred apprentice to the business?"—"No."—"Then you won't do for a school. Can you dress the boys' hair?"—"No."—"Then you won't do for a school. Have you had the smallpox?"—"No."—"Then you won't do for a school. Can you lie three in a bed?"—"No."—"Then you you will never do for a school. Have you got a good stomach?"—"Yes."—"Then you will by no means do for a school. No, sir; if you are for a genteel, easy profession, bind yourself seven years to turn a cutler's wheel; but avoid a school by all means." You need not swallow this passage whole, Pop; it does not represent in detail my feelings regarding this school so much as my attitude toward teach-

ing school in general under such conditions. That attitude it expresses perfectly.

I am unmarried; am a member of no political organization; have published no books, nor written any; hold no position of influence in the community (I regard my position of academy assistant in English in the University of Chicago of less importance for the influence than for the affluence that proceeds from it), in a word, I am a living text for those who utter cynical sermons on the college graduate in his one-sided fight with the world.

Well, it's done, Pop. For a man that started out to weave with cobwebs, I have given you the semblance of a reasonably substantial fabric. But don't thrust your finger into it too violently; it's cobwebs, however closely woven, only cobwebs, after all. Have I got you bluffed, Mr. Secretary? Pick out the truths if you can. But of one thing let there be no doubts—of my unfailing interest in our class.

"And on the mere the wailing died away."

Very sincerely yours,

ARTHUR WILLIS LEONARD.

MORGAN PARK, ILL., March 3, 1901.

HARRIE THEDORE LEONARD.

It may be of interest to our married members to learn that in case it may be necessary to calm the troubled waters of domestic life, our classmate Leonard is in the oil business. From present indications it would be well for the magnates of the Oil Trust to look to their laurels. He is conducting a flourishing business at 11 Broadway, New York City.

GEORGE GREENE LEWIS.

Dear Pop:—Since leaving college in June, '97, I have spent most of my time in New York, working on the new East River Bridge—a structure which was started some years ago, and will be finished some time in the future. Till then I expect to hang out on the same work. I have not yet joined the ranks of the married ones, nor have I even the satisfaction of being engaged. In the way of travel I have done little, a short dash to the south or to Pittsburg on business is about all. So you see my life has been far too quiet to write about.

Your old classmate,

GEO. G. LEWIS.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 4, 1901.

WILLIAM HERBERTON LIGGETT.

My Dear "Pop":—At last will I ease my long troubled conscience. In doing so I will take your advice, to "just sit down and forget what you are doing,"—bad advice to a Minnesotian; for to secure this cataleptic bliss, where oblivion is regarded as the "chief end of man,"

he turns on the faucet at one end, and then he is down and don't know what he is doing. He can doubtless run the "Beerometer" several degrees higher than Nat Poe's.

Since this letter will, *prima facie,* show that I have taken your advice, I need not state that my typewriter is of a visionary character, as no doubt is every one's who sits down and forgets what he is doing.

"Pop," you should have been a preacher. You have mistaken your calling. You should have been a modern divine. Your six-page, printed letter betrays a pregnant verbosity prerequisite for those who soothe the aching void, called the conscience, with a jug full of effervescence and three drops of pure stimulants. Moreover, you have the patience of Job, the persistence of a book agent and the determination of a mule.

What have I done to "multiply, increase and replenish" the honor and glory of '97, and consequently of old mother Princeton—nothing, absolutely nothing. Where is the man who can show a record with as much modesty as that? Absolutely nothing. You know, "Pop," that I was never given to boasting and advertising myself. I never went up as a sky-rocket and came down a charred piece of paste board. I never even shone at night as a star of Old Nassau, but was always a son. I was always unassuming, and humility was my saving virtue. I invariably took off my hat to my superiors—during my freshman year.

Absolutely nothing—I can prove it. I was the first of our class after passing final examination to, take unto myself a helpmeet. But what did that amount to? Every mother's son of them will get married as soon as they find a girl who is willing. Then again, besides never boasting about myself,—for, as you see, a man who has done absolutely nothing can't boast even if he wished—I like to be fair and charitable. To show that this is my dispositon, I did not even enter the marriage lists for the Class Cup, as was hinted, but I waited and gave every one a fair show—then to cap the climax of my brotherly kindness, I presented the class with a Princeton girl—a little "duckling" —the sweetest little girl imaginable. You will observe also that I am long-headed, besides charitable. I let another have the cup and others have the boys, but I have contributed a bewitching little Princeton girl. How could you have Princeton boys without Princeton girls? Impossible! This is a proposition which is scientifically demonstrable.

Further, I have not got a handle to my name, yet, though they all call me "Reverend" here. I have no D.D. Nevertheless I think I am fully deserving of such a title; for my calling makes me a Devil Darer. I throw down the gauntlet and have a bout with this fellow every day. How nice it would be to have the title conferred! If someone would only intercede for me and present the matter to "Jimmy Stink," or some other member of the faculty whom I might bootlick in various ways, I would doubtless get the honored degree.

But you will also wish to know something about where I am, and what I am doing. You see, I am in the "great wild and woolly"— a foreign land, to hear people talk, for half the time I don't know

a word they are saying. I am right among the Scandinavians. There are very few American families here. In one of my churches there are but two American families, the others are Swedes, Norwegians or Danes, or children of such. The fact is there are almost as many Scandinavians in the United States as there are in Norway. As a people, there are none, except the English, whom we should welcome more heartily as immigrants. They are Teutons—a sturdy race—frugal, industrious, with the promise of making the best of citizens when fully Americanized. The emigrants are mostly of the second or lower class of their own people. But they come to make homes for themselves—entering our country with barely enough to get here. They have taken up homesteads, endured the hardships incidental to pioneer life, and, by staying on the land, have eventually, by their own industry and toil, acquired comfortable surroundings, and homes, while the American settler, in many cases, with his unrest and speculative thirst, has moved about from place to place and is little better off than when he started in pioneer life.

It is not the easiest thing to win the confidence and friendship of the Scandinavians, but when once won, you have in him a staunch, warm-hearted friend. But they need two things—to be thoroughly Christianized and Americanized. True they have a religion, but it savors much of the old world, Medieval, or pre-Reformation religion. They have churches wherever they go. But their religious life is far from pure. They bring with them the old country religion. This, it seems to me is the same type or even lower than that of Luther; for they are all Lutherans.

Luther in his reformation discarded many features and doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, but rejected only those which he felt obliged to. He retained much that we repudiate. You can see the effect of Luther's method, right here among the Scandinavians. There are strong traces of the Roman Catholic religion. In some cases it runs almost to priestcraft. However, there are five sects of the Lutheran Scandinavian church. One of their ministers told me be reckoned two of these orthodox and three heterodox; or as he expressed it, "Three were outside the Bible and two in." Now there are many genuine Christians among them, and the heterodox seem the more pious. But there is that old Roman Catholic idea, especially among the older people, natives of Norway, that union with the visible church is the essential prerequisite to salvation. As a result of this idea there is a sad lack of personal piety. They confirm their children. When this is done they are full-fledged members, and it does not make much difference what their subsequent manner of life is, they are always members of church. So it is not folly for us to come in as missionaries and present true personal Christianity. As an illustration to show how low their conception of pure religion is, one-tenth of all children in Norway are illegitimate. They generally, if not always, marry, and consider this a justification of their virtue.

Again, they have the European conception of the Sabbath. The

best among them have little or no regard for the Sabbath as we have. It is considered, and made, a holiday. In fact, I understand the Lutherans hold their Sunday School picnics on the Sabbath. But the leaven of American influence is working, and is changing their views, while our public school system is educating and Americanizing their children. The children are bright and intelligent.

As to the country, it is a beautiful place here. The land is just rolling enough to destroy the monotony of the plain, and is dotted here and there with lakes teeming with pike, bass and other fish, some of which weigh as much as ten pounds. Between my two stations, which are nine miles apart by rail and twelve by road, are two beautiful lakes, known as the "Twin Lakes"—also called "Christian" and "Pelican." They, together, are some eight or nine miles long, over a mile wide at the greatest width, and in some places eighty or a hundred feet deep. In the fall until it freezes, wild ducks are hunted and found around these lakes. Other game is the prairie chicken, which is getting scarce, and the jack-rabbit. Timber-wolves are also getting scarce, but a few have been trapped here this winter. Fish are abundant all the year around. They fish now through the ice, which is over two feet thick. The strangest part is that the fish and ducks of Minnesota are very pious, more so than the people. The fish bite better on Sunday, and the wild ducks on account of their religious scruples don't know any better on Sunday then to come down and roost on the ends of numerous shot guns held up along the lakes by wary old sinners.

The land here is rich and fertile. Wheat is their dependent crop. But this must soon change to diversified farming, for wheat does not pay like it once did. Those who are now raising stock and using diversity in the farming are in the vanguard. This immediate country will sooner or later become a fine stock and dairying country. Land sells for from fifteen to thirty dollars an acre, according to location and improvements. It has doubled in value within the last ten or fifteen years. The prospects are that it will again double in value within the next ten years. This was the case in the southern part of the state, and in Missouri where lands now sells for forty-five to fifty dollars an acre, and in some cases more.

Living here is cheap.

The two things lacking in this country are fruit and soft water. All water is hard. Fruit can be bought on the market as cheaply as in the East. They could raise fruit here, but give all attention to wheat, and have not time for fruit. Wild fruit, the strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry and grapes flourish here. Also various kinds of large wild plums and crab apples.

As to my work, I have two churches, one here in Ashby, a pretty little town of about four hundred, and one in Evansville, a town of about six hundred. I have one sermon a week to prepare, which I preach here in the morning and at Evansville in the evening. I came out last September. At first I rode between the places on my wheel.

After wheeling became difficult I walked down Sunday afternoon, and came back during the week on a train, as both places are on the Great Northern, or Jim Hill's railroad. I usually drive now, however, as a groceryman lends me his span of horses which he wants exercised. Yesterday, I drove up in the face of a wind blowing at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, with the thermometer two degrees below zero. I did not perspire, nor yet did I suffer from the cold, for I was dressed for it, with heavy cloth overcoat and a fur coat over that, cap down over my ears, shoes lined with heavy wool and arctics over these, and heavy worsted driving mitts. Coming across the lake on the ice a snow squall struck me, which lasted about ten minutes. During this time I could not see five yards from the wagon. But this is a grand climate compared with New Jersey or Pennsylvania. It is dry, clear and brisk. It has rained but three times since I came here. The other storms have been snow. It is invigorating, giving you an appetite like a bear. I have not felt so vigorous since I entered college. The climate puts life into the body and zest into the brain.

I shall have much constructive work here before the field is on equality with old established fields. I am looking forward to building a parsonage, as there is none at present. But it will be hard work for them financially. If you should know of any one with a few surplus rocks which he would like to invest in a good cause, just tell him of this project, and that rocks are scarce here.

Now, "Pop" it is about time to say "Amen," but before I do so, I would like to extend the heartiest kind of an invitation to you to come and see me. Bring your wife along, for I hope you have one by this time, to help you bear your sorrows and share your rocks. Lay aside the cares of your sons, and come out into the "wild and woolly" and see this, your prodigal son. I can give you some pretty good husks with which to fill your belly. I would also be overjoyed at any time to see and give my best entertainment to any of my illustrious classmates—any time they happen this way on Jim Hill's railroad, one hundred and sixty miles northwest of the Twin Cities. So long, "Pop."

Affectionately, your non-illustrious, opaque classmate.

"Bill" Liggett.

Ashby, Minn., March 5, '01.

HENRY WHEELER LOWE.

Classmates:—I have received so many of those dreadful postals from "Pop" that I can no longer remain quiet, and must own up to being one who has not done his share in the work of getting up the record. That there are others, I am sure, from the tenor of those notices.

My letter, if a long one, would be of a negative character. As I cannot tell much both truthful and interesting about myself, it would have to be of things left undone, of wealth unattained, of girls I have not married and babies I have not got. Some or all of these distinctions

have come to my friends, and I hope they will not miss this opportunity to tell you of them.

Four years ago I was of the firm opinion that by this time I would not be obliged to tell of my own greatness, but now that the time has gone by, I find that if there are to be any praises coming my way, I shall have to sing them myself.

Business, and I think of all others, insurance, which I have chosen as a pastime, would not bear much exposure, so of that I cannot write except to say that I am, to all present appearances, in it to stay. and with Johnson & Higgins, New York City, so if any of you have any property you would like to burn down and collect on, try our shop.

Boys, "Pop" certainly made our Triennial an occasion always to be remembered with joy, and I am sure we all look forward to the next reunion with great pleasure.

Here's the best of luck and every success to him and all others of '97.

Yours always,

HENRY W. LOWE.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 8, '01.

DAVID MAGIE, JR.

My Dear Pop:—Were it not for the fear that haunts me—far worse than the ghost of Banquo ever haunted the unfortunate Macbeth family—that another of those reminders from you might, at any time, fall through my letter-slot with an ominous thud, this valuable information about my unworthy self would be still longer in forthcoming. So, having heated my furnace seven times in order to raise it to the necessary temperature, I will try to blow off some air of sufficiently caloric power to suit the occasion, and to give you the history of my past career—my name is unchanged, so is the *location* of my business, for I am still at ye ancient college within ye ancient towne about ye middle of ye State of New Jersee, the *nature* of my business being the process of instilling information concerning the Latin language into the heads of the youth now there assembled. Your questions as to marriage and politics I consider an insult to myself—the one as to offices of trust filled my me, an insult to humanity. Your question about post-graduation, and on the A.M. won thereby. My books and pamphlets the bluff I am putting up on the basis of one year's work here since graduation, and on the A.M. won thereby. My books and pamphlets are still unwritten, and my addresses before public meetings yet undelivered, and the perusal and hearing thereof are privileges still to be looked forward to by mankind—the latter especially to be produced when eggs are at a premium.

My journeys of late have been chiefly over the well-worn paths (still commented upon editorially by the Daily Princetonian when news is scarce) leading to Dickinson Hall, while the waiting audience lays bets as to whether I am likely to arrive before the bell shall cease to give forth its hollow note. Otherwise, two journeys in this and other coun-

tries—one last summer down eastward to Maine to rest my powers after the strenuous existence of my first year of teaching here; one the summer before to the Teutonic land, that floweth with beer and sausage, for the double purpose of learning the language and seeing the show. Being a firm believer in Sherman's definition of war, and having no desire to serve as fuel before my time, I carefully abstained, and read about them in the newspapers—a proof of no little endurance on my part. Hence my time and place of service might be said to have been the breakfast table, my rank well on toward the end (on the principle that first come, first read), and the name of my regiment, legion. Any other information about myself, would be, I am sure, superfluous, any about other classmates, only rank gossip—from which prerogative of the other sex I shall abstain. Besides the fuel is about exhausted, the draughts blow in vain and the continuous current begins to grow chill and will soon become only an icy blast good for nothing except to serve as a refrigerating medium.

In the memory of the Triennial and in the hope of a succession of reunions reaching out into infinity,

DAVID MAGIE, JR.

PRINCETON, N. J., January 31, 1901.

JAMES HENRY MASSON.

Masson seems to have devoted all his energies to the stock market, so that he has none left for his class obligations. In the late disturbance on 'Change it was doubtful for a time whether he or Harriman would come out on top. Such display of masterly financiering in the absence of his right hand man (Morgan) augurs well for the future of the financial system of the country. It is expected that no popular subscription will be needed to defray the expenses of future reunions.

HENRY EVERETT MATTISON.

My Dear "Pop":—"Will you step into the breach?"

With these words ringing in my ears, I proceed to rouse myself from my lethargy and "take my pen in hand" to write that letter for which there has been an even greater demand than there was for that copy of the "Tiger" which was suppressed by the faculty in our junior year. Who said "rubber"?

So I am to be one of the immortal "twenty-five to break the record." Well, it's fine that we are going to do it, but I feel quite ashamed that I should have been so tardy about getting my letter in. However, after being told at divers times by "Red" Gulick, "Burt" Miller, "Eph" Williams, Arthur Kennedy, "Puss" Balken, "Davie" Magie and Percy Colwell that I was a disgrace to the class, the finest specimen of the genus "lobster" extant, and a few other awful things, and after receiving ten or fifteen letters, and eighteen postals from you, I have really seen my duty and have done it, and here it is. I hope it won't do anybody else before he finishes it.

I had always understood that the purpose of a triennial letter was to

tell of the success achieved, the conquests made, the travels taken and the fortunes amassed during those three years. If such be the case I shall have to break sharply away from precedents of that sort, for no such tale is mine. My story will not glow with excitement, nor lead the rapt attention of the reader to those heights from which one obtains rosy visions of the future.

I am neither engaged, married, nor a widower.

My travels have been confined to two trips to Florida, during the winters of '98 and '99, which were most enjoyable.

I have not charged through the leaden hail and driven the Spaniard back to "Old Madrid," or the Filipino "back to the shrubbery."

I have not solved the fourth dimension, neither have I piloted a log raft down the Mississippi, nor edited a Hebrew newspaper at New Orleans.

In a literary way I have done nothing except to offer to give Charlie Dunn some back numbers of the "Tiger" for the Princeton Club of New York. You can search me if there's anything literary about that.

In fact, my story is a negative one. There are lots of things I haven't done, law being a long lane and requiring all of one's time.

However, there is one thing I have realized more and more through the years that have passed since that last evening when the loving-cup went round among us as we sat gathered together as an entire class for the last time. It is summed up in these two words:

PRINCETON FOREVER!

You remember the words of Colonel Sapt in "The Prisoner of Zenda;" "As a man grows old he believes in fate"? My version is: As a Princeton man grows older he believes in Princeton. Not that he has not always believed in her. Not at all.

But the Princeton we now know is in many respects far different from the Princeton we knew in our undergraduate days. And those were great days, too. None better.

She stands forth free from all glamour, broad-minded, liberal, democratic in the best sense of the word. Not that these attributes were not hers "when we were in college," but they are increased a thousandfold when viewed from our present standpoint.

We can now more fully realize the ideals for which she has always stood; we know how firmly she is planted upon the solid rock; we can appreciate the untiring efforts of the men who have helped to make her what she is; we can see clearly the great and beneficial influence which she is exerting over "all sorts and conditions of men;" and when she summons us into her presence we can thankfully and reverently say, as was said of old, "It is good for us to be here."

It may be true that "comparisons are odious," but in your case, Pop, it doesn't apply, for you are in a class by yourself, so the other fellows needn't feel hurt. You've got more class spirit than all the rest of the class put together, and it won't do you any good to deny it, for it's

absolutely true. Our class would never have been where and what is is, on top and a record breaker, if it hadn't been for "the man from Harrisburg." If you aren't the finest example of loyalty, class spirit and self-sacrifice for your class that "ever came over the pike" then I miss my guess. (N.B. If you dare to leave out a word of this about yourself, I'll come after you, in the classic vernacular of "Babe" Hill, with a "stuffed club.")

I never was much on poetry. My only efforts along that line were sent to the "Lit" and unanimously rejected. In fact, the editors told me that my manuscripts were not worth returning, and I had enclosed stamps, too!

Therefore, instead of bursting forth into anything original as "Lady" Jayne on Class Day did about my roommate "Nate" Smyser, I simply send you the following lines with the endorsement, "Them's my sentiments," upon them:

"Dear fellow, when our college days are over,
These happy, happy days,
And we, by unrelenting fate divided,
Pursue our different ways,
Then shall this spark of friendship ever glowing
Conceive external life;
Lighting our pathway, as we struggle onward,
'Mid toil and strife.

"Dear fellow, Alma Mater's sacred name
A talisman shall be,
A bond of union binding us together
For all eternity.
Life's sands run low, the ranks grow thin and thinner
Grief gathers fast, and care.
Once more, dear fellow, here's to Alma Mater,
Our mother fair!"

Faithfully yours,

HARRY E. MATTISON.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 27, '01.

BURTON ROCKWOOD MILLER.

My dear Pop:—I feel so sure that you are going to send your first batch of gentle reminders on January 2 that I feel compelled at least to "pole" up a little for my Triennial (thank Heaven! not annual) letter. And first of all let me begin this epistle according to the approved style which, to my mind, contains the most real feeling in the fewest words.

Dear Classmates:—To one and all I send a sincere, friendly greeting. If you want to hear from me half as much as I want to hear from each one of you I should feel flattered indeed. But do not expect to

find this humble letter any modern historical novel, any zigzag journey in Europe or America, or even in the dead of night. There are others who, with vivid word painting, can, if they will, give you letters of this school. Not at all. This letter might better be called "The Short and Simple Annals of the Poor School Teacher." Yet not so "poor" after all, perhaps, with the consciousness of a noble Princeton heritage and the wealth of memories it bestows.

On leaving Princeton in June, 1897, I intended entering a certain manufacturing business which was then organizing. Accordingly, of course, I spent the summer quite pleasantly in the country and at the seashore. During the fall, more delays in the organization kept occurring and so I continued to loaf (the only adequate term) till February, with the exception of a month, December, with Simons Brothers & Co., silversmiths. Then, in order to keep myself more out of mischief and less out of pocket, I began to work for my father in the Henry F. Miller & Sons' Piano Company, remaining with him till November, 1898, when I finally decided to wait no longer for this manufacturing business, which, like a will-o'-the-wisp, had, after countless delays in starting up, at last settled in San Francisco. So I left the piano company and commenced what, at present, I intend to make my life work—teaching. For two years I taught at the Germantown Academy, the school which I had attended as a boy, and this winter I am engaged in private tutoring and teaching at a studio in the Weightman Building, in association with Mr. Philip H. Goepp, a Harvard man. We expect to send some boys to Princeton next fall.

To the purely educational work I add instruction on the banjo, mandolin and guitar, and am leading several musical clubs, one of them (Shades of Evelyn College!) in a girl's boarding school.

Now for the answers to the list of interrogations which, like a dutiful boy, I returned (properly filled out) so long ago that I have wellnigh forgotten the questions themselves. But I remember No. 1.

"Where do you live?"

Answer: "At home, 4012 Spruce street, Philadelphia, *with my parents.*"

This cunning and adroit reply serves to answer a host of lesser inquiries which, if one once admits that he is married, come swarming about his ears. Hence, I need not bother myself or any of you with rapturous elucidations regarding wife, date, place, maiden name, color of eyes, size of feet, opinion of her worse sixteenth, classified list of children, birthdays, names, first teeth, bright juvenile remarks, marvellous manifestations of intelligence, which undoubtedly prove the theory of heredity on the paternal side, and other intensely important details.

I shall now take a long breath, push the typewriter back to zero and announce that I am a member of The American Academy of Political and Social Science, and have often addressed—the treasurer thereof.

While the gentle and flabbergasted reader is slowly recovering from this frivolous remark, I will also mention that whereas, I am a mem-

ber of the successful Princeton Club of Philadelphia, I have by no means given up my active and loyal interest in the famous Princeton organizations—The Pa Ha Club, The Dodo Club, The Fool Club, The Two O'clock Club, and The Patton Club.

I belong to an amateur orchestra in which I play one bass drum, three kettle drums, two cymbals, one triangle, one tambourine, one glockenspiel, containing sixteen and one-half separate and distinct bell-like tones; one magnificent pitch-pipe, which huskily breathes the dulcet notes of A and C, and beats Hades generally.

I am a member of the Germantown Academy Dramatic Club, whose stage manager has, for the last two years, decreed that I should stalk the boards incased—no, that isn't the word—eternally rammed, jammed and dammed, "good measure, pressed down, running over," into a 13 (unlucky number) inch corset, meanwhile enduring this torturing embrace of the Iron Maiden with a smile worthy of Morley Hitzrot and gasping out the lines assigned by a trusting playwright to Mrs. Malaprop or Georgiana Tidman.

In politics I am an indigent payer of poll taxes and a sovereign voter for the lesser evil. *A bas Quay.*

I profit by mistakes (of my pupils). I am honored by an occasional letter from a classmate, and I am trusted (*vide supra*) in a girl's boarding school.

I have written one short story of happy days in college (published in school magazine) entitled, "Who Got the Interest?" and I have gathered more than sufficient data for a new story entitled, "Who Got the Frost?"

I have delivered several addresses before literary clubs—and run. I have safely journeyed through Wanamaker's on December 24. I have been to the top of the Land Title Building. I have been to Boston, the proud city of my insignificant birth, and every time that I could get the time *and* money I have been to Princeton, N. J., and I have been happy.

Also: I have been writing much more than I intended or anyone can wade through, and will, therefore, stop—with best wishes to the class for a very Happy New Year. Sincerely yours,

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 31, 1900. BURT MILLER.

JOSEPH WALTER MILLER.

My Dear Classmates:—I was unable to get down to the reunion last June, owing to the fact that Presbytery met that week and I had to come before it for examination for ordination. There never was a much more disappointed fellow—for I had planned for that great event a long time ahead, and then to have it upset just as I was to realize the anticipated good time, was no small disappointment. But the path of duty had to be followed, and the path of pleasure sacrified. I went to Presbytery and was passing my examinations and going through the other things necessary to becoming a full-fledged minister, while 142 of my classmates were having one of the best of times in the old

happy stamping-ground. But I have passed that Jordan, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that there are no more necessary waters of that kind to be passed through.

I wished that I had seen you last June as I commenced to write to you, for I feel sure I could write a better letter.

Well, now as to my whereabouts since graduation. I spent the summer of '97 at Lake Mahopac, in a boys' camp, doing some tutoring to fill in the time and the pocketbook. It was a most enjoyable summer.

In September I commenced my course at Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y., which course I completed "in a satisfactory manner," according to the words of the diploma. I wasn't satisfied with what I had accomplished, but was more than satisfied with what the faculty had tried to get me to do. It is the best seminary in the land and you fellows who are married and will soon have sons who may want to study for the ministry, be sure to send them to Auburn.

The summers of '98 and '99 were spent endeavoring to fill the position of pastor at a place called Onondaga Hill, just outside of Syracuse, N. Y. I was there initiated into the work of the ministry, and had my first taste of the joy of that work.

June 1, 1900, I became assistant pastor in Schenectady of the First Presbyterian Church, of which church Dr. A. Russell Stevenson is pastor.

I have had a very busy year meeting the "wide, wide world" with all its many demands and difficult problems to be solved. I shall be here in Schenectady until June 1, 1901, after which time you will have to inquire of our most worthy secretary as to my whereabouts.

I have continued to be in good health and am about the same weight as when in college. I can still break into a full run when necessary, especially when late in keeping an engagement. I learned one thing in the Theological Seminary at which you will be surprised. I can play baseball now. Made the seminary nine and have become so fond of the game that I expect to play baseball as long as I am able to run bases. About the only thing that I ever succeeded in doing while in college in the way of baseball, you will recall, was to bat the ball through one of the windows in Edwards Hall.

If any of you come to Schenectady, N. Y., be sure to look me up. I am at 34 Park avenue. I have no wife to help me entertain you, but then we never needed wives while in Princeton, so come and I will give you a good old bachelor reception.

Very sincerely,
JOSEPH W. MILLER.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1901.

LUCIUS HOPKINS MILLER.

My Dear "Pop":—It is only my warm desire to help you send to the printer as many pages as you promised him, and the feeling that every other man in the class expects me, being the "other fellow," to

write a full letter, that induces me to spin this out into anything longer than a few-line, bare-and-bald statement of facts.

When I left Princeton after commencement I stood in the rear of the train trying to see the old familiar things, but I didn't see them. I couldn't. It was cold comfort to think that I was coming back in the fall to fill the miserable rôle of a P. G. That was the idea I then had of P. G., and while there are still some inklings of that undergraduate idea in my "mental image" of the type, I must confess to a very great and really glorious disillusioning during my two P. G. years.

Then I had the opportunity and privilege, because of my position as secretary of the Philadelphia Society, of becoming acquainted with all the men in college from the seniors to the freshmen, and it rejoiced my Princeton heart to see the fine specimens of manhood that entered each year to take up and carry on the work laid down not long before by our own class.

There is a joy within me that will never leave me, and it came from those two years of happy work among those splendid fellows in the dearest place on earth. Then I learned better than ever before that college is more than class, that Princeton is greater than '97, and that '97 is the grand class that she is to-day, only because she saw this fact more clearly than most classes and had the ability to realize her ideal in more spheres of action than are within the wildest dreams of ordinary classes.

During the summer of 1899 I was busy making preparations for my three years' "sojourn in the Orient," and on the 1st of September set out from New York—but not alone, as I had expected. At the last moment Ted Balken decided that a sea trip would be good for his declining health, and came along to see that I got safely into turkey (don't spell it with a capital "t," boys!).

In London we met "Tod" Sloan and Bob Garrett, and from Paris to Beyrout, what with Prentice '92, Bob Garrett and Ted Balken, it was Princeton enough.

When we got to Athens we had everything our own way. Upon entering the harbor of the Piraeus, all the whistles blew and the flags dipped and the bands played "Lo! the Conquering Hero Comes!" From the Piraeus to Athens was one triumphal procession. In Athens Bob had great difficulty in refusing presents of photographs of himself, taken at the Stadium, in the very act, and having "Disco-Bobalos" printed at the bottom.

I don't know what an Athenian looks like. I've never seen the face of one except once when I got away from where Bob was. At all other times you might have taken them for Moslems at prayer. But I saw the place where "our Bobs" "done it" and then was ready to depart in peace.

After sniffing around Smyrna and Constantinople a bit—and you can get sniffs of almost anything you may wish or even imagine in those places—we reached Beyrout on October 1, in a broiling sun and

black Derby hats, to be welcomed most warmly by Long Fred Jessup—just as long and just as everything else, with a modest hirsute appendage on his upper lip to show for his two years' absence from us.

In a few days college commenced, but for most of last year I was hardly able to decide whether it was the Syrian Protestant College or Princeton, with so much of "Hello, Ted Balken! Hullo, Fred Jessup! Hullo, Bob Garrett! Stick your head out! Stick it in again!"

After getting me well started, "Puss" left for home, much tanned from head to foot from daily lying on the sandy shore of the "blue, blue sea" with little to cover him but sunbeams and zephyrs. Bob, having made several trips into the heart of the country to "squeeze"—think of it, gentlemen!—stones! ! having drunk of the Euphrates, paid his respects to old St. Simeon Stylites, and made a map of the country, for which all muleteers and cameleers will ever execrate his name—for now they have no chance to lie to travelers about distances between places—returned to the land of the faithful. At the end of the year Fred followed, and I was alone.

The work here is intensely interesting and inspiring, and what with Syrians, Jews, Armenians, Persians, Greeks, "Barbarians" and others, and every phase of religious belief from that of the Druses to Protestantism, one is apt to obtain a broader view of life in general.

Eastern students are, as a rule, very lovable fellows, and one finds dealing with them a pleasant task. But they have their weaknesses as well as their strong points. One of their strong points is "boot-licking." In both persistency and ingenuity they can "out boot" and "out lick" and "out-boot-lick" the most successful "boot-licker" that ever pulled on the "latch string that is always hanging out."

In closing I wish to express my deep appreciation of the loving thought that prompted the sending of that telegram from the Triennial Reunion to us who were in Beyrout.

I trust 'ere long to come back to shake the hand and slap the shoulder of every single mother's son of you—worthy sons of the best daughter among all the daughters of the best mother among all the Alma Maters of America.

Affectionately yours,

Beyrout, Syria, March 15, 1901. L. H. Miller.

ANDREW MILLS, JR.

Dear Secretary:—I hasten to write this letter, so that it may replace the one sent at the first alarm. That one was written in a moment of deep, despondent dejection. I was between two fires. I did not wish to cost you any more postage, and I did not want to write. So I turned on a few cubic feet of "hot air," which, unfortunately, was unfit for publication, that is if the writer wished to keep up a reputation for sense.

Unlike many of our glorious class I have had no adventures of any kind. I did not go to war, I have not had any troubles, and I have not amassed a fortune. I have not even made a turn on the

Stock Exchange. So you see I am again in the sad predicament of having nothing to say, and not knowing how to say it.

Upon leaving Princeton I did as several other members of the class did, started in on Wall Street, and to show that I did not start any lower than some others, on the ladder of fame and success, I will state that nearly every morning I used to encounter one of the exclusives of the class getting the morning mail for his office. To avoid all misunderstanding I will here acknowledge that I was upon very much the same errand myself.

Cleaning ink wells also gave me a wider view of life, for I held that job for a few months. The longer I live, the more I realize how young, giddy and inexperienced we are upon graduation, in spite of the old song which describes us, when in our last year, as "the grave old seniors."

Many of our men are married, more are on the road to fame as lawyers, ministers or physicians. In fact, one member of the class will be famous as a faith healer. I mention this because I fear that he may be too modest to claim the glory of his achievement.

I am none of these things; but I will hope that some day I may come into prominence of which none of you will be ashamed.

Yours for '97,

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 30, 1901. ANDREW MILLS, JR.

THOMAS SUMPTION MINKER.

Doubtless the cares of a large parish, particularly exacting on account of the imperative demands made upon him by the fair members of his flock, as well as the subtleties of theology, have so occupied the mind of Minker that his interest in the convivial companions of his former days is on the wane. Such indifference will bring its painful reward and unless a regeneration is effected we fear there will be one more goat in the day of the final division. Repent, sinner, ere it be too late.

RICHARD LEVIN MITCHELL.

Dear Keener:—In reply to your favor, requesting an outlined sketch of my different movements since leaving college, would explain that I have nothing of any great importance to report. I have simply been living the life of an ordinary American citizen.

My business career started in the grain line, but, feeling that that branch of mercantile life did not come within the range of any special ability possessed by your humble servant, I made a change in July, 1896, and connected with the Pratt Food Company of Philadelphia, Pa., with whom I have been associated ever since, at the present time having charge of the general correspondence.

On October 11, 1898, I had the nerve to take unto myself a wife, but up to the present time have not been blessed with any offspring.

My traveling has been limited, in view of the fact that my business duties have confined me very closely, with the exception of a short

period during the summer, when it has been my pleasure to indulge in my favorite sport, fishing, every summer making it a special order of the programme to take a trip down the Delaware Bay for that purpose, sometimes meeting with good, and sometimes with bad luck. I know that the relating of all fishing experiences is looked upon more or less suspiciously, so consider it to my own benefit, and my hope of Heaven, not to go into any detail regarding same.

Hoping the above will give you and the rest of the fellows a general idea of what my existence has been during the past few years, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

R. L. MITCHELL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 13, 1901.

WILLIAM ELPHINSTONE KEITH MITTENDORF.

Dear Classmates:—Since I left you and the good old campus, and all the other good things, some seven years ago, I have spent my time at medicine, and put in "four very hard years" at the Medical School of Columbia, in New York City, and as my home was in the same town, lived a quiet and righteous life and worked hard, with, of course, some slight vacations from both. Then, almost as soon as I was graduated, and had time to see Old Nassau win the baseball championship at New York, and dance around the diamond, I was fortunate enough to get an assistant surgeonship in Uncle Sam's army, was ordered on board the hospital ship "Missouri," and soon after set sail for Santiago, and, of course, began my army career by getting gloriously *seasick* off Cape Hatteras. A doctor sick always appeals to my sense of humor anyway, and we were *all* sick, too!—ten doctors! and the Lord knows how many of our corps, I don't!

After this little relaxation we set to work again and put our ship in order and got into Santiago Harbor all ready for the sick. Then a little surprise came to me, personally; coming on board one afternoon an orderly reported fifty sick men, in my ward, the first we had. I went down and you can imagine my feelings, just out of college, when all fifty acknowledged frankly that they had yellow fever. My first impulse was to run, but I soon got over that. We made several more trips like that to Cuba and Porto Rico, and took back between 300 anud 350 sick, each trip. It was a big contract.

After six months I resigned, as the trouble was over, and spent the following spring down South, shooting and finding out how really nice the Southerners are. Of course I escaped all Hobsonizing, which by the way is a regular word here in Europe now. Then I set out for Europe, after a couple of months in a New York eye hospital, to study the eye over here, and to see something.

I spent last year in Berlin, Wurtzburg, Vienna, Budapest and Hamburg; but if any of you have time to spare go to Budapest—it lies all over Paris or any other place! Then I went back to New York for a month, and came back to Hamburg and started up north and saw Copenhagen, Stockholm, Finland and St. Petersburg, where I had

chills even if it was August; then I went to Christiania, and to Paris, where I have been studying, not only the medical, but also the Parisienne eye, and the language, and by the time you read this I shall be in London.

As I expect to see every country in Europe and come back home by way of San Francisco, it will be a long time before I can see another game like that one in June, 1900, and be again with you all. I am with you all in spirit very often.

Your sincere classmate,

WM. K. MITTENDORF.

PARIS, Jan. 30, 1900.

DUNCAN MACKAY MOORE.

My Dear Pop:—I know that in this world apologies don't go for inexcusable delinquencies. I'm sorry, for if they did I'd overwhelm you with them. That's the way I feel in the matter.

"Send your letter," you say. Heavens! Pop, do you realize what would follow my obeying your authoritative command? 'Twould go in the Record, wouldn't it, side by side with those of boys who, since we scattered in '97, have done something or seen something, or been somewhere, or worse still, perhaps, who are happy in possessing the art of doing such things well? Hence, my diffidence, for I have a fitting sense of the barrenness of my story.

One year in Cambridge and another in New York were devoted (?) to the study of the law. Then the better part of a twelvemonth I spent in the serene calm beyond the cold Cascades. Returning to the Windy City, upwards of a year ago, I settled down to practice. To recount the incidents of my doings since coming here would be to inflict upon you the trite but realistic tale of a young lawyer's struggles. And so I shall save you the annoyance, though I have reason to believe, dear Pop, that your patience is boundless.

Had I, as have some of the boys, been beyond the seas seeking pleasure, or pursuing Filipinos, then I should certainly embrace this opportunity and indulge my fondness for "reminiscing." But having done nothing of the sort, I can do no better than close, so that you may read the letters of those who have.

Wishing you abundant happiness and success commensurate with your efforts, I am, Ever thine,

DUNCAN MOORE.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 19, '01.

EDWIN MOORE

Dear Pop:—Can't you send me some more sample letters to help me compose one? I don't know what to write and I have lost or mislaid the samples you sent last November. About what do you expect us to write,—about ourselves or our classmates? Personally I have done nothing to the credit of '97's high standard, beyond keeping out of jail,

so far, and I'm not certain how long I can maintain this excellent record. A few interesting secrets I know about one or two other classmates might help to land me there if I told them.

Since being turned out of Princeton, I have avoided the poor house. I consider that next best to keeping out of jail.

I followed Electrical Engineering in New York for a time, but a little more than a year ago took up manufacturing. I'm still in the business and that completes my autobiography.

I have not yet become a benedict.

Sorry I can't write anything more interesting, but as I did not enlist during the war this will have to do.

Sincerely yours,
EDWIN MOORE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 13, '01.

JOHN TOMYS MOORE.

My Dear Pop:—As an irridescent chronicle of the strenuous life this epistle can only come to one end—grievous failure. I have been neither abducted, wounded by Filipinos, murdered, nor married. In fact, the only events not of purely personal interest are as follows:—

After leaving Princeton, I entered Harvard Law School, in the Fall. Since then I have annually made from two to three round trips between Pittsburgh and Boston, with a few little trips to Princeton, New Haven, and New York on the side. Finally, last June, I "pulled" an LL.B. On Dec. 15th, together with three other '97 men, I was admitted to the Bar Association. On Jan. 7th, I began the practice of law.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN T. MOORE.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Jan. 24, '01.

ROBERT MOORE.

My Dear Pop:—I hope the Recording Angel will be busy sharpening his pencil, and so forget to mark against your account all those unsaid things which are between the lines of your numerous postal cards. No doubt if you do have to answer for them, the plea of a good and sufficient reason will tend to palliate the punishment. I suppose you think if a man ever had cause to break loose and hurl his withering sarcasm and his profanity at the "lost, strayed or stolen" members of '97, it is the Honorable Secretary of that illustrious class. But no doubt some of us have excellent reasons (at least in so far as we ourselves are concerned) for delaying our letters, or perhaps not writing at all. The aforesaid H. S. at this point I imagine will begin to exercise his profanity, so I won't say anything more about those "excellent reasons."

As you wanted to know something about myself, I can satisfy you in very few words. Nothing of very startling interest has happened to me since we bade our adieus to each other and to Alma Mater. Have been in the Bank of Pittsburgh for the past two years, and have

had some valuable experience. The work is pleasant. Dangerfield, '96, is also in the bank, and every once in a while, when time hangs a little heavy on our hands, we manage to talk over old Princeton scenes, and it makes one almost feel as if he were back in the old place again going the familiar rounds and yelling under somebody's window, "Hello, stick your head out!"

Memories mean a great deal now. As you know, I was back this winter; but very few of the old fellows were around, and the memories of the past were far better than the reality. Everything was the same, and yet not the same. The buildings, the walls, the grounds were there, but the men we used to know and love—where were they? Within the past few days I have heard from some of them in no very gentle tones about "Pop's" letter. This afternoon over the telephone "Ted" Balken waxed so insistent about it and talked in such eloquent language about class feeling, etc., etc., that Central was no doubt on the point of shutting us off.

Well, "Pop," here is your letter, such as it is, and may many good wishes go with it both to yourself and to all the fellows I know.

Cordially yours,

ROBERT MOORE.

EDGEWOOD, PA., April 16, 1901.

VICTOR PHILIP MRAVLAG.

Dear Pop:—You see at last my conscience has me in its toils, and I am going to take advantage of a nice, quiet Sunday to do my duty to good old '97, and its long-suffering, much-enduring, hard-working, faithful secretary.

I don't know just what kind of a letter is wanted to fill the bill, and I am not much "on the write," anyway, which last statement you, with your "first request," "second request," etc., *"ad infinitum"* will probably heartily endorse. However, "Pop," I won't try to write any *particular* kind of a letter. I will first have a nice little "paper chat" with you, and write any old thing that comes into my head. So "we are off"!

My life since leaving college has been a very uneventful one, and contains, I think, very few pages of class interest; in fact, in few instances have there been any items of even *personal* excitement to disturb the even tenor of my ways, much less anything which could even remotely affect '97, especially in view of the fact that so many of her sons have participated in recent stirring events; I refer particularly to our recent little difficulty with Spain.

After graduating from Princeton I entered the New York Law School, where, by the way, I found hosts of Princeton men from both '97 and prior classes. I was graduated there, with degree of "Bachelor of Laws," which I find, though a very high-sounding title, does not contribute very materially to the acquiring of this world's goods. Still, framed and hung up on the wall, it makes an ornament, so let it pass at that. I was admitted to the New York State Bar last June, and

then went away on a long vacation, ostensibly to recuperate from effects of hard work, but really to recover from the shock of surprise at having successfully passed the examinations. Since the first of October I have been practising in New York City, working hard from early morn to dewy eve,—not George. So far I have not had to stand at the door and beat back with a club an eager mob of clients; in fact, at times I get a bit discouraged over absence of visible progress, but I suppose every young man, beginning a professional career, has his *"mauvais quatre d'heure,"* and of course I am no exception, but I guess it will all come out O. K. in the end.

I did not start in for myself and think now I did wisely. I am at present with the law firm of Green and Stotesbury. I am not making more than $60,000 a year, but my relations with the other men in the office are exceedingly pleasant. My work is interesting, and a very beneficial experience to me, and I think my future opportunities good, so I suppose at the present stage of my career, I ought to be satisfied.

I meet a number of Princeton men in New York, and occasionally we "drop in" somewhere and have one or two together, trying to imagine that we are at the "Inn" or "Dohm's back room." It is mighty nice to meet one's collegemates that way and talk over old times; in fact, "Pop," I find one of the pleasantest phases of college life is just that—the meeting of classmates in the outside world after graduation.

I meet Fred Shaw (ex-'97), occasionally, who went through the Cuban campaign with the 71st New York. He was wounded at San Juan, and it is really interesting to hear him talk of his experience. The stories, though, of some of the veterans I have met, remind me somewhat of some of the weird phantasies of "Burt Miller's" or "Lady Jayne's" brain, as they appeared in the "Nassau Herald."

Well, "Pop," I have not gotten married as yet, nor held any important positions, nor done anything startling. By the way some of the questions on those printed blanks seem almost to smack of a little sarcasm; the idea of asking me what important part I have taken in politics, etc. "Pop," I think that is rubbing it in.

You remember John Graham, don't you? he was on East a few weeks ago, and, judging from his lavishness, guess he must be doing pretty well. He and "Shy" Thompson formed a law partnership and are practising together out in Denver.

"Dutch" Gregory, "Jude" Taylor, "Harry" Mattison and "Freddy" McNish are all embryo lawyers, and are some of the Princeton men I meet frequently in New York.

"Pop," owing to various circumstances I have been unable to get back to college at various class functions, and in a way I have gotten somewhat out of touch with affairs, but have not, in the slightest degree, lost interest in Princeton. Quite frequently, evenings, I sit up in my rooms and read over the "Nassau Herald." It gives me a hearty laugh and brings back so clearly some of the jolliest, happiest

moments of my life. It sometimes makes me a bit blue, but then I go to bed with a warmer, closer feeling for my "Alma Mater" and '97.

Good bye, "Pop," good luck always to '97 and her secretary.

With apologies for my tardiness in writing.

Your classmate,

V. Philip Mravlag.

New York City, N. Y., February 24, 1901.

CHARLES MONROE MURRAY.

My Dear Pop:—What a life I've led since my graduation! great—society, travel, work, speechmaking, turn-downs, and the like; but the greatest of these are my adventures in society. Have been slapped about; whirled around until I hardly know where to look for myself; nevertheless the world still moves onward.

After graduation I took charge of the Science Department of Shady Side Academy, which took about two-thirds of my time. Now it requires two men to do the work. But that isn't all. Most all of the best boys are sent to Princeton. Last June nineteen boys took examinations for Princeton and five for Yale.

Traveled through the Southern States once; went home (Albany, Texas) twice. Tried to speak to the Western Pennsylvania Princeton Club on "The Duty of Alumni to Prep Schools," also made talks to students of Whitewright College (in Texas), and Weatherford Seminary (not a place for Seminoles). Have written no articles and held no office of trust. Took part in no war and am not married.

Good luck to all.

Yours,

"Texas" ("Dean") Murray.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 1, '01.

MALCOLM MACDONALD.

Information regarding Macdonald is as scarce as the teeth of the traditional hen. When last heard from he was living at Camden and studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

RODERICK LACHLAN MACLEAY.

My Dear Pop:—I consider that I am very unfortunate in regard to my correspondence with you, inasmuch as, more or less owing to hurried traveling to and fro, your mail caught me here only yesterday after having been forwarded to three addresses. So kindly extend to me your benign pardon, and do not think of me as knowingly retarding the work with which you have so cheerfully saddled yourself.

I really am at a loss to imagine how you can think my poor pen can furnish matter to be incorporated with selections from those choice wits, my old classmates. I blush to think of my efforts being exposed in cold type next to some thrilling account of heroism in Cuba or Manila, but you have urged the matter so courteously and persuasively that I cannot resist you. Why you have not taken to writing pros-

pectuses (or is it prospecti?) for mining companies I cannot understand. I feel convinced you could induce the tightest wad to invest in any wild cat scheme. So far, you perhaps may have noticed, I have refrained from talking about myself, but at this point my self-denial has become utterly exhausted, so now prepare yourself with true Christian resignation, for the "very worst ever" as "King" Kelly says.

I saw Kelly in San Francisco a few months ago. He had been coaching California. We had many good talks about Princeton, for when I do meet a man from there I always endeavor to improve the opportunity since such occasions are very rare. What a snap you must have in that regard!

To make the subject under discussion entirely personal, I may state, first of all, that, so far, I have not succeeded in becoming the admired lord of an unsuspecting female. Whether on account of lack of effort or not I leave to your generous mind, assertions pro and con on such matters being in my opinion very bad form. Furthermore, up to date, I am most exceedingly well; have had and am having a good time, and expect the present state of mind and body to continue indefinitely into the future.

When the next gathering of the class occurs I have determined to be present. Unfortunately, I could not attend the triennial, missing, from what I have since heard, the time of my life.

There are none of my class anywhere near here. I wish some of the '97 men would come out to this country. It's a good place, growing rapidly, and furnishing opportunities without number to any enterprising man, and you know we always were an enterprising class. As matters stand now I have to go nearly to New York to see any of the old gang. I can't think of anything more to put down in this letter.

With the hope that you and all of the class besides are happy, good and rapidly accumulating large stores of wealth, so that coming reunions may be marked by generous support, I am,

Your old classmate,

RODERICK L. MACLEAY.

PORTLAND, ORE., April 25, '01.

EDWIN AUGUSTUS McALPIN.

My Dear Pop:—So I am one of the careless ones as usual! I am really ashamed of myself, and to tell the truth I thought I had answered your note, but now I remember I did not like my answer and so did not send it. That's straight and no bluff. Honest, I have no news of interest. I am not engaged, I have not broken a bank nor have I done anything at all extraordinary. I have taken my M.A. at Columbia in Sociology, and I expect to finish my course at Union Seminary this spring.

I have been to Cuba this winter for a short trip. While I had a very pleasant time nothing out of the way happened so I don't suppose that will interest you.

I have spent a good deal of my spare time during the last couple of years in working and studying the Settlements situated in New York City. I have nothing more of interest or profit to relate about the past, and I have no interesting plans for the future.

You see I had at least one good reason for not writing, and that is, I had nothing to say. When I get engaged or married or make a tear, don't worry—I will call you up on the 'phone and give it to you straight, so that you can have a corner on the news.

Your old classmate,

E. A. McAlpin, Jr.

New York City, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1901.

JAMES ALEXANDER McCAGUE.

My Dear Pop:—What a proud yet merciful *"Dad"* you must be, to have so many prodigals returning to unfold to you their varied and devious wanderings, and to beg forgiveness for their dereliction since they left your rooftree.

I also have wandered into a "far country," and have seen "riotous living."

My last experience in riotous living occurred during a strike on the trolley roads of Brooklyn. One afternoon while enjoying the cooling zephyrs wafting from the renowned shore of Coney Island, while I was on my way to Borough Park, the car on which I was riding came to a sudden stop. The halt was due to a bed-spring which had been thrown upon the track.

While the motorman endeavored to extricate the springs from the wheels, the peaceful and law-abiding citizens of the "City of Churches" presented compliments to the passengers.

These favors took the form of bricks, bottles (empty of course), and other inexpensive luxuries. That crowd must have been color blind, or they could not have missed my head.

Being of a peaceful turn of mind when odds are overwhelmingly against me, I avoided further riotous living by pedal industry. After traversing several miles of flagstones I found myself safely domiciled in my usual abode.

I mention the above incident to divert you from the illusion common to many persons that a minister's life in a small town like New York is rather slow and uneventful. It will partly answer the query whether I was enlisted in a regiment in the Philippines, Cuba, etc. I do not need to go to the Philippines or Cuba to borrow trouble, for if I desired any of that commodity, I could find plenty of it nearer home.

Probably the best way I can punish you for your desire to have me expose the last three years of my wanderings is to compel you to listen to some of these escapades.

Like Alexander the Great, I sought other worlds to conquer.

To satisfy the bent of my inclinations I essayed to go from the peaceful, pious and picturesque Isle of Manhattan to the wilderness

of Brooklyn. I was launched out to begin the organization of a Presbyterian Church at Borough Park.

My first duty was to ring doorbells and acquaint myself with the inmates.

The first part of the performance was second nature to me, as I had early acquired a proficiency in the art of ringing door bells; any sprinting ability I have may be directly related to door bells. The latter part of my duty, that of informing the occupants of the various houses that they were reprobates and needed a spiritual adviser, did not always prove as popular as I had calculated. As a result of the aforementioned diversions there is a Presbyterian Church now fully organized at Borough Park, and your humble servant performs the ministerial functions there.

Quite frequently I run across members of the class. I have visited the Campus twice since September, and hope to make several trips during the remainder of the year.

Wishing you a very happy and successful new century, I remain,

Most fraternally yours in '97,

NEW YORK, N. Y., Jan. 24, '01. JAMES A. MCCAGUE.

WILLIAM HENRY McCARTNEY.

My Dear Pop:—Without desiring to run the chances of offending you, I will venture to say that you have not chosen the calling in life that will benefit you most.

At first, or at least after having received the first 737 letters you sent me, I believed that the Keener sarcasm, in each, denoted ability to fill the place of the late lamented Mr. Brown, of Texas—now I am not chaffing, understand, but the receipt of the last 2,737 letters, circulars, postals and anything else upon which might be printed vile abuse and traitorous insinuations, leads me to believe that the merchants at Princeton, N. J. (located near Lawrenceville), in particular, or any collection agency in general, could afford to pay you a salary equal to that received by Mr. Roosevelt's chief of office. If I may be pardoned for bringing too much ego into this tardy but affectionate reply to the aforementioned reminders that I was in Princton for about a minute, I would say that the above advice is founded on experience—a fool's teacher.

Thanking you again and again for your kindly and solicitous attention to my daily mail supply, and hoping that you may include in your vespers one word for the sinner who repented at the last moment because he could put it off no longer, I remain,

Very sincerely,

W. H. MCCARTNEY.

WILKES-BARRE, PA., April 9, '01.

JAMES McCLURE.

Dear Pop:—Three years have passed since last as undergraduates we cheered old '97, and, bidding our dear mother good bye, stepped out into the world.

Much need not, or cannot, be said of my life since we separated. I embarked at once in the insurance business, doing a general business, and early in 1899 formed a partnership with a Mr. P. C. Little, and with him I am endeavoring to persuade my county and my State to become immune from death and accident.

I have made three pilgrimages to Princeton and there renewed the love we all alike bear our Alma Mater, and received new inspiration for a faithful discharge of every day work.

I send with this my regards, Pop, to both yourself and all our classmates, and my best wishes for the success of all.

Fraternally yours,

JAMES McCLURE.

PITTSBURGH, PA., May 1, '01.

WALTER PETER McGIBBON.

My dear Keener:—The above manner of address looks quite formidable and business-like, but I hasten to assure you that it is not to be construed thus, as it took these characteristics only after it was in black and white. Contrary to being "formidable and business-like," the purport of this communication is to be in response to "The Privilege of Contributing to the Triennial Record"—certainly a privilege which should appeal, through the afferent impulses, to the common center of sensation, the sensorium, only in the name of pleasure, evolving, secondarily, a correlated impression of justifiable pride in that this same sensorium incarnate is an integral part of the "Great and Glorious." The pleasure and accompanying pride in this privilege are certainly important and well-developed adjuncts of my central sensory system, but a large element of the emotion of fear portentously commingles with the aforementioned adjuncts and dampens the spontaneity of my effort, lest in my maiden contribution to the Triennial Record I should inflict upon you a dismal recital of generalities and details constituting my biography from college days to the time present.

With an appeal, to the gods who protect us from our friends, that this production may be as devoid as possible of that element which would make it a bore to your sensitive organism, I will resort to "time was" and mention briefly some of the personal experience which has filled the time between "then" and "now." In order to fortify you against possible disappointment, I will insert here that none of my experiences have been startling.

Entering, on the strength of certificates from Princeton's biological department, the second year class of that Chicago Medical Institution which is designated by the name of the great exponent and promulgator of homoeopathy, Hahnemann, I pursued the remaining three years of the course, terminating my undergraduate studies in the spring of that year, the vocal designation of which falls with such musical cadences upon the terminal auditory filaments of every '97 man. (You will perhaps recognize '98).

The time intervening between my entrance upon and exit from the

medical collegiate studies was most prosy, I assure you, as the student of medicine does not soar to the lofty meanings and high interpretations of things anatomical, physiological and pathological as he gets them in the laboratories during the developmental stage of acquiring the fundamental knowledge of "The Theory and Practice." However, surrounded by the cosmos of a large and busy city, possibilities presented themselves which allowed as frequent diversion and recreation as one might think wise to indulge in. With the expiration of the time limit the coveted degree of M.D. was forthcoming, and after a brief sojourn in the contiguous country I returned to assume the duties and pleasures incident to my chosen profession, affiliated with one of the genus medici whose practice has outgrown the limit of his personal attendance. After one year of this association and another diminutive visit to the country, I returned to undertake the practice of medicine in Chicago. The foregoing recital brings us up to one and one-half years ago. The major part of my diversions since then every one who has undertaken the practice of this profession can fully realize, and out of consideration for those who are still contemplating entering upon the practice of the "art of healing" I will refrain from further delineation of business interests.

Travel, unfortunately, has not been my lot, for I have made but one journey since taking up my residence in the "Windy City." That trip took me east, but my time was so limited as to preclude the carrying out of my desire to visit "Old Nassau," and that pleasure I still have in the future. In proscribing travel in this manner I do not wish to mislead you into thinking that my marriage to Miss Gertrude Louise Crary, of Lafayette, Ind., on the 28th of the last November, in the century just closed, was not the culmination of a series of trips to that town. Should I do that I should be obliged to rectify the error and put it straight.

I do not wish to close this delineation of an uneventful career without mentioning to you the pleasant evenings spent nearly every month by the Chicago aggregation of Princeton '97 Alumni.

These evenings are entirely informal, are well filled with reminiscences, stories and smoke, and are conducive to the elimination of possible growing strangeness between individuals of the clan, and prove to be small but refreshing oases along the line of march.

And now, my dear Prof. Secretary, lest I too greatly exacerbate your sententiousness by compelling you to pursue unaided more of this chirographical wandering, I will desist, first, however, thanking you heartily for your kind indulgence and suggesting that you attempt to eke out some comfort from the fact that it is only Triennial.

Yours very sincerely,

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 18, '01. WALTER P. MCGIBBON.

WILLIS HENRY McGRAW.

My Dear Pop:—I believe that when I saw you last I was in New York, taking my second year of medicine at the "P. & S.," per-

fectly convinced that there was no place on earth equal to it, and that there was nothing lacking there which a student could possibly desire, except leisure. So I suspect that you have gotten the impression, as you have noted my repeated change of address, that my chief business since leaving Princeton has been traveling between the East and the West. I assure you the impression is a wrong one, and that there have been brief intervals in which I have settled down to hard work, between these geographical oscillations.

This year finds me located at the Dunham Homeopathic Medical College and Post Graduate School, which, I need hardly say, I consider the best homeopathic institution in this or any other world, and which I shall doubtless honor with my presence for the remainder of my period of undergraduate bondage. It is only a unit in the big branch of medical colleges which are grouped around Cook County Hospital, where more medics are annually turned out, and more patients killed and cured, than in any place I know of.

I wish I could write you that I have acquired a touching and filial affection for this fair city of hams and bacon; but truth compels me to admit the reverse.

There is much to compel admiration of a certain kind, however; notably the delightfully free and unconventional way in which dirt and holdups disport themselves, and the wholesome restraint which this influence must exercise upon any who might be disposed to sport their store clothes or roll of bills at unseemly hours of the night. I won't say anything about the climate for fear it might make you uncontrollably envious if I told you of the perpetual ice cream condition in which I have been the past two months.

This year I have been more than usually fortunate in finding a goodly number of the "elect" within this wicked city, and the number of '97 "meets" which have been held are proof that we are not entirely forgetting the "traditions and customs."

Perhaps I do not regret as deeply as I ought that I am unable to report any marriages or births in my family; not even a change of heart can be detected yet. But as for honors and distinguished attainments, I profoundly regret that I must leave such announcements for those whose meteoric careers have carried them beyond the narrow limits of the professional school, and trust to the future to reveal my own unrecognized genius.

Accept my deepest sympathy for all your paternal trials.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIS H. MCGRAW.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 27, '01.

WILLIAM ALLEN McLAUGHLIN.

My Dear Pop:—As the result of your last notice my mental machinery has begun to move, pen and paper have suddenly appeared and my *pensum*—the Triennial letter—is begun.

The difficulty is not to find ink and paper sufficient fully to record

the events of the wild and exciting life of three year's prep. school teaching, but to provide enough material which, with judicious padding, without however doing violence to the truth, can fill a sheet of Crane's best.

My life has been quiet and uneventful, spent in teaching and summer tutoring with no change of residence, with no wife and children, no offices, no speeches, except daily exhortations to sluggards in the classroom, no trips except short ones at vacation-time to gain a new lease of life by breathing the air of "ye ancient town about ye middle of ye State of New Jersee."

There is too much leisure in the life of a prep. teacher and summer coach to fail to do P. G. work, but in some way that glittering opportunity afforded to one on duty twenty-four hours per day six days per week has been overlooked, and I have consequently no graduate degree.

Though seldom seeing members of the "Great and Glorious," I often think of them and eagerly devour news of their doings.

As I lack the inventive faculty of Baron Munchausen, and dare not tell a lie, I'm compelled to be content with this simple statement of an uneventful, but busy life.

Very sincerely,

W. A. McLaughlin.

Mercersburg, Pa., Feb. 26, '01.

FREDERIC BROWNELL McNISH.

McNish seems to have forgotten that he was ever a '97 man. Even the C. O. D. telegram failed to draw a reply from him. He is supposed to be practicing law. Perhaps some one can inform the secretary if this supposition is correct. Writs of "mandamus" and "habeas corpus" have failed of service. A vigilance committee seems the only resort left. The secretary is haunted by the terrible fear that he has been drawn into the back eddy of some fearful legal maelstrom and sucked down to depths whence not even the blast of his once famous cornet can penetrate to the upper world. *"Facilis descensus Averno."*

ALEXANDER NEILL, JR.

My Dear Keener:—I am sure when you finish reading the story of my life you will be sorry you ever prevailed upon me to write this.

Since I left Princeton nothing of any moment has occurred in my career. I went to Trinity College, at Hartford, Conn., for one year, taking a special course. After that year, I remained at home, studied law with my father, and was admitted to the bar in January, 1900. I have been rather lucky so far in getting clients, and am now able to buy my smoking utensils from my practice. I did not whip the Spaniards, nor even enlist. I saw the Yale game last fall at Princeton, which was the first time I had been in Princeton since I left.

Am not married or engaged.

I heartily congratulate the class of '97 in having such a hard working secretary. Spent most of last summer licking Net Poe in golf.

Sincerely,

ALEXANDER NEILL, JR.

HAGERSTOWN, MD., May 13, 1901.

DANIEL EDWARD NEVIN.

Dear Pop:—The "story of my life" would be very short and dry reading if confined to the things I have accomplished that were worth doing. But a newspaper man should be able to make a "story" from almost any statement of facts set before him, so here goes.

After spending the summer of 1897 in frivolous traveling, here and there, from Atlantic City to Wisconsin, I registered as a student of law. Most of my immediate family are interested in the Pittsburgh "Leader," a daily newspaper, and without deciding whether my future ambition was to write editorials or briefs, the law course seemed a good preparation. And through the three succeeding winters I worked at the law books, and last December buncoed the examiners and got admitted to the bar.

In the meanwhile I had done a little newspaper work. I spent a month at it in 1899, and had written a few sporadic stories; and in January of this year I went to work in the office of the "Leader," and have since been filling the dignified position of a reporter.

I knew a little music when I was in college, though my playing and singing were of a very elementary type; since leaving college I have picked up a little more knowledge on the subject. I organized a small amateur mandolin club soon after leaving college and have done a good deal of arranging and a little composing of music for their use. I am now studying at one or two musical branches, and hope to know something about it after awhile.

I have spent a goodly share of time in enjoying myself. I have been twice abroad, the first time in 1898, the second in 1900, when I had a two months' bicycle trip in France, Switzerland and Germany, seeing the Paris Exposition and the Passion Play.

No, I am not married, nor is there any present prospect of anything of the sort. I did not take part in the war with Spain or in the Philippines, nor have I been elected to the Presidency of the United States or any other office.

I think that is about all of any interest.

Yours,

DAN NEVIN.

PITTSBURGH, PA., April 26, '01.

FREDERICK JANVIER NEWTON.

My Dear Pop:—I haven't anything amusing, or startling, or even especially interesting to write of my life since graduation from college. A Seminole's life generally holds a pretty even tenor, though it yields

plenty of enjoyment of a quiet kind. I have been a Seminole at Princeton since the fall after graduation, with the exception of one year.

During the first two years of the course I didn't feel as much cut off from '97 as at present, for there were eight or ten of her members in the Seminary, but after staying out last year I returned to find myself the sole representative of '97 in this institution, and one of a very few in the University.

Last year I remained out and tried my hand at practical "sky-piloting" on the western edge of the Adirondack Mountains. Two little churches were placed under my care, and I spent two summers and the intervening winter with them. I avoided being mobbed by the natives, on the one hand, and being tried for heresy, by Presbytery, on the other. Consequently I had a very enjoyable and profitable experience.

I was very sorry to miss the Triennial, and am making up, as far as possible, by a thorough enjoyment of the old scenes, though they can never be the same without the old forms and faces.

Most cordially yours,

FRED J. NEWTON.

PRINCETON, N. J., Dec. 27, '00.

JOHN HENRY NICHOLS.

My Dear Pop:—Your welcome letter, after many wanderings on land and sea, has at last found me in the Quartier Latin. Unable to resist an appeal so fervent, though couched in that chaste simplicity of style characteristic of the epistles of our Secretary, I hasten to tell you the story of my life—"the short and simple annals of the poor."

One year as a P. G. at Princeton, two years spent trying to teach French—here I am already up to the epoch made famous by our glorious Triennial—*quorum fui pars,*—though a very insignificent *"pars."*

I sailed from New York in October. After a struggle for mastery between the briny deep and myself, in which, I grieve to confess, the "briny" won, I landed at Antwerp and then came on to Paris in time to "see the finish" of the exposition. Since that mournful event, I have been wandering through picture galleries, exploring Paris, old and new, and trying to talk French "as she is spoke," which is a fierce problem to solve.

I "assisted" (from the curbstone of the boulevard) at Oom Paul's triumphal entry into Paris, and in company with some other Americans was in dire peril of having my "crust busted in" for not displaying sufficient enthusiasm to suit the Paris rabble who formed a ring around us, shouting, "A bas les Anglais," and "Vivant les Boers." L'oncle Paul having departed to the land of beer, where His Majesty, William II., set him up to a "Dutch treat," the only excitement left in Paris is to be found dodging automobiles, shaking off guides who wink their eye and want to show me the town, and finally, calling a cabby, "cochon," instead of "cocher." That is sure to give you the time of your life as long as the "cocher" has any words left in his vocabulary.

The students of Paris do not differ very much from the college men on the other side of the pond. I've seen many a crowd of them go down the "Boulemiche" singing for all the world like the crowd at Princeton after a game. And some of them dress in an eccentric way which would make a sophomore green with envy. The lectures at the Sorbonne are very fine and are free to any one, and so the crowd is very mixed—all classes of people and all ages attend, and they seem to look upon the professor as a sort of matinée hero. The hero himself marches in solmenly, stirs his little glass of sweetened water and begins his talk. There are no spotters and the people heave a sigh when it's all over—so like the way we used to do at Princeton!

Well, Pop, the only answer I can give to most of your questions is "Nothing doing." No office of profit or trust; no books published. Married? *Jamais de la vie.* Addresses published? Note one address, not published, to the French custom house man who kept me three hours, one day, trying to get my baggage out of his clutches. That speech alone has added words to the vocabulary of the French language which the "Immortals" of the academy never dreamed of.

But enough. This ought to go into the fire rather than into any book. Here's hoping for all the class of '97 a long life and a merry one.

JOHN NICHOLS.

PARIS, FRANCE, Dec. 9, '00.

HERSCHEL AUGUSTUS NORRIS.

My Dear "Pop":—Well, old man, another of your endless list of notices was recently received, and I suppose there is no possible way of stopping the incessant flow of such periodicals and thereby avoiding the annoyance and disappointment incurred in reading them, except by sending you the asked-for letter. Since graduation my life has been rather uneventful. The year of 1897-1898 I spent at the old college (or the *New* University), working for my Master's degree, and incidentally enjoying the Saturday-night "seances" indulged in by yourself Russell, *et al,* at No. 7 No. Edwards.

After securing my degree in June, 1898, I was appointed Instructor in Greek and Latin in the Friends' High School, Wilmington, Del., which position I filled during the following year.

The next spring, owing to the failing health of the principal, and his consequent resignation, for some unaccountable reason the Board of Trustees saw fit to offer me the principalship, which I, after some hesitation (?) due to *modesty* and *diffidence,* accepted. This position I am still holding and trying to fill. I was married December 28th, 1899, to Miss Elizabeth L. Fogg, at Salem, N. J. My time is spent in close attention to business, and mostly taken up with the routine of looking after some fifteen teachers and two hundred pupils, and incidentally trying to initiate the older ones into the mysteries of *"Gallia omnis divisa est in partes tres,"* etc.., *"Arma virumque cano,"* etc., and *"Quo usque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?"* You, who are

also teaching, can probably sympathize with me in the many trials, incident to a pedagogue's career. Hoping that these few lines may meet the long-felt want, and that the "Record" may be such a success as comports with the past career of the "great and glorious," I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

H. A. Norris.

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 25,'01.

HENRY CHAPMAN OLCOTT.

My Dear Pop:—Your at one time apparently inexhaustible supply of very insulting postal cards having evidently, at last, come to an end, I take pleasure in sending you the letter which you request. The history of my life for the four years that have almost passed since we all started in the world, by various pathways, in June, 1897, would be of very little interest to the class at large. So I will make it brief.

In July after graduation I entered this office, and circumstances and a regard for my monthly salary have kept me pretty close to it ever since. I am here yet and see no reason for believing that I will not be for some time to come. I have taken no extensive journeys, I made no speeches, and the public press has not taken the slightest note of my existence. So there you have it all. I hardly think it worth the amount of labor that it took in the form of mail matter to get it.

As ever,

Henry C. Olcott.

New York City, N. Y., April 22, '01.

HORACE GREELEY PADGET.

Dear Pop:—I send you a photo of our boy. You ask me to write a letter and I suppose it is to be about myself. That is the reason why I have put it off so long. Nothing striking has occurred since graduation. I have settled down, married the best girl in the world, have the brightest boy in the world (except Livy Wescott's) and have become a kind of permanent fixture in the town.

After spending three years in connection with the private school (from which I sent two boys to Princeton last fall) I was elected principal of the public school here. This proved to be a lively change. I followed a man who did not believe in corporal punishment and would never resort to it. The boys had been running wild for some time. During the first few weeks I flogged from three to ten a day, and soon had them tamed. Now a case of corporal punishment in the schools is rare. They seem to have reformed.

I labor each forenoon to impress upon the youth of the town that verbs have tenses, and that an adjective in the ablative plural cannot possibly agree with a noun in the nominative singular, etc., etc.

Mr. Tilbury, who was in the prep. school with me, and who is a graduate of Syracuse and P. G. at Cornell, is helping me in the school. The board was kind enough to let me pick my man and then they paid

his price. He lives with us and we have a den fitted up to remind us of college days, with all our college trophies on the walls, and shelves of imposing works on pedagogy (which we never read).

Now, Pop, I am busy and not much of a letter-writer, but I have a strong interest in old Princeton, and shall try to send one or two students each year, so you needn't lose patience with me and depart from the "straight and narrow path" if I do not send you any more of this tommyrot.

Your friend and classmate,

H. G. Padget.

Towanda, Pa., Feb. 27, '01.

SAMUEL MORROW PALMER.

Dear Pop:—When one's eye is cast upon the categorically imperative questions, by means of which you occasionally seek to classify your charges, it begins to assume a stony glare, and its owner realizes that, without wife or children wherewith to appease you, nor disturbances in the far east to narrate, life must have been very unprolific.

Like the ancients, I have to look back through what seems to be several decades, now, to the golden age, but the focus is not hard to obtain, and when, as usual, a glance is not sufficient, I yield to temptation and make haste to the Elysian fields of New Jersey. This constitutes the bulk of my traveling in this and other lands.

My steady job since leaving college has continued to be that of art student. I strive to be of the short-haired variety, and to see not too many colors in the prism. My best wish for you and my classmates is that you may all live a sufficient time, with faculties intact, to see me wielding "the brushes of comets' hair," and painting nocturnes in orange and black, therewith.

With the most fraternal greetings and good wishes to all the faithful, wherever fortune may have led them, I am,

Your sincere friend,

Samuel M. Palmer.

Wilmington, Del., Jan. 31, '01.

ARIOVISTUS PARDEE.

Dear "Pop":—Your final appeal has just been received, and though I have but little to report as accomplished since graduating, what little there is, is at your service. The summer after graduation I spent abroad, traveling with "Chappie" Reynolds in England and on the Continent. Upon my return in the fall I joined with others of our class in properly opening college, and, this accomplished, returned to Philadelphia and commenced work in my father's office. I remained at work there until the spring of '98, when I was transferred to Perth Amboy, where I am still located.

Yours sincerely,

Ario Pardee.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 15, '01.

WILLIAM JOSEPH PARKER.

My Dear Pop:—After bidding farewell to college life, I put in a year of doing nothing, then started in to learn the banking business, which business I am still in. This I think is about all I have done since June, 1897.

Yours sincerely,

WM. J. PARKER.

TRENTON, N. J., April 10, '01.

AUSTIN McDOWELL PATTERSON.

Dear "Pop":—In comparison with the thrilling tales of war by land and sea, of travels abroad, and of the excitement of caring for a family, I fear to tell a tame story—three years spent in the quiet of a University.

After witnessing that last, championship baseball game in June, '97, being consequently in the best of spirits, I turned homeward in company with my freshman roommate. Some of you may remember him. We had the company of Abbie and Franklin Upshur on the way to Albany, and from there we wheeled our way to Niagara Falls; it was a delightful trip. Alas, poor Chew! He was married long ago.

The next October I entered Johns Hopkins to study chemistry and kindred sciences. And, by the way, let me say that Princeton is very popular at the Hopkins, and that a warm welcome awaits any of her sons who may go there. If you care to join the Greek letter fraternities you will have good opportunity. Then there are social clubs among the graduates. We of the scientific departments had an organization known as "The Aristologists," which used to meet fortnightly at the Johns Hopkins Club house (all the members belonged also to the latter). Occasionally we organized opera parties or initiated a new member at "the Zoo," but the evening was invariably terminated with a spread at "Gordon's" or some similar place. The Johns Hopkins atmosphere, both during working hours and outside of them, is perceptibly German.

Parts of two summers were spent in college laboratories at New Wilmington, Pa., and Ashland, Va. During my last year I was as busy as I cared to be, with my duties as superintendent of a mission Sabbath-school and secretary of the Chemical Club, and the effort to present a satisfactory thesis for the doctor's degree. Books published? Why, certainly: A monograph upon "The Reduction of Permanganic Acid by Hydrogen and Ethylene, and a Study of Some of its Salts." But no publisher bid for the manuscript. It was issued in accordance with the University regulations, which is my only apology for its appearance.

Now I am an instructor in Center College down here in Danville, and of course I have discovered some of Alex's relatives. All Kentuckians are related, and it's a pretty nice family, too. The boys are gentlemen and the troubles I anticipated in teaching haven't materialized. You ask about offices of trust. The only one I have held was that of

timekeeper at the Center-Cincinnati football game. My duties were light, for in less than ten minutes we had a fine scrap on, and after that no one thought about the timekeeper.

That's about all, isn't it, that you'd like to know? Oh, yes, my marriage. Well now, didn't I tell you before we left college that that wouldn't happen until I was thirty? Perhaps I can tell you more on that subject at the Decennial.

Sincerely your friend and classmate,

PAT.

DANVILLE, KY., March 12, '01.

GEORGE LEWIS PATTERSON.

My Dear '97:—When I received Pop's first notice that he wished a letter from me I never had any intention of writing one, but when our postmaster came to me and said, "For goodness sake, if you owe this man Keener anything, please pay him, or we will have to raise the wages of our clerks," I thought it about time to be doing.

I do not think any one in '97 remembers me, as I only spent about fifteen minutes with you all. In the last seven years only two '97 men have ever found me out in our city. They were Vick King and Jarvie Geer. I think they stopped here because they could not get any farther.

I will write you a little about our city in hopes that some lonesome man might stray in and see me some time.

Newcastle, Lawrence County, Penn., in the last ten years has the proud distinction of having the largest gain in population of any city in the United States, with the exception of Duluth. Our gain was 144 per cent. We have a great diversity of industries—glass factories, tube mills, wire nail mills, tin mills, four large blast furnaces, steel mill, bar mill, rod mill, stove foundry, engineering works, electrical and brass works, and in fact every kind of manufacture that goes to make a wide-awake Pennsylvania city.

Our banking houses are of the best. One of our banks stands seventh in the United States in the amount of business done relative to the surplus and capital stock.

Newcastle has two of the largest tin manufactories in the world, one of twenty mills (the Greer Mill) and the Shenango Valley has thirty mills. These mills were bought by the American Tin Plate Company, and are now controlled by the United States Steel Company.

The New Castle Wire Nail Mill has been sold to the American Steel & Wire Company. This plant was one of the largest in the country, having a capacity of 5,000 kegs per day.

The manufacturing plants of our city are now mostly owned by the trusts. The National Steel Company, The American Tin Plate Co., The Republic, Shelby Tube Co., American Window Glass Company, are some of the trusts that control our industries.

Our industrial pay rolls per month are in the neighborhood of $400,-

000. I think that this probably is the largest amount paid out in any city of 28,000 population, in this or any other country.

Our street railway system is owned and controlled by R. R. Quay, They have as fine a street railway as could be built at the time. They spent half a million dollars in the city. They made a fine baseball park and a park of amusement, built a small lake at the entrance to Amusement Park, which lake is used for boating in the summer and skating in the winter. The same parties own our electric light system.

The New Castle Hospital is a thing of beauty and something to be proud of. One of our leading physicians, after traveling in Germany, Italy and some other foreign countries last summer, said he had to come home in order to appreciate our Shenango Valley Hospital. He said he found it up to date in every respect, and far superior to some he visited while abroad.

We also have the Elmira Home for the aged, which is partially kept by the State—a very charitable and worthy institution.

I do wish, boys, you would drop in and see me. I have just given you an outline of what we can do for you. If you are so unfortunate as to become "string halt" or "blind" or most anything, I think we can take care of you.

I also forgot to mention the Standard Brewery. We have one.

Yours very truly,

G. L. Patterson.

New Castle, Pa., April 2, '01.

GEORGE WILLIAM PECK, JR.

My Dear Keener:—Theoretically speaking, I became a "wanderer on the face of the earth" just one year in advance of the remainder of the class. For, as you may remember, at the end of my Junior year, I regretfully forsook the shades of Old Nassau, and hied myself away to that land-locked college in the center of New York State, Cornell University. I labored under the impression that the experience gained by attending two large Universities would be of more practical value to a man than the pursuance of the full four years' course in one place. Well, I gained my experience the first week, but as it was too late to retrace, I had the privilege of redigesting that experience for forty long weeks, at the end of which I received my diploma and packed my trunk for New York.

Fellows, they say, "You never miss the water till the well runs dry," and I tell you that while Cornell is all right in her way, I never knew, and never would have known, what "Princeton honor" and "Princeton spirit" meant, had I not had an insight into another institution. It doubled my love for the old place, and I had the honor conferred upon me, by the class of '97 at Cornell, of graduating at Ithaca, "a Princeton man," than which no greater honor could any man have.

In the fall of '97 I began my direct study for the ministry in Union Theological Seminary, N. Y., where I spent two very enjoyable years;

meeting many men from other colleges, and especially associating with the fifteen Princeton men who were there at the same time. During my second year at Union I took a graduate course at Columbia University, in the department of Political Science, specializing in Sociology, where, in June, '99, I received my M.A.

That summer I performed the only really exciting "stunt" since graduating (except getting married). Ted McAlpin and I took a trip South, to the islands off the coast of South Carolina, where we made a sociological study of the negroes there, who had been for thirty years practically out of the sphere of civilization. It was mighty interesting, and we received some real information, but modesty forbids my relating the degree of success with which the world received our sociological data. I will leave that for "Ted."

In the fall of '99, as I was a Baptist, I withdrew from Union and entered Crozer Theological Seminary, at Chester, Pa., where I spent one year, quietly and pleasantly, intrenching myself in Baptist doctrines. In June, 1900, I graduated, and had the priviiege of representing my class on the Commencement stage.

On June the eleventh I was called to the Lower Dublin Baptist church, of Bustleton, Philadelphia. On the seventeenth I accepted the call, and on the sixth of July was ordained to the ministry. From that time until October of the same year I was made to wait, a lonesome, homesick parson in a quiet country town, until a certain young lady finished her trip to California, arranged her trousseau, and set a date when I could join the order of benedicts, and attempt to do justice to a pretty parsonage, in which I had been living, a lone owl. That date was the eighteenth of October, when the nuptials of Miss Mary Maxwell Meeker, of Roselle, and your humble servant were performed in our home town. Since that time—J-O-Y, B-L-I-S-S.

You might be interested to know that the Lower Dublin Baptist Church is a fine, brown-stone building, with 250 members, about twelve miles from the center of Philadelphia, and that it is the oldest Baptist church in Pennsylvania, and the second oldest in America, having been instituted in 1688. So it has name and fame.

Now, with best wishes to each and to all, and God's blessing on every man of you, I am, Yours,

G. W. Peek, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 22, '01.

TRUE PERKINS.

My Dear Pop:—In response to your demand, I will attempt to set down what has happened to me in the three years which have intervened since we left Princeton never to return as undergraduates.

After shoving some, and being myself shoved, through the car window, I spent my time quietly at home. At the end of July I made a trip up the lakes to Marquette, Michigan. Early in August I left for Maine, where I spent the rest of the summer, going into the woods for the month of October. The last two months of '97 were spent quietly at home.

In January, '98, I entered the Case School of Applied Science, where I worked until the middle of June. In July I went up the lakes on a barge to Ashland, Wisconsin. Early in August I left for Maine once more. About the first of October I went into the woods, and with an Indian as guide, made tracks for the forest primeval. After spending about three days on the way we arrived at Ellis Brook, our destination. This is a little stream which runs into Chamberlain Lake; the region is one of the moose grounds. All around us stood the majestic pines and birches. In due season I got my chance and bagged a moose. While camping on the brook I had the pleasure of seeing a beaver dam and observing the beavers at work. During this trip I also bagged two deer and some partridges. After my return from Maine I continued my studies at Case for the rest of the year.

In June, 1899, I was fortunate enough to be able to be at Princeton for our second reunion; on my return I made another trip up the lakes. In August I went West, visiting Salt Lake City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, and making the ascent of Pike's Peak. In November, on the twenty-fifth day of the month, Kelly and I celebrated Poe's kick at the University Club of Cleveland, where we had our dinner. After this we collected a crowd of non-combatants, and after teaching them the cheer, did our best to proclaim the glad tidings; Kelly proving to be a crowd in himself by his strength of lung.

I completed my course February first, 1900, and set about writing a thesis. In June, 1900, I was once more in Princeton, and took an A.M. On my return Kelly and I went up the lakes again. In August I left for the West, going over the same ground as last year; from Salt Lake I went on to San Francisco, where I saw the town and went through Chinatown. I returned the last of September, and have been living at home ever since.

Such has been the course of my life since I left the protecting care of our Alma Mater in June '97.

Yours as ever,

TRUE PERKINS.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Nov. 24, '00.

FARRAND BAKER PIERSON.

Dear Pop:—Wrath is evidently preparing to wreak its vengeance on my defenceless head, and I hasten to explain that since your letter came, a few days ago, explaining just what you wanted, I have had a very unusual rush of business that has prevented my giving thought enough to it to write a presentable letter on any subject.

If you expect any news from this quarter you will be left, I fear, for since I left college my life has been a long effort to find the tag that ought to have gone with me, stating for what use I was intended. I tried tutoring a couple of years, but, of course, that was a makeshift. Then I hailed medicine as the only profession, and enjoyed that exceedingly for a year and a half, when it became clear that even homeopathy won't save a man's soul, and since then I have looked for more

distinctly Christian work, and have found it, I hope, in work among colored toughs in a boys' mission in Brooklyn, with a distant prospect of India or some other remoter district of heathendom.

I was sorry to give up medicine, but it had to be done, though it bereaved both McGraw and myself, who were in Chicago together.

Efforts to get down to college during reunions or term time have proved unavailing, and my only visits have been during vacation, which is unsatisfactory from a social point of view. I hope to be able to make one reunion before I die, but it looks doubtful if I have to come from India for it.

I'm sorry to have turned your hairs gray, but as I didn't understand, I hope they will turn back again.

Yours,

PUNT PIERSON.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 23, '01.

WALTER JAMES PILLING.

My Dear Pop:—As you have probably forgotten, I did not graduate with the "great and glorious," but owing to the courtesy of Dr. Patton and the Faculty received my degree "as of" '97. However, that is a mere detail, for as we all know, once enrolled under those magic numerals no other would suffice, or, indeed, be considered. Two of the years since have been passed by me in travel and recreation, principally in Europe.

I am now, however, actively engaged in business here, of a more or less varied kind, consisting chiefly of insurance and real estate. Although I missed the triennial reunion, due to some unforeseen circumstances, I have been back several times on lesser occasions to renew the old associations, and have generally been fortunate enough to meet some of the old guard prowling around the familiar haunts.

Hoping that you or any other member of the class who may be in Washington, will look me up,

I am very truly yours,

WALTER J. PILLING.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 22, '01.

ROBERT PITCAIRN, JR.

My Dear Keener:—As you may know, I spent the year following the '97 commencement in securing the much coveted degree of Civil Engineer. This seemed very desirable since I expected to take up railroad work. After obtaining the degree, I entered the service of the Penna. Railroad as rodman on the engineer corps, and gradually worked up to the position of assistant supervisor. I resigned this latter position, as, although it was in the direct line of promotion, I found the chances of advancement were few and far between. I then went into the coal business, and am now vice-president of the Keystone Coal and Coke Co., with principal offices in the Park Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. This

is one of the largest private companies in the western part of the State, owning and operating twenty different mines.

I am not married, and there are no immediate prospects that I shall be.

I am a member of the Duquesne Club, the University Club and the Country Club.

I attended the recent banquet of the Princeton Club of Western Pennsylvania, which was the finest they have ever held, where I met a great number of our classmates, from all of whom you will doubtless hear.

Yours, in the bond of Alma Mater,
ROBERT PITCAIRN, JR.

PITTSBURG, PA., May 4, '01.

NEILSON POE, JR.

Dear Pop:—Thanks very much for your many invitations to contribute to the history of the lives of the great men of '97. Since leaving the old town on that sad June day, most of my time has been spent in Baltimore, where I attended the Law School of the University of Maryland. I knew I could get through before I started, as my father is Dean of the Law School, and one of my brothers lectures there.

Somewhat of a pull for one in the family. If you know any of the class that want to study law send them down here, and I will guarantee that they will get through. Don't think I am drumming up business.

While there, I was the star right-fielder on the ball nine, and I caught as many flies as "Jerry" ever did in his palmiest days. And those were good old days, you know. I also managed to pass my examination, and received an LL.B. for it last June. I have coached several football teams. In the fall of '97 I was at Wesleyan, with a half a dozen trips to Princeton thrown in. In the fall of '98 I was back at Princeton, where I saw lots of the fellows during the season. In the fall of '99 I was coaching the University of Illinois football team, but got East in time to see the game in New Haven. Last fall I was at Princeton.

To most of your questions I have to say no, as I have neither wife nor girl. This means I am not engaged. I have not delivered any speeches, held office of profit, honor or trust, nor did I become a soldier during the Spanish war. The only part I took in it was seeing the soldiers off, and reviewing the Peace Jubilee in Philadelphia with "Kinks" Pardee, whose smallness of stature alone prevented him from becoming a soldier. S. E. Gill vouches for this. The initials, of course, are superfluous, as I know there is still "only one Gill."

Now, Pop, I know it is not necessary to tell you to whoop it up for the Quinquennial, as I fully realize what you have done for us in the past and know you will always keep up the good work. But it is not far off, and I for one am looking forward to it. We all had a good time at the triennial, and we want to make the "old burg" know that

'97 is back again. Fellows, we all want to be there, so I will take this opportunity to add as a postscript to the many letters that we will receive from Pop concerning that auspicious occasion, "Don't miss it."

Yours as ever,

NEILSON POE.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb. 28, '01.

WILFRED McILVAINE POST.

Dear Pop:—The demand of the secretary that all class letters should be typewritten was so trenchant a criticism of the handwriting of the class in general, and of myself in particular, that I was tempted to follow the example of the Irish stateman who returned a letter from his political rival with the words: "Dear Sir—The insulting tone of your last favor compels me to return it unread."

Since the year of 1897 I have lived in both hemispheres. I returned to Syria in the summer of 1897 by way of Scotland and England, and then through the straits of Gibraltar to Italy and up the Syrian coast by the Egyptian route. I arrived in Beirût just in time to matriculate as a medical student in the Syrian Protestant College. There I studied two years, greatly enjoying the experience of being with Syrian students, many of whom are fine fellows. It added not a little to my pleasure to be in touch with the American tutors at the college, several of whom were Princeton men, Fred Jessup among them.

During my stay in the East, Emperor William II., of Germany, came to Syria, and his visit was celebrated by the whole country in many interesting ways. The Sultan spared no means to entertain his illustrious guest, and on the night preceding his departure from Beirût, the whole of Lebanon, visible to the south of the city, was ablaze with illuminations; two enormous bonfires being lighted at the top of Mt. Sunnin, many miles away, and nearly 9,000 feet in height. The region north of the city being under French influence, not a light was shown, and the contrast was as significant as it was picturesque.

Syria is a land of contrasts, ancient and modern, civilized and primitive, luxurious and poverty-stricken, Mohammedan and Christian, Jew and Pagan, Catholic and Protestant. Its political future is yet to be decided, but missionary and philanthropist maintain their efforts for the people with unremitting zeal, and the vast amount of good already accomplished will, I feel confident, show rich increase with the years.

I returned to the U. S. in 1899 and entered the third year of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York City, where I am still studying in company with nearly a dozen other '97 men—sometimes an unsavory, but at all times a happy and hard-working lot. None of us are often seen at the Princeton Club, I regret to say; it is through lack of time, not of patriotism. By act of bravery, and by generous service, Percy Williams and Leander Shearer have already appeared before the class. The rest of us in due time will have at least a hard-earned M.D. to add to our ever loyal names.

Very sincerely yours,

WILFRED M. POST.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28, 1900.

CHARLES ELDRIDGE QUINLAN.

Dear Pop:—My story is soon told. In the lumber business in Pennsylvania up to 1900, then a year in the mountains of Eastern Tennessee, now located at Waynesville, N. C., twenty-eight miles south of Asheville, with Quinlan, Monroe & Co., wholesale lumber.

CHARLES E. QUINLAN.

WAYNESVILLE, N. C., April 8, '01.

WILLIAM BOYD RAMSEY.

My Dear Pop:—All of the doughty sons of '97 know without my saying it, that "Short and simple are the annals of the poor" fellows in our merry band who have chosen the law as their mistress. It is bound to be, for we are just now going through the starvation period in our respective careers. Like Peter Stirling, we sit in our offices reading somebody or other on "Torts"; some of us, perhaps, mix in politics a little, while we all keep digging away, persistently, with that dogged Princeton ('97) spirit which is bound to bring us just about the success we each deserve in our respective little positions in this great world of ours.

The chronicle of my own experiences is a brief one. After spending the summer of 1897 at home, I succeeded in entering the senior class at the Cincinnati Law School, from which I graduated in June of the following year. I passed the state bar examination by a tight squeeze soon after, and was admitted to practice on the unsuspecting public. Since August of that year I have been located in Toledo. While at Cincinnati I met, often, our hail classmate from Kentucky, "Colonel" Hill. On a recent visit to Chicago the hospitality of Duncan Moore was enjoyed, while of course the one experience of the past three years, most cherished was our triennial reunion. The only serious objection I can raise against Toledo is her lack of Princeton men—there being but four of us here, a '39 man, a '77 man, Dr. Dice, '93, and the writer.

Hoping to meet with you all again in June, 1902, in the cool shade of the dear old campus elms, I am,

Sincerely your classmate,

WM. B. RAMSEY.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 28, '01.

HARRY NORMAN REEVES.

My Dear Pop:—The pungent and reproachful epithets applied to the group of individuals, of which I am one, according to yours of the 12th inst., have sufficiently stirred my calm inactivity with a desire to get even, and herewith you have the result.

This is the usual position for matters of excuse. And the fact that I have recently taken unto myself a wife may serve in that capacity, as well as a matter of interest. I say "a matter of interest," for aside from furnishing an additional statistic for our hard-working secretary to compile, that fact may loom up, in the future of some of my less fortunate classmates, as a great source of encouragement, who, as they

run the race toward a similar goal, gird up their loins anew when they recollect the fact that even "Porky" Reeves got married. And furthermore, as an additional incentive toward reaching the aforesaid goal, I can assure all who breast the tape there stretched, that each and every one will receive from our beloved class secretary, hard-working though he be, a most happy and appropriate note—one of the kind that you will always want to keep; one of the kind that makes you feel, once more, supremely grateful that kind Providence saw to it that Princeton University was your Alma Mater, that '97 was your class, and that Pop Keener was your class secretary.

Now, Pop, don't you dare allow your customary modesty to tempt you to cut out those references to yourself. I want this letter printed in its entirety.

If I can for a moment thrust aside from my thoughts the supreme fact of interest in my life, dilated upon above to so large an extent, I would also like to communicate another statistic to the class secretary.

I have removed from my former sphere of business. I have come down out of the country, and am now located in this city—address, 164 Market Street. I now run up against a Princeton man at every turn, where before I had to seek the city on occasional semi-annual jaunts to enjoy a reminiscent Princeton evening.

And speaking of reminiscences, I hope you have succeeded in getting from Selden Spencer, for the benefit and edification of his classmates, the story of his life since graduation, showing how he no longer is a "disgrace to the family." And I also hope you succeed in wringing out of "Pip" Wheeler the true inward history of the time he bailed out one of his employees, whereupon the court appointed him guardian of eleven orphans, because of his apparent philanthropic tendencies. Jude Taylor, also, I hope, will tell his classmates how he gets the judges of the municipal courts of New York City down on the bench, and refuses to let them up, even when they howl, "Oh, my knee, my knee."

Having no news of my own, I have offered these suggestions for the good of the cause, and also for the purpose of making my letter of respectable length. Which latter purpose being accomplished to some slight degree, I trust, I am, as always,

Yours for '97,
HARRY N. REEVES.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 23, '01.

JOHN REILLY, JR.

The "history of my past life" can be told in a few words, and is as follows:

When the "Great and Glorious" left the "good town," Bob Pitcairn, George Crozer and I were taken in by '98 and made to feel at home. George and I kept 3 South Dod warm, and Bob and myself hustled all year for our C. E. dips., and were finally successful. '97 was in evidence on Class Day. Wayne Wilson was presentation orator, and said he could not leave his old classmates unmentioned, so "your humble

servant" was once more called before that august assemblage (not with "Marbles," but with that shy young creature, G. K. C., Jr.), and presented with a squat little Chinese image, as a reminder of George. Wayne did not give George anything to remember me, as he said I would "always remain *long* in the memory of my classmates."

The winter of '98-'99 I spent in the engineering and physical labs., and received my M. S. in the spring. That summer was spent in France and Germany, principally the latter, and I returned to Princeton to begin my two years in the Electrical School, which will end this June. Last May I went South with the Princeton Eclipse Expedition, and shortly after sailed for Germany, spending most of the summer at the University of Marburg. Later I took in Oberammergau and the Paris Exposition. I still hold my room, and will be in Princeton a good part of next winter. The latch-string is always out for '97.

Most sincerely,

JOHN REILLY, JR.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 10, '01.

THEODORE FAIRBANKS REYNOLDS.

Dear Classmates:—Having received several reminders from Pop, allow me to tell you what I have been doing since leaving Princeton. I spent the summer of '97 in Europe with Ario Pardee. We went over to complete our education, visiting many cathedrals, churches, art galleries, and other places of interest. Pard. was bent on getting another watermelon, but had poor luck.

We returned in the fall. I entered the New York Law School, remained one year, and then decided my abilities lay in other directions.

Joined the New York Stock Exchange December 1, 1898, doing a general banking and brokerage business, under the firm name of Alling, Reynolds & Co., where I have been ever since. Glad to see any of you at 30 Pine street, New York City, at any old time.

Yours as ever,

THEODORE F. REYNOLDS.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., April 9, 1901.

WILL AYRES REYNOLDS.

My Dear Pop:—After many and earnest solicitations, I now send you a 1st of April letter. It seems an appropriate day for me to write one.

The old man wishes to know what I have been doing and what I hope to do. Not being of a prophetic turn of mind, *à la* Shortz, and as hopes sometimes do strange things, I'll pass the future up.

As to the past, if I should tell all I have been doing it might not look well in black and white, so I'll just give you a few lines.

I might have been digging gold nuggets and playing with the polar bear children in the Klondike.

I might have been in the Philippine Islands following the instructions of Mr. Kipling:

"Take up the white man's burden,
Ye must assume it soon;
Take up the white man's burden,
And put it on the coon."

I might have been an advance agent of civilization in China, trying to teach the obstreperous Chinaman to wear his shirt on the inside of his trousers, or to interest him in the delightful mysteries of Chicago canned meats, or to urge him to give up his rice and rats for Uneeda meals. None of these little duties have fallen to me, but nevertheless I have traveled some and fought a little. I have traveled to my meals three times a day and battled with the world for bread.

The first four years after I was graduated were spent in North Carolina for the most part. There I instructed the youth in the noble pastime of football, and incidentally went into training for the law, which training consists in a little legal study and much hard discipline in learning how to live best by eating least.

I have discovered that I could make a comfortable living in the law if I did not have to eat, sleep and wear clothes. I could manage to eke out my tobacco money, but would not vouch for the quality of the weed.

A severe attack of typhoid fever made me lose a year in the law, which year doubtless the law has not lost. Upon my recuperation I came to Wilkes-Barre, where I opened a law office with Jayne. There is a shingle, which reads, "Jayne & Reynolds, Attorneys at Law." All clients with money gladly welcomed.

We thought we were filling a long-felt want in this vicinity, but we now realize that the community has not realized it. Strange, is it not, that three months have passed by and still we have not been discovered? Nevertheless we are here to stay, until poverty or the sheriff drives us out, but at present it look as if our days were numbered, as the hairs in the bald man's head.

Lady says, "A blind hog will find an acorn once in a while," and it is this thought that cheers our meals of free lunch and brightens the long hours of painful waiting. They say a sucker is born every minute, but I reckon the suckers have not started to run this early in the spring. In our moments of despondency we ever turn our thoughts backward to the glorious class of '97 and the good old days in Tiger Town.

I see that Penn. and Princeton are to meet in mortal combat over the chessboard, and before long we will be sitting in the cheering section and giving vociferous long cheers for the pawns, three times three for the bishops and locomotives for the queens.

Speaking of queens reminds me that single blessedness is mine. Neither are there any prospects, for "The girl I should love enough to marry I fear I would respect her too much to ask her," and as it takes two to make a bargain, besides money to pay the parson, my chances are slim at present. As a candidate for the class cup I reckon little Willie, Jr., draws the booby prize.

I have made some speeches, but as they would not look well in print, and have been for the most part mere denials that I owed the bill, I don't believe they fall within the proper class.

Neither do many clubs or orders bear my name upon their rolls, but, nevertheless, my head bears the marks of many a club, and I have taken orders such as these:

"We don't need no loafers here."

"Yes, the servant girl will feed you at the back door."

"No free lunch if you don't buy."

The New York publishers have not sought my volley of poems or accepted any of my fiction, although I always have been strong on fiction, as the class can testify.

Nevertheless, it is pleasant to know that some of the illustrious members of the all-glorious class have contributed something to the literary world, won distinction upon the rostrum, and are now educating '97 juniors in the Princeton spirit.

All hail to those who have done so well and may the gods look down propitiously upon us who are still striving for the world's approbation.

We have made our maiden speech in court. Jayne was first at the bat and swatted the ball nobly, and the

Wilkes-Barre Times

vs.

City of Wilkes-Barre,

Jayne & Reynolds, Attorneys,

stands as the only evidence of our practice at the bar.

All members of the class will find a hearty welcome at Room 47, Bennett Building. W. A. Reynolds.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., April 1, 1901.

JAMES MAURAN RHODES, JR.

Rhodes served with First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry, in Porto Rico. He is a member of the banking firm of C. & H. Borie, of Philadelphia. The panicky times of recent date have rendered it impossible for such an important factor in the financial world to give us as much attention as his usual enthusiasm would lead us to hope. We trust that our loss will prove his gain. This is entirely gratuitous, "Jimmy." The stenographer refuses to wear violets and all others are out of season.

CHARLES GORMAN RICHARDS.

My Dear Pop:—I have nothing very exciting to tell. I am not married, and have not even been able to get any likely game treed, as yet; but am still on the hunt. Looking over some old Alumni Weeklies and noticing the many laurel wreaths that have encircled the noble brows of the men of '97, I can't help regretting that I am unable to add something to the general honors. But it is good just to feel that I may share the distinction of belonging to "the Great and Glorious"—as our modest secretary so often calls the class.

The first year after graduation I taught. In September, '98, I came out to Chicago. Since then I have been here in McCormick Theological Seminary, from which, by the kindness of the faculty, I hope to graduate next May.

With most cordial greetings, believe me, yours in the old-time spirit,

CHARLES GORMAN RICHARDS.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 21, 1901.

OSCAR BERTRAM RIEGEL.

Dear "Pop" Keener:—In writing this letter I feel somewhat like a school boy making his first attempt at letter-writing—I don't know how to begin.

There is no use making any apologies, "Pop." I simply neglected the matter from time to time. Will a promise to do better in the future square it?

To tell you all that transpired since you heard from me last would take too much time. Suffice it to say that I am now practicing law, and so far cannot complain. I am a member of the firm of Riegel & Stover.

The building of a practice is slow, but it is coming nicely. I think our first year's business will amount to about fifteen hundred dollars.

At present we are working on the incorporation of a town. We have several good cases in Circuit or District Court for next October. Oklahoma is all right.

Yours, etc.,

O. B. RIEGEL.

CASHION, OKLAHOMA, April 16, 1901.

THOMAS DUDLEY RIGGS.

My Dear Pop:—If apologies are in order, let me, before trying to give you a brief history of my last four years, offer mine to you for being one of the delinquents.

I was engaged in the early spring of our senior year and was married on the 23d day of June of the same year. One week after our marriage we sailed for Europe from New York on the Hamburg-American Line steamship Normania, and arrived at Southampton without incident. While abroad we visited England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, and traveled extensively through Germany, sailing from Hamburg for home six months after our arrival on foreign soil.

On my return I went to Hartford, Conn., to live and was engaged in the drafting department of the L. E. Rhoades Machine Company. I spent a good deal of time that winter working out the drawings for a combination hydraulic beer pump and organ motor, which has since proved a valuable patent. On the 28th day of April our "class boy" was born. The following year we came to Baltimore to live, and for two years I was engaged in the life insurance business.

On the 1st day of January, 1900, I purchased a 154-acre farm in the Green Spring Valley, a suburb of Baltimore and twelve miles distant.

I raise about everything on my land except those crops which pay, and I have come to the conclusion that the life of a country gentleman is the only true sporting life to lead. My travels in this country have not been extensive. However, I have been as far West as Iowa, and South as far as Georgia, and to Maine in the summer. I have also visited the principal cities of Canada.

I imagine that I have already taken up more than my share of space, so will close, with best wishes for all of you in the future, and hoping to see you in June, I remain,

Most sincerely yours,
T. Dudley Riggs.

Baltimore, Md., March 4, 1901.

HENRY CURTIS ROBB.

My Dear Pop Keener:—You want to know what I have been doing during the last three years and a half. Really, a most extraordinary question for you to ask me, after noting, as I suppose you have done, my answers to your latest list of questions. Nothing, Pop; absolutely nothing at all. I have not been anywhere nor seen anybody, did not take part in the late war, have not held any political office or position of trust, nor, to the best of my knowledge and belief, have I been so much as dreamed of by any man, sane or otherwise, as a possible candidate for either of these honors. I have not made any addresses nor written any books, nor—nor am I married or engaged to be married, nor is there the slightest probability of my marrying or engaging myself to marry for a very long time to come. As we used to say at Princeton, "I have troubles enough of my own."

So you see, Pop, mine is quite a negative character. I really am not one of those who do things. I could never win fame as a fighter, for I am altogether too great a coward, and as for "cutting any ice" in vocations of a more peaceful nature, I fear I am lacking in the necessary keenness of brain. So I am forced to derive what comfort I can from the assurance that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

For in this kind of service I am prepared to meet any demand, however great, my supply being practically inexhaustible.

But to give you the story of my life—the narrative of the things I have not done. A great deal of work, a little play, more or less sleep, and (usually) "three squares" per diem—if you will imagine a monotonous succession of days and weeks and months lived through in some such way as this, why you really have it all. To be sure I have lost a few through sickness, and there has been the annual break of a week or so in the summer for "change and rest." But I suppose that goes along with the work, implicitly. As to the nature of my work I have, for the past three years, been giving my valuable services for a ridiculously small compensation to the Pennsylvania Railroad, not

"working on the railroad" exactly, but working for it, chiefly in a clerical capacity. Of course I am on the high road to the presidency, but just at present I am—yes, I suppose I really am—a clerk. And having brought myself to this confession, I am sure you will agree with me that any further dilation on the subject of my profession would be quite superfluous—if not inexcusable. Occupation of the nature which I have described, while very honest and very necessary and all that, is not apt to be productive of incident of the melodramatic variety. The one redeeming feature about the business is that, taking me, as it does, daily to New York, it is responsible for frequent meetings with different members of '97, who are there engaged in the pursuit of the fleeting dollar. Such chance meetings, together with occasional visits to the Old Town, reminders of happy days gone by, I find to be great promoters of an optimistic spirit, whenever the cares of life seem likely to "o'ertake me." And then I have that other great source of comfort, the Alumni Weekly.

And this, Mr. Secretary, is all that I have to tell you, and I think I can hear you saying, "It's quite enough." I realize fully that such trivialities as I have here recorded can hardly add to the attractiveness of the Record, and I beg to assure you that had I been ruled by my inclinations, not one word of it would I have written. But having received your warning that you would be satisfied with nothing less than a letter from every man in the class, I could do nothing but submit. So here you have the result. Very sincerely yours,

HARRY C. ROBB.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 19, 1901.

WILLIAM MOODY ROBB.

My Dear Keener:—It is with a great deal of hesitation that I start to write a "class letter," for I am afraid that it will prove of very little interest to any one. Yet, realizing that, as a member of '97, the best class that ever graduated from Princeton University, or College, either, for that matter, I have a duty to fulfill in helping swell the number of those who "respond," I will try and tell you what has happened to me since I was put through the car window at the station. By the way, the first seat I found was on my dog "Jack"—remember him, "Pop?" He had been helped through the window ahead of me, and it was so beastly hazy in the car that I could not see him.

Apropos of "Jack." He is a battle-scarred veteran now and spends his time dreaming—mostly of Princeton, I think, for many a time when I have found him sound asleep I have stood near him and started a Princeton cheer. Before I had gotten to the "Tiger" the old dog was running up and down the room and doing his best to say "Princeton."

The summer of '97 I spent in trying to forget that I was never to see the fellows together again—the fellows with whom I had spent the four pleasantest years of my life. I have given up trying to forget that, Pop; it is impossible, for the name Princeton, with all that it signifies,

is to be met at every turn one takes. One morning, in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, I was creeping cautiously toward a lake, in the hope of getting a shot at a deer. I could hear the water splashing as if one were stamping among the lily pads, and just as I peeked through some bushes at the edge of the lake I heard "Here's to Princeton College! drink her down" come floating over the water. They were Prep. School boys, four of them, camping out at the lake.

Again, in New Mexico, I saw the magic name—it was at the "Big Springs" in the middle of the Navajo desert. I had ridden horseback for forty-five miles, with nothing but the never-ending sage brush on every side. Coming to the ruins of an Indian pueblo, I stopped, found the springs, which had been described to me, and, after taking care of my pony, sat down and tried to be happy with the knowledge that when I had traveled forty-five miles more I might be able to get something to eat. Suddenly my pony stopped eating and threw up his head. Away off in the distance I saw a black object moving toward me with the bumpty-bumpty motion of a man on horseback. Hitching a "gun" into position, I assumed the sphinx expression, and watched his approach.

Don't think I am copying this from a dime novel, "Pop"—when you have been "buffaloed," as the saying goes, by some Ute Indians and relieved of everything of value you possess, down to a flannel shirt, you will realize that in some sections of our glorious country it is still necessary to carry a gun and to be able to use it, too. I got that shirt back.

But I digress. When the horseman came to the springs I found he was a mail carrier and had a paper which was only three weeks old. After some persuasion the wrapper of the treasure was broken and one of the first things which met my glance was, "Princeton Beats Yale,"—"Arthur Poe Saves Old Nassau from Defeat." I came near getting shot over that, "Pop," for he thought I was crazy.

Then in the "Big Horn Basin," in Montana, all the old scenes were brought back to me, for I had the privilege of talking about them to a man who is going to send his son there "if it takes every steer on the ranch."

One stormy night I was "riding a bunch of cattle," as they call it, and singing "Tune every heart and every voice" (yes, Pop, *singing* it, for my heart was in every word). The boss of the outfit was riding the other half of the circle. As the storm subsided, the cattle became quieter and we had a chance to talk for a few minutes every once in a while. He wanted to know what "Old Nassau" meant. The next day he awakened me early in the afternoon, and wanted me to tell him again about "how you fellows used to lie around on the range—no, camp-us—and hear them other fellows singing every night." I told him, as no one but a Princeton man can tell a person, how we used to uncover our heads when we sang "Old Nassau" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee." As I told it, involuntarily he raised a hand to a sombrero which had never been touched for any woman. When I brought him

to see that in Princeton,, as in no other university on the face of the earth, "A man's a man for a' that," it cinched him, so to speak, and if a Yale or Harvard man ever strikes that outfit I feel for him. Forget Princeton? I have never been to the dear old place since I graduated, yet not a day passes but I think of our Alma Mater and of the friendships formed at a time when worldly thoughts had no weight.

During the fall and winter of '97 I studied medicine at the College of Physician and Surgeons, in New York City, a branch of Columbia College—Columbia seemed to me to be composed mostly of branches, without an apparent trunk. Being obliged to discontinue my course of study at that institution, I started west in the early summer with the intention of building up my health and, incidentally, a fortune. The health part of it arrived in short order, but the fortune—*Quien sabe?*

Attracted by the seductive tongue of a real estate agent, I wended my way to Joplin, Mo., and invested in a lead mine. I came into Joplin in a palace car, and the following spring went out of Joplin with a team of bronchos and some experience. I was easy, Pop. I know it.

[Stirred by the "Last Appeal," I will try and finish this if I have to stay up all night.]

Arriving at Kansas City, Mo., just in time to pick up a case of typhoid malaria, I spent the next six weeks wondering why in the dickens they were trying to starve me to death instead of letting me die in peace. After bribing the nurse into letting me eat what I wished, strength began to return, and with it the desire to "Go West and grow up with the country." The first of August found me riding for the "Spade" outfit on Laramie Plains, Wyoming.

It was like starting in freshman year all over again. At the start off I had an idea that if a gentle pony were given me I might manage to sit in the saddle for a little while at least. You would have enjoyed watching that first morning. After the usual questions as to whether I had ever ridden horseback and if I thought I could ride a mean pony—both of which were answered in the negative, you may be sure—the foreman told one of the boys to rope the gentlest pony in the bunch and show me how to saddle him. He looked gentle enough—little bit of a stunted buckskin, head to his knees, and eyes all but closed. He acted as nice as could be expected when the saddle was thrown over his back, though I did see him smell and nip at the fellow who was tightening the cinch. At last he was ready, and, no matter what my feelings were, I had to be ready also. Gathering the reins in a blasé manner, I started my foot for the stirrup—so did the pony, and the only reason my ankle was not broken was that the pony reached the stirrup first. This was repeated several times, until I saw it was useless trying to get on that way. Finally, choosing the easiest of about ten thousand ways which I was advised to try, I made a leap and landed across the saddle, head on one side, feet on the other. To my surprise—and relief—the pony stood like a rock; stood until my feet were in the stirrups; still stood when I said, "Get'ap"; stood

still when I said it again. I thought "This is easy"—and it was, until I took some more advice and gave him a dig with the spurs. That was easy, too,—for the pony. He seemed to begin undulating at both ends—the point of contact of those equal and opposite undulations was directly underneath the saddle. The effect was a sore shoulder and a lot of guying from those who had been there before. Unlike the majority of "tenderfeet," I did not "try again and again until the beast was conquered." After the third "down" the fellows informed me that I was a sulphurous fool to try and ride that "outlaw buckskin." I thought so, too, when I learned that he was the "test" pony, used at all the sports in that vicinity. Apropos of "pitching" ponies—I tell you this incident in good faith, Pop, for I believe it to be true: Two men took a contract to break a bunch of horses and, as the custom is, one had his choice the first morning, the next morning his partner took his choice. Such a process naturally leaves the worst until the last and in this case the last was an "outlaw" about six years old. The fellow whose turn it was roped the pony, blindfolded him, and at last got the saddle into position. It took him nearly ten minutes to get into the saddle and then the work began. The pony tried to drag him from his place—you know some of them will reach around and catch a man by the leg, and if he ever loses his seat, unless help comes, he will be trampled to death—tried to roll and all that, but the rider was an old hand at it and met every trick with an effective "counter." At last, having tried everything else, the pony came back to ordinary tactics and did some straight pitching. He would pitch as long as he could, maybe five minutes, then stand like a rock and wait until he had strength and wind enough to go at it again. After an hour of this, both man and horse were nearly used up, but neither would give in,—the same after an hour and a half. Both were bleeding at the nose and mouth. Just an hour and forty minutes after the struggle began, Branson, the rider, drew his gun and shot the pony through the head. The boys picked Branson up and he died while they were carrying him to the ranch house.

After a month of riding in Wyoming I went up into Montana; rode there for about six weeks and then came back to Denver. My next stopping place was Durango, Colorado. I stayed there long enough to get an outfit, and then started on a horseback ride which took me to the Canyon of the Colorado, from there to the petrified forest in Arizona, thence to Albuquerque, New Mexico, across the Navajo desert, up the Animas River, up the San Juan River to Pagora Spring, Colorado, and, after hunting for a while, I came back to take a position offered me in Kansas City. For the usual reasons, it seemed better for me to accept a position in Omaha, and so here I am writing a lot of stuff to you.

It does not seem necessary to make any excuses for the general "flatness" of this letter. I know what a low grade it deserves—yet a fellow who had received as many postal cards as I have would do almost anything, and when I can plainly see that "Pop" is liable to

have a lingering death through heartache unless more of us respond, I think I am justified in sending even this attempt at a class letter.

W. M. Robb.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 2, 1901.

ROBERT FOSTER ROBINSON.

Dear Pop:—Your many requests have been received, though some of them have experienced seasons of wandering. But they all arrived at last, and I thank you for being so persistent. Some of the numerous unnameables from you have been duly filled in and have begun their journey to you by way of the pocket route, where they have remained, through forgetfulness on the part of the responsible agent, until they have become musty by reason of age. Recently I observe you are becoming more economical, and have resorted to the common every-day postal card, and what a message it does bear. Hot? Sizzling! If you are responsible for the composition for such an outrageous attack on the members of '97, who hold you in such high esteem, it is my opinion that on the fifth anniversary those same admiring classmates will gather on some pleasant June evening of '92 and despatch you to keep company with John Brown, via rope and tree, whether the latter be oak, apple, or any old tree. You really ought to be ashamed of yourself, Pop. You are old enough to know better than to insult us in such a public manner. Yet, under pressure, we forgive and forget.

I am studying in the Allegheny Theological Seminary and hope soon to be filling a pastorate.

With best wishes, I am, Yours very truly,

R. Foster Robinson.

Pittsburgh, Pa., April 4, 1901.

EDWARD HERATY RODGERS.

Dear Pop:—I would gladly write you a letter if it was possible for me to do so, but unfortunately I cannot. The truth of the matter is I have neither done anything to either extinguish or distinguish myself since leaving college. I lived on hot air for about six or eight months, and then went into the wholesale tea business with my father and brother. Was married in June, '96, and am now the father of a family, having two fine boys—one four years old last March and the other about five months old. Hope that some day they will be able to do something for Princeton. This is about all I have done, so you see that it would be impossible to write an interesting letter. With best regards, I am, Most sincerely,

E. H. Rodgers.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 13, 1901.

IRVING LIVINGSTON ROE.

Dear Pop:—Your second has arrived, but until this is written and mailed I shall feel too much like a moral wreck to open it.

Since graduation I have been living at home in New York, and man-

aging to spend Sunday in Princeton pretty often, usually without finding much '97 company. And this year, and the year before, I have gone down in the last part of September for a week of my vacation.

I am with the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, at 52 Wall street, and find a goodly '97 representation in that part of the town. F. Sturges has recently come among us, and we are seeking relaxation from our financial responsibilities by playing indoor tennis once a week.

Last summer I went west on a three weeks' flying trip, which included Yellowstone Park, but we were hustling so that I did not get a chance to look anybody up.

I am, of course, a member of the Princeton Club and a subscriber to the Alumni Weekly, which "can't be beat."

We ought to have a good turnout at commencement, for we certainly had a famous time last June.

IRVING L. ROE.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., March 2, 1901.

ALBERT HUNTSMAN ROSENGARTEN.

Rosengarten has wandered into the wild and woolly West and turned cowboy. He vouchsafes the interesting information that he is tired of loafing and is going to work. This comes from a "ranch in Colorado," but the location of it has not been discovered. During the Spanish war he served in Porto Rico with Battery A, Pennsylvania Volunteers. Since that he has studied law at the University of Pennsylvania in spite of athletic memories. He has traveled in the West and in Central America and has at last lost himself on the cattle trails of Colorado.

CHARLES KIRKLAND ROYS.

Dear Pop:—You letter, marked "3d request," reached me in Montreal and warmed the cockles of my heart, although the thermometer registered 18 degrees below zero. This is the first request that has reached me this year, so don't think me altogether forgetful of my duty to the old man.

I have nothing to tell about except a year of medical work, with an occasional week on a Roosevelt Hospital Ambulance to vary the monotony and widen the horizon. This latter is quite enjoyable at times, but you get your cuffs all bloody, and are apt to dream of gruesome sights.

I had a pleasant change in July, taking a wheel through Germany, and a week on foot through the Tyrolese Alps. Coming home I met Buck Thompson and Bobby Wilkins on the steamer, who had been doing Paris for a month or so. The sight of Buck's beaming countenance drove out the seven devils of seasickness that had converted me into a blooming geyser, and I walked the deck, feeling that life was worth living once more.

When I reached home it was "up to me" to take up this traveling

work for the Student Volunteer Movement. I expect to go back next year to finish my medical course at P. & S., and get my degree, if the fates are kind, in 1902.

Remember me to all the old crowd that you meet.

Yours as always,

CHARLES K. ROYS.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1901.

JAMES WOOD RUSLING.

My Dear Keener:—After numerous epistles, headed, 1st notice, 2d notice, 3d notice, and also several postal cards, lavishly embellished with exclamation marks, had reached me, it began to dawn upon me that the words "this means you" were really personal.

It seemed to me that '97 could as easily break all records in future as she had done in the past, and that there was no need for a letter from me. It now seems as if a good many others were thinking the same thing, and that the very fact of our past success was about to invite a break in our glorious career. It gives me pleasure to join the ranks and give most strict attention to that very excellent list of "suggestions":

1. Residence, Trenton, N. J.
2. Unmarried.
3. Names of children, undecided.
4. Member of the Princeton Club of Trenton, the Loyal Legion, Pennsylvania Commandery, and the Philadelphia Stock Exchange.
5. Republican and expansionist, with the greatest belief in the future of our country.

6, 7 and 8. No offices of profit have as yet sought me out, but any member of the class having any such to dispose of will please communicate with me at once.

9. No addresses delivered, but am getting my voice in training by daily practice from 10 to 3 on the Stock Exchange.

10. One journey to Europe, 1898, and one 1899. One to Princeton, June, 1900, to enjoy a magnificent baseball game, together with many other attractions. One to the White Mountains in 1900.

11. Permanent address, Trenton, N. J., or Philadelphia Stock Exchange.

12 and 13. No interesting or blood-curdling experiences to relate. I fear my share of space has already been exceeded.

Trusting that your gentle (?) reminders will make '97 again victorious, I am, Sincerely,

JAMES W. RUSLING.

TRENTON, N. J., April 20, 1901.

HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL.

My Dear Keener:—Happy are the people whose annals are brief, and I am one of them. Three years in Princeton, imitating the hero of Booth Tarkington's first masterpiece—the Senior on the cover of

the "Tiger"—in his struggle for the elusive diploma, and another at home on Long Island, resting by doctor's orders, and trying to recover from the fatigue incident to the first three, composed my experience.

The chief results of the first period are two diplomas, a few published articles, whereof you are already sufficiently informed, and—the second period. Its best feature was that it kept me in the dear old place. A word in explanation of the romantic titles of some of the aforesaid articles. I confess that I took up work relating to Venus of my own free will. But later there came along a new and interesting asteroid, and I rashly started my thesis; and then the discoverer of the thing named it *Eros*. I am really not to blame for that.

Of the second period it need only be said that, while it is not altogether delightful to be laid on the shelf, still, Oyster Bay is a pretty good sort of a shelf, and I am not so flat on my back that I cannot enjoy life.

As for travel, my only trip of any length so far, has been one to North Carolina with the Princeton party, to see last year's eclipse. This statement will not long remain true, however, for in the near future I expect to accompany my mother on a three months' trip to Italy. We sail for Naples on February 2—next Saturday—and shall spend our time there and in Rome. I hope that when we return I shall be on my feet again, and able once more to keep up with the procession.

Hoping that '97 may always head its line, I am,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY NORRIS RUSSELL.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Jan. 31, 1901.

JOSEPH WRIGHT RYLE.

Dear Keener:—My tale is soon told and can fill but a modest space in the Triennial Record. I have been interested in various mechanical contrivances, more or less, since I left college, one of them being a peculiar form of camera, which, though successful, has not yet reached the stage which I want it to attain before I put it on the market. I have traveled about, here and there, at various seasons of the year, and on some of these trips, in fact, on most of them, have met many Princeton men, with some of whom I discussed old times.

Although yours truly has had the opportunity of matrimony thrust before him, he must admit he has not yet succumbed to the charms of the fairer sex. Wouldn't it jar that same fair sex to hear such a statement; but then they do not know how easy they are after all.

You ask a heap of questions for such a short man, but as no disrespect is meant, I will try to answer them.

1. Mail will always reach me at the same old stand.
2. My business is the same as heretofore.
3. Unmarried, and therefore no kids on the scene. Q. E. D.
4. Am a member of several golf and country clubs, a yacht club, the Princeton Club of New York, and the Hamilton Club of Paterson.

5. Always a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, once, twice, and all the time.

6. Have filled so many offices of trust that it would overwhelm you did you hear but a few of them.

7. Have played much golf since leaving college, and was startled to see "Buck" Thompson doing the same. It is the greatest game *à la tapis.*

8. Suggestions? Yes. Shorten this letter as much as you like. And now good bye.

JOSEPH W. RYLE.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 4, '01.

IRA ALLAN SANKEY.

Dear Classmates:—After being called all kinds of —— —— —— —— names by our beloved "Pop," I at last take up my typewriter and drop you a few lines, one and all, both individually and collectively, to let you know what "Sank." has been at the last few years.

Pardon me, gentle reader, if I seem egotistical in an unnecessary degree, but Pop has been so persistent, I can no longer get out of it and still be loyal to the dear old "Great and Glorious"; so, fellows, here goes:

After commencement I guess I did about as much as you other fellows did for the rest of the summer—bummed and loafed and thought of the future. This hard work was done at Eastport, Long Island, and, not feeling equal to the accomplishment of this arduous task, all by myself, I wrote to "Dutch" Gregory to come down and help me. "Dutch" arrived in due course, intending to stay but a couple of weeks. At the end of six weeks "Dutch" was still with us. We had "one or two times," didn't we, Dutch? Ask him if we didn't, when you see him. Then came "Spot" Stahl, and I think "Spot" enjoyed his stay as much as "Dutch" did his. The way "Spot" mixed up the mathematical and scientific method of sailing a boat, with the practical way, was a caution. It's a wonder we were not all drowned. Taking it all in all, it was a great summer.

When college opened in fall, I went back to the dear old place for about five weeks, and just hung around and looked for all you fellows, and thought of the good times we had spent together, which we did not half appreciate until they were all over. It was awfully lonesome and strange, and I was glad to come away.

On Christmas day, 1897, my father told me to get ready to take a trip through Europe and Africa, with my mother and himself. It was short notice, but did I hustle? Well, I guess.

On the 4th day of January, 1898, we left New York on the North German Lloyd S. S. Normania, for parts unknown. On board were some 350 "odd" passengers, among whom there were about 65 girls, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, as near as we could tell from their looks, and only three fellows, including myself. The other two fellows were from Pittsburgh—a Harry Wilson, and his cousin, Pat-

terson. The latter was a cousin of George Patterson, who played second base on '97's great team, Freshman Year.

On the eighth day after leaving New York we sighted Trafalgar on the coast of Spain. The only thing that impressed me, as we slipped by Trafalgar, was a little lighthouse on the shore, and the remark some one made that that was the place where the word "tarif" came from, when another asked him where "Freetradeville" was.

Our first stop was made at Gibraltar. It was nearly dark when we landed, so we did not get very much of an idea of the town itself, but the fort is great. It is an immense mountain all by itself. Reminded me forcibly of an advertisement of the Prudential Life Insurance Co., it looked so natural.

From Gibraltar we proceeded to Genoa, Italy, one of the half dozen birthplaces of Christopher Columbus, passing, on the way, close enough inshore to see the little Kingdom of Monaco, where Monte Carlo is situated. One of the gentlemen on board remarked, as we passed this little island where so much money changes hands every year, that this Island of Monaco was the smallest kingdom in the world. In fact, he said he was so sure of it that he was willing to gamble on it.

At Genoa we went ashore and drove around the town and out to the great cemetery of Campo Santa. There are miles and miles of the finest kind of marble statuary. It seems that, in Genoa, no matter how poor you may be, when you die you must have a marble statute put over your tomb. There is one statue that attracts more attention than any other. It is of an old woman with a basket over her arm and a large pretzel in her hand. The story is that this old woman made a fortune in selling pretzels there in Genoa. On her death-bed, she in some way learned that her relatives were praying that she would hurry up and die, so that they could have her money. Naturally she did not like this, and decided that she would fool them. Sending for the finest sculptor in the city, she ordered him to make a statue of her as she used to look in her working clothes, a basket over her arm and a pretzel as the sign of her business in her hand. She also told him that the work must not cost less than the amount of her whole fortune. It was just like finding money for the sculptor, but to do him justice, he quite outdid himself, for the statue is as lifelike as life, and the pretzel so real that it made me quite hungry, and I longed for the good, old days of Artie Bave and the grill-room. But the tale neglects to state what the poor relatives said when they saw that statue. Probably it wouldn't be printable, anyway.

From Genoa we proceeded down the coast to Naples, where we stopped one evening—only long enough for a few of us to make a short trip through the city and get lost for a couple of hours. It was more like the East Side of New York than anything we have in New York itself. If we only could have run across the Bowery in our wanderings we would have been all right. As it was we only had a couple of fights, and a run for our money, before we found our way back to the docks again.

From the deck of the vessel, Vesuvius could just barely be made out through the blue haze and the darkening twilight, by the glow of the fires on its summit. It looked, as we slipped by in the dark, as though there was a large summer hotel on the top of the mountain and the people were having a big dance, with all the lights in every room lit.

Then the gong sounded for dinner.

We only stayed over night at Alexandria before going on to Cairo, so we did not see much of the town. At Cairo we put up at the far-famed Shepheard's Hotel. Almost the first person I ran across there was Frank Curtis. Frank has good reason to remember Cairo and the subsequent trip to Palestine and Constantinople. Now haven't you, Frank? Ask Mrs. Frank Curtis about it, if you don't believe me.

After bumming around Cairo for a week, we started for a three weeks' trip up the Nile on the S. S. Rameses III. We went ashore each day, to see the ruins of the different temples built thousands and thousands of years ago, and the great tombs of the kings, built when Egypt was in its greatest glory and power. These immense temples and tombs are situated either far out in the desert or high up in the mountains, miles back from the river. The only way of getting to them is by riding on the diminutive donkeys driven by little Egyptian boys who run along behind with clubs. We paid these boys the large sum of fifteen cents a day for their very necessary services, and even then they asked for more.

At Assouan, about 550 miles from the mouth of the Nile, and just below the First Cataract, we stopped for three days before starting on our return journey. It was here I had my first and only swim in the Nile. It was simply great.

On our return to Cairo, we found we needed a rest, so we stayed there for a couple of weeks to recuperate before starting for Palestine. We made several trips to the Pyramids, but I was the only one of our party to climb the Great Pyramid. It's quite a stunt. I also made the trip into the inner chamber. A fat man couldn't get in there to save his life, the passageway is so small and steep.

I wouldn't mind spending a whole winter in Cairo.

From Cairo we took the train for Port Said, and from there we traveled by boat to Jaffa, Palestine. We stayed at Jaffa-Jappa-Japho-Joppa, or any old way you like to spell it, only a few hours before taking the train for Jerusalem. A few hours was quite enough, for it is the dirtiest, filthiest town in the whole world.

At Jerusalem, we stayed for about ten days, three of which were spent on a trip to Jericho, the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. I think I enjoyed those three days the best of any three on the whole trip. I went in swimming in the Dead Sea, and could have stayed in all day—it was so exhilarating. You can't quite walk on the water, but you can come pretty near it. Anyway, you can't wade out of your depth, for when the water comes up to your chest your feet begin to come up, and you either have to swim or float.

The rest of the time at Jerusalem was spent in visiting Bethlehem,

Bethany, the Mount of Olives, Mosque of Omar, Tombs of the Kings, Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jews' Wailing Place, and a thousand other places of biblical interest. It was all awfully interesting, but they tell you such great tales about every place you visit—and then expect you to believe them, and get mad if you don't—that it takes half the pleasure away. I have often thought what a fine "Dragoman" or guide, "Bill" Reynolds would make out there.

From Jerusalem we returned to Jaffa, and from there proceeded by boat to Beirût.

At Beirût we visited the American College, where W. M. Post and Fred Jessup are studying. I didn't see Post, as he had a class away off somewhere else at the time I was there, but I saw Jessup. He was teaching a class of little Turks to read English, the morning I called on him. He looked terribly learned and severe, sitting there in front of them, when I came into the room, but a more surprised man than he was, when he recognized me, I have never seen. He dismissed the class, and we had a good talk of old times. He said he liked it well enough, but it got kind of lonesome at times. He wanted to be remembered to all of you fellows.

We stayed at Beirût only a few hours, and then sailed for Constantinople, stopping on the way at Smyrna and the Island of Samos.

We arrived at Constantinople in a blinding snow storm, with the wind blowing sixty miles an hour. I had no passport, and had to bluff in on my uncle's, he handing it to me behind his back after he was examined. While the officer who examined the passports was reading the one I handed him, I shoved up close, and when I thought he had about reached the age clause, I "accidentally" stepped on his foot in the snow. Of course he swore at me in Turkish, and I, of course, scowled at the crowd around us in turn. You see I may look old, but I hardly look forty-seven, so I had to do something to attract or rather distract his attention. The distracting process must have been done pretty thoroughly, for he let me through without a word (that I could understand), and thus saved us all endless trouble. I don't think anything in the world is hated as much as the Turks hate Americans, cameras and newspapers.

In Constantinople we spent about a week, seeing all there was to be seen and a few other things. We were invited, together with the other American tourists then in the city, to the diplomatic department of the royal palace, from the windows of which we witnessed the ceremony of the Selimlik, when the Sultan drives in his carriage some 150 yards, between his thousands of cheering soldiers, to the mosque where he worships every Friday. I nearly got myself into trouble by trying to take a picture of "His Nibs" as he passed our window. One of the soldiers objected, so I thought I had better quit.

A good deal of our time was spent, while in this wonderful city, in tripping over the dogs that lay around on the sidewalks and in the street. The old fable about the dogs running Constantinople is no fable at all—it's too true. The dogs do own the town. You must never

make a dog get up when he's lying across your path. Either step over him or go round. Never kick him in the slats, much as you may want to, for the Turks will murder you if you do. You often see dogs blocking the traffic of a whole street. Great place, Constantinople.

From Constantinople to Athens was one of the nicest voyages on the whole trip—warm weather, blue skies and jolly companions. We arrived at Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, about five o'clock in the afternoon, and drove the five miles to the city in carriages.

If I ever want to live out of the United States, I'll surely choose Athens for that place. I never spent a more enjoyable two weeks anywhere than I did in that city. The first place I wanted to see was the Acropolis, and there was not a day during our whole stay that I did not spend anywhere from six to eight hours there. I saw sunrises from the Temple of the Six Virgins, sunsets from the Temple of Winged Victory, moonlight in the Parthenon, and about everything else—it was simply fine.

They never forgot that throw of the discus by "Bob" Garrett at the Olympic Games at Athens. The first thing our new courier asked us when he saw we were Americans was: "Do you know Garrett, the American discus thrower?" My! how I swelled up with pride when I told him I was in the same class in the same college as Garrett. Good work, Bob! You beat them at their own game, and they will never forget you or us.

From Athens we journeyed by land and by sea to Brindisi, and from there by rail back to Naples once more. A week in Naples was taken up by visits to Mount Vesuvius, Pompeii, Capri, Sorrento, and the great National Museum. I could writes pages on Vesuvius and Pompeii, I enjoyed them so much; but I won't, thus sparing you all needless agony. I'm very much afraid I have taxed your endurance enough as it is, so will hurry on.

From Naples we proceeded to Rome, where we stayed about ten days. Rome has lots of places of interest for the traveler as well as the historian, and I suppose we saw them all, but sightseeing was beginning to pall on us.

Easter Sunday was only a few days away, and consequently the hotels and the city were crowded with people of all sorts and conditions. We had seen enough, so we thought we would run up to Florence and spend Easter in peace and quiet. After a few days of walking through the miles and miles of art galleries and wandering about the queer old town, we continued on to Venice.

We only stayed a day at Venice, but it was a day well spent. We saw everything, from the Bridge of Sighs and the Doge's Palace to the glass and lace factories. It was all too hurried to suit me. I would like to have stayed a month. What amused me most was the fact that there was no way of getting from the station to the hotel, or from the hotel to any where, except by calling a gondola. Over here, if you haven't the price of a cab or even the trolley, you can at least walk, but there it's either pay the boatman his fare or swim. I don't think a bicycle store or a riding academy would thrive there.

Verona, Milan and Geneva were visited in turn, but by this time it was nearly summer, so we hurried north to Paris.

The rest of our party seemed to like Paris much better than I did, for after staying there a week I got tired and started off for England by myself, intending to meet them later at Southampton, the day the steamer left for New York.

My! but it seemed good to hear English spoken once more, after all the "gib-gab" we had heard on our travels, and also to be able to get news of the war; but I longed to get back to good old U. S. of A. again, and go to war myself, if needed. We were in Constantinople when we first got news of the sinking of the "Maine," and often I paid half a dollar for a Paris edition of the New York *Herald,* we were so anxious for news of the impending war with Spain.

It was like being left a lot of money to be back in New York once more, and you never appreciate our own country the way it should be appreciated until you have been away from it for a while. I tell you, fellows, this is "God's country," and no mistake.

During the trip I took about 800 pictures, and the summer after our return was spent in making up books of pictures for a number of the people who were on the trip with us.

In the fall of '98 I went to work with the Biglow and Main Co., 135 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and since then have gradually drifted into the phonograph business as a side line.

If any of you fellows are in town any time, drop in and see me at 53 East 11th Street, where we have our laboratory, and I'll show you how we make the real thing in the record line. "Bab" Hill has been there, and sang us his old "Turn-key" song, and it came out splendidly. I have the record at home, and those who have heard it, say it is perfect.

Last summer "Dutch" Gregory, "Pigeon" Wren and "Chippy" Kent visited us for a while at our country cottage, at Eastport, L. I., and, as my wife had some of her girl friends visiting us at the same time, we managed to have a pretty good time. I think the summer left us with the impression that both "Dutch" and "Pigeon" had capitulated without a struggle to the allurements of one and the same young lady. Ask them if it's so when you see them, but, for heaven's sake, don't tell them I told you.

The date of my engagement, and subsequent marriage to "the dearest little woman in the world" will be found elsewhere, as will the date of the birth of my little daughter, "Hope."

If any of you fellows happen to be in the city at any time I do wish you would come over to my house, 369 Park Place, Brooklyn, and see me. I would like to introduce you, one and all, to Mrs. Sankey, and show you the sweetest, pinkest little baby that ever was. Incidentally, have a game of pool and anything else you might want.

I've just got a telegram from "Pop" to hurry this along, so with best wishes to you all, and hoping we will soon meet again, I remain, now and always,

Your classmate and sincere friend,

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., May 1, '01. "SANK."

JOSEPH SAWYER, JR.

My Dear Keener:—Your gentle reminder of the 12th is before me, and I hasten to reply.

I have spent most of the past year in the West and Northwest, mining in Arizona during November, December, January, February and March, of last year, returning to New York in March. I left for Nome, Alaska, last May, and returned in November, stayed here about a month and then went to Seattle and San Francisco, returning from there the last of January. Saw Morgan Smith, '97, at the Palace Hotel, 'Frisco, and had a little dinner or two with him.

I am interested in a number of mining claims in Nome, and shall return thither the last of May, to be gone until November.

Am not married yet, and don't expect to be, for a while, anyway.

Well, old man, take care of yourself, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

JOS. SAWYER, JR.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Feb. 26, '01.

ROBERT DALZELL SCHOONMAKER.

Dear Classmates:—"Pop" has requested me to lay aside my garb of a private citizen and pose, for a little while, in the rôle of a public character—in other words, to give to the world, or the class of '97, which is the same thing, through the medium of written language, a résumé of my adventures, various and sundry, since I was shoved through a car window by certain teary members of the "Great and Glorious," one day in the month of June, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. I obey, and, for the nonce rise out of oblivion.

Since Commencement very little has happened to me which would be of interest to you. The major portion of the three years which have elapsed since that momentous event has been spent at Princeton Seminary, in frantic efforts to have my name enrolled on the records of the "Society of the Great Unwashed." (Term used with permission of copyright owner, C. K. Roys.) The minor portion has been whiled away in a judicious series of loafs. Just what my future will be is at present somewhat hazy; therefore the less said about it the better.

With the wish for all you fellows of as great success in life, as we attained while in college as a class, I lay aside the rôle.

Your friend,

ROBT. DALZELL SCHOONMAKER.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 24, '01.

EDWIN HOWARD SCOTT.

My Dear Keener:—Perhaps it was for the purpose of seeing if the "old man's" patience had quite run out, that I waited for the second summons; or perhaps I waited till Christmas, thinking that a letter from any one of his straying sheep would fill his heart with the spirit of the season. I guess it was the latter, for surely every '97 man would fall over himself to add even a drop to Pop's cup of happiness.

Well, my career has been uneventful. The first two years after graduation was spent in resting and in contemplating the glorious days. And some of the time, I hope, I put to good use in singing (?) Princeton's praises. Two years ago I was chosen principal of the High School at Plymouth, and, since that time, have been endeavoring to hold my job. There's little excitement or fun in such a job.

I haven't wandered, except in imagination, over any considerable portion of the earth. A summer spent in the South (nice place to spend a summer) constitutes the most extensive trip. Even in North Carolina I found the fame of Princeton.

Don't you think "Pop's letter bears an unfortunate date—Nov. 11, 1900? May it stand forever accursed in the calendar—even if it is my birthday. Well, yesterday I learned there's no use to despair. I met, in Wilkes-Barre, an athletic sophomore, who told me all about it. In his words this spring's baseball team is going to throw some of the records of the famous Bostons into the shade. And next year, of course, Princeton will have the only football team worthy the name. I forget what reason he gave for the disaster of the season. That old spirit is there, and while it is there, doubt as to the future is absurd.

Well, "Pop," in that wonderful book of yours, my letter ought not to take up too much space, so I'll bring this to a close, regretting that my doings are so commonplace, and wishing to every member of our university's first class the greatest possible success.

Yours, with the "old-time spirit,"

EDWIN H. SCOTT.

PLYMOUTH, PA., Dec. 23, 1900.

CLARENCE MILLS SEYMOUR.

Seymour seems to be lost to the world. No news of him has been received for over four years. Notwithstanding this dearth of information, the secretary feels no apprehension as to his safety, being well assured that his sublime self-poise will keep him right side up in any situation.

WALTER ALLEN SEYMOUR.

Dear Pop:—Your postals of frantic appeal irritated a guilty conscience to a feeling of annoyance; but your final prayer swept away the last vestige of laziness, and has caused me to try to oblige you with some sort of a letter.

My reluctance to undertake the task arose more from not knowing what to say than from the task itself. Your job, I know, is a hard one, and seems thankless, too, when you think of the rest of us only needing to take a few moments' time and thought to comply with your just and expected demands. However, we, too, have our side. The high standard you have desired frightens us, and we pray for an inspiration of wit and imagination to transform the prosaic past into something

which will interest and amuse those who are to peruse our efforts. No doubt, with this in view, you will readily see with what hesitancy the "class letter" is approached, and how poor and mean our little scrawl seems when compared with what we would like to have done. This little explanation and excuse having deferred as long as possible the real business of writing my "class letter," that is still before me, and something must be done, I suppose.

Owing to stress of circumstances, it has been my lot to get back to the dear old college only once since we all parted in that beautiful June four years ago. So I have not kept in touch with the fellows as I would like to have done, to which end the yearly reunions so greatly aid; however, in the future I intend to change that, if possible. It is a wonderful bond which connects all Princeton men, and it tightens as we leave our college days further behind us. Traveling through West Virginia this fall I met a "ninety-eight" man, unknown to me at college, and in the easy conversation of the smoking-room, we each discovered that the other was a Princeton man. At once we were friends with a wealth of recollections for furthering our acquaintance. So it always is; a fellow Princeton man met haphazard, is a friend and can have the best one can give.

The summer of ninety-eight I spent, as did many classmates, helping, each his mite, to free Cuba; so that Congress could amuse itself annexing it, as speedily and legally as possible. Fortunately for me my lines were cast in pleasant places, for I went to the Philippines, of the existence of which I was but dimly aware before the beginning of the late unpleasantness: so I had a chance to see that country.

Going over on the transport we used to talk and joke about what we would loot, and we decided to spare no churches, for we had inflated ideas of the hoards of gold and jewels we should find. However, most of the wealth of the church consisted of land; if they had any stores of gems, they were not on exhibition, and, anyhow, everything not nailed down had a sentry over it.

We had many college men in the battery, among them Joe Beacham, captain of the Cornell baseball and football teams, who was my sergeant. Afterward he was promoted to first sergeant and recommended for a commission for bravery on the field of battle. He was one of three recommended at that time for bravery, one of the others being Sergeant Burdick, a Brown man, also of our battery. Beacham accepted his lieutenancy, and is now serving in Cuba with the Eighteenth Infantry.

Among the Princeton men I met out there were Lane, '87, of the First California; the Coulters, of the Tenth Pennsylvania, whose regiment did splendidly; and "Count" de Montalvo, of the Utah Battery—which also did fine work. At the time I called on him he was detailed as interpreter to General Otis, and was sitting at a table in the coolest corner of the inside balcony of the palace, clothed in spotless white duck, translating some regulations or other, which seemed as easy to him as the Spanish exercises he did for the fellows at college.

Since my return I have been nowhere, and done nothing to interest any one but myself, so I will close now with a hope to see you and all the boys in June.

Yours sincerely,

W. A. Seymour.

Flushing, L. I., April 10, '01.

FREDERICK VAN VLIET SHAW.

Shaw is another timid youth whose modesty interferes with his letter-writing. A reference to the First Record, in which he gives such an interesting account of his thrilling experience at San Juan hill, gives proof positive that this misdirected modesty deprives the class of further pleasure. He has "stuck to the law" ever since that "trifling argument" with the Spanish government.

LEANDER HOWARD SHEARER.

Dear Pop:—It is always delightful to receive one of your cheering letters. You should not neglect to make the very most of that marked talent which you possess. Write as often as possible and change the subject matter whenever convenient. I am very sorry I cannot reciprocate with letters of like brilliancy and humor. However, after a few more months' work at medical college, I shall be ready, and able too, I hope, to render medical service to any who may seek for it. If ever you overtax your rugged constitution, come in and see me, and I will do my best to patch it up for you.

The autobiography of my *graduate* life is quickly told. With seven other '97 men I have spent three years of constant and interesting work at The College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York City.

A very small portion of each of these three years I have fortunately been able to spend at Princeton, under the auspices of the class secretary.

These class reunions mark the beginning and the end of each year of *graduate* life—the college man's new year—a time for celebration, congratulation, reminiscence, and, perhaps, for resolutions too.

No man in the class of '97 would willingly miss the stimulus and pleasure which such occasions bring. Nothing else eventful, I regret to say, has marked my career. I hope this letter may find you in the best of health, and that its very sudden appearance may not be a shock to your nervous system.

Ever your friend and classmate,

Leander Howard Shearer.

New York City, April 25, '01.

EDWIN SHORTZ, JR.

My Dear Secretary:—I acknowledge that I am provokingly remiss in the sending of this epistle, but the fact of the matter is that I am "more to be pitied than censured," for I have tried several times to compose something that would be intelligible English, and, at the same

time, be conducive to the edification of the class, but all my efforts have seemed hopeless, and the only excuse for sending this is my conviction that every one of us should contribute his mite to the Record.

Since you last heard from me, I have traveled a great deal—but not far; most of my pilgrimages having been made between Wilkes-Barre and Moosic, Pa. I have neither faced the terrors of the Chilcoot Pass nor bearded the elusive bolo-man in his lair; so any accounts of my travels, I fear, would be about as exciting as an expurgated edition of Calderwood's Psychology.

However, I observe with increasing apprehension that deeds of chivalry and daring no longer find favor in the eyes of mankind, as was the case in the last century. This age of horseless carriages and henless eggs has a tendency to knock all of the romance out of life. Our great warriors can no longer get into print by dashing up and sticking their heads in the mouths of cannon. The only way to do it now is to go out West and get treed by a pack of coyotes, or else allow your beard to grow until the election of Byran. Great statesmen are no longer noticed for the parts they play in bringing about international treaties, but if they go South and knock the feathers out of a few canvas-backs the newspapers get out extra editions and print pictures of their wives and children. But as such is the lamentable state of affairs, I will risk telling of a peculiar hunting expedition in which I took part.

Two summers ago I was employed on an engineer corps constructing a large masonry dam on a stream of water known as Mill Creek. How it got its name I am not sure, for we never ran across any mills in the course of our wanderings, but I believe that years ago there had been one in its vicinity, which was stopped in the first round by the police. About a mile from our camp, up the creek, was a quarry, from which stone had been taken for the construction of the dam, but which had not been worked for about a year. One very hot morning a workman, who had been sent to the quarry for some old iron, returned with two rattlesnakes, and reported that the place was full of the reptiles. I had long wished to secure some skins of these animals, and, in the afternoon, another young fellow and myself started out on a hunting expedition armed with hickory sticks about four feet long. We had to do some tall climbing up the side of a mountain, and the torrid condition of the weather would have made any Turkish bath look pale. Before that day I had never seen a rattlesnake loose in the woods, nor heard one rattle, so every time one of those flying grasshoppers buzzed through the air I would jump and look all around me before proceeding. T greatly amused my companion, who delivered himself of sundry jocular remarks at my expense. However, I got even with him by insinuating that his superior training in woodcraft eminently qualified him to take the lead on that occasion, so we changed places.

Just before arriving at the quarry we had to walk through a patch of huckleberry bushes, which reached nearly to our knees, and obstructed our view of the ground. In traversing this place I walked very

daintily on my tip toes, and took very long and deliberate strides, at the same time experiencing the unique and delightful sensation of perspiration rolling down my face and cold chills rolling up my back.

Then we reached the quarry—a large clearing in which were scattered many stones of all sizes, some of them grown over with fern and huckleberry bushes. My companion, whom I will call Jim for convenience, proceeded into the clearing about ten feet in advance of me, but had not taken more than five steps when we were both stopped by a quick, dry rattling sound in a clump of bushes, which he had already passed, and which lay between us. I had never heard this sound before, but it was unnecessary for me to consult a Century dictionary to ascertain the meaning of it. Jim, without waiting to learn my views on the proper method of strategic procedure to be employed in such an emergency, immediately poked his stick into the bushes: whereupon a large specimen of the *crotalus horridus* came wriggling slowly in my direction with his ugly head raised slightly from the ground and his opposite end rattling like the bell of a block-signal system. Jim now appointed himself professional coach, and exhorted me to "nail 'im." However, I refrained from so cruel an act, just then, as I had a kind of instinctive feeling that any overtures of a belligerent nature on my part might not be taken by the rattler in a sportsmanlike spirit. Then, too, the rattling process had in some way been communicated to me, and I was afraid of making a bad shot and spoiling the skin. Another matter which may have, in some slight measure, influenced my decision was a hasty mental calculation of his length, placing it at about eight feet, not counting the curves. This estimate I later found to be erroneous, as he measured not quite four feet, and was not a *he* at all.

The snake, therefore, paid not the slightest attention to me, but glided deliberately under a large flat stone which lay directly in front of me. Jim, after waiting a moment to metaphorically cast a few roses at my feet and moisten his palms by a method common to those who win their daily bread by the sweat of the brow, proceeded to pry up the stone, using his cudgel as a lever. The rattling, which had stopped for a moment (probably to replace a worn out battery), now started up again with the loud pedal on. Jim soon lifted the stone and held it up, throwing a smaller one under it, and then began to poke the snake with his stick. There followed some thrashing about under the stone, accompanied by fierce rattling, then the snake ran out, and in my direction again. But this time I had him spotted, and landed heavily upon his low but intellectual forehead. He rang off immediately and lay still. We were therefore greatly surprised to hear more rattles proceeding from under the same stone. More poking with our sticks dislodged another reptile, which was dispatched by my companion. But the rattling still kept on, and by peering under the stone we could see another snake, somewhat smaller than the first two. This one refused to come out, but was in a great rage, rattling furiously and striking at our sticks. Finally he did sally forth, but was so quick that he got off among some small stones and disappeared before we could stop him.

We now noticed a peculiar, musty smell in the air, which often serves to warn one of the presence of rattlesnakes. I have heard many people assert that this odor is very similar to that of cucumbers, but it seems to me that individuals possessed of such elastic imaginations might just as well give them an extra stretch and then swear it is more like violets or orange blossoms. The plain truth of the matter is that one can obtain an excellent imitation of it by sticking his head into a small shed occupied by a family of goats. Jim, whose warlike spirit was now thoroughly aroused, was for proceeding with fire and sword, so to speak, into the heart of the quarry. As it had become exceedingly hot, and as our legs were unprotected, I recommended a cessation of hostilities for that day, and we went back to camp with our snakes, which proved to be very beautiful females, each having secreted upon her person about eight eggs.

After that day I encountered rattlers in the woods on a number of occasions, and every time they warned me of danger before I saw them. I have a respect for the fair spirit they show in fighting, and have composed the following verses in honor of the species.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

Th' rattlesnake air much abused,
And don't deserve it nuther;
To hear some town folks talk an' blow,
You'd think they'd dern sight ruther
Run up agin most anything
What bites er claws, er has a sting,
So when they come up here they bring
Some kind o' grog er other.

Fact is th' rattler's jist 'bout right;
He never does no fightin'
Onless somebody stirs him up
An' makes him do his bitin'.
If folks 'ud only let him be,
He'd stay right with his family,
Round some old rock, er stump, er tree,
In quietude delightin'.

Now then you take most any *man*
What's mad, er in a flurry,
He's apt to act in some mean way,
Thet later gives him worry.
But rattlers never is so low
As not to warn a guileless foe,
They always make that rattle go,
No matter what's the hurry.

Yours truly,

WILKES-BARRE, PA., Jan. 29, '01. ED. SHORTZ.

WILLIAM WEEKS SILVEY.

Dear Pop:—Inclosed please find a blank, which I have filled out in such a manner that I trust it may aid you in the making up of the book.

A letter is, I think, rather out of the question just now, as I fear that I could not make it interesting enough to be worthy of space.

Probably I have been as "long" of vicissitudes as the "Vizier of the Two-horned Alexander," but mine must, like his, wait to be confidentially told; so please to wait until some time when I have you alone.

Sincerely,

W. W. Silvey.

East Orange, N. J., April 10, 1901.

SAMUEL SMALL, JR.

Small is another of the incorrigibles, absolutely refusing to give a word of information about himself. He is known to be rusticating on the banks of the historic Codorus and incidentally engaged in mercantile pursuits.

FREDERICK LORENZE SMITH.

Fred's retiring disposition is the cause of much trouble and anxiety to the secretary. The Pinkerton agency long ago gave up the job of finding him, and even the special Sherlock Holmes system has acknowledged defeat. He was seen in Princeton one day in April with the Fordham College baseball team, but, before he could be buttonholed, he disappeared and covered his retreat with such skill that specially trained bloodhounds failed to locate the trail. He has spent most of his time since graduation in training and coaching various prominent college teams.

JAMES MORGAN SMITH.

No word has been received from Smith since '98. In a roundabout way the secretary learns that he was lately seen in San Francisco, wending his way towards the Klondike. Let us hope that there he will find a new El Dorado.

JAMES SMITHAM.

My Dear Classmate:—I received your letter to-day, containing the information that I am a delinquent. Some time ago I answered a list of printed questions forwarded by you. It was my impression then that those answers would make up the Record, although it strikes me, now, the reading would be somewhat dry if confined to them alone.

Since leaving Princeton I have confined my work to legal matters. I took law at Harvard, and after studying in the law office of Bertolette & Barber, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., I was admitted, and am at present practicing at the Carbon County Bar. I don't know, "Pop," whether the foregoing is the kind of stuff you want or not. There are too many I's in it to suit me.

I read in to-day's paper that Lafayette's basketball team defeated Princeton last night. Cornell was bad enough; but Lafayette makes me extremely weary. Sincerely yours,

JAMES SMITHAM.

MAUCH CHUNK, PA., March 7, 1901.

NATHAN SMITH SMYSER.

Dear Pop:—There is very little to tell in my case, as it has been largely a repetition of the same story, viz., "plugging away" at the law. I started in to study law at my old home, Fort Wayne, Ind., in the law office of Barrett & Morris. Mr. Morris is a Princeton '73 man. I stayed in that office until December, 1898, when I came to the "Windy City" and entered the law firm of Wilber, Eldridge & Alden, which firm was succeeded by the firm of Alden, Latham & Young in September, 1899. I have been with this latter firm ever since that time. I took my examinations for admission to the bar in October, 1900, and passed them successfully, so I am now a full-fledged attorney-at-law. I was very sorry that circumstances would not permit me to join the fellows at our Triennial Reunion, in June last. We have a flourishing, informal organization of the '97 Princeton men in Chicago, and have had as many as ten men present. We meet on an average of once a month. This brings us about as close to our dear old Alma Mater as anything could.

Pop, you certainly are to be congratulated on the way you have held our class together, and the way you have patiently kept after the delinquent ones. You shall have your reward. What more can I say than that I hope your success in the future will be equal to that of the past. With best wishes for *your* success in all your undertakings, as well as for *every member* of the dear old class, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

NATHAN S. SMYSER.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 30, 1901.

RICHARD BRIGGS SMYTH.

Dear Pop:—Peccavi! I have come to a realization of my faults, since the receipt of a most strenuous letter from our president, and promptly proceed to give you "the story of my life."

I was admitted to the bar of South Carolina in May, 1900, and since then have spent all my time, and my overflowing Southern energy, in the practice of the noble profession of law, with more or less success.

Little has happened to me in the way of news, and I am at a loss how to write a letter that will interest the rest of my class. I have a visit, once in a while, from some "old grad," and receive rather than give news.

I find so little news in the Princetonian about the class—why is that? Won't the fellows send you items of interest? Or is the rest of the class in the same condition of "innocuous desuetude" that I am in?

I know this is not the kind of letter you want, but I have nothing else to tell about myself, and that is the whole story.

Most seriously yours,

RICHARD B. SMYTH.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 1, 1901.

CHARLES EDWARD SPEER, JR.

The last message from Speer promises that he "will write in a few days." The non-arrival of his letter argues that in Pittsburgh the days are uncommonly long. He is engaged in the banking business and it is rumored that he is in a fair way to become a Pittsburgh edition of the Rothschilds.

SELDEN SPENCER.

Dear Pop:—My life since college has not been a very eventful one, but I shall briefly give you some idea of what I have been doing during that time. In the fall of '97 Francis Lane and I started in the second year of the Missouri Medical College, having received credit for medical work done at Princeton, with the understanding that we were to make up some back work. We made up our work during the year, and, in the summer vacation, I took some courses at the University of Edinburgh, in Scotland.

In the spring of '99 Lane and I graduated from the Missouri Medical College in the last three-year class graduated from that institution, which is now the Medical Department of the Washington University. After my graduation from college I received an appointment to fill out an unexpired term as interne in the St. Louis City Hospital. In June my term expired and I managed to get East to our second annual reunion. That summer I remained in St. Louis, doing clinical work, and during the next winter I received another St. Louis City Hospital appointment. My second term also expired in June, and this time I got East to our great Triennial Reunion. This fall I came on to Norm Reeves' wedding, but didn't get to Princeton, though I saw a good many of the fellows. On my way to Europe I spent a week in the East and managed to get down to *that Yale game.*

I sailed from New York on the steamer Westernland on the 21st day of November, and landed in Antwerp on December 2, after a rather rough voyage. From Antwerp I came almost direct to Berlin, and have remained here ever since. studying medicine and wrestling with the German language, especially the latter.

On New Year's evening I went out to see the excitement, and was walking down Unter den Linden, when some one slapped me on the back and said, "Well, 'Father' Spencer, what are you doing here?" I turned around and, to my surprise and joy, saw old "Eddy" Elliott. After Eddy and I had had a good little talk, with sufficient explanations, he informed me that there was to be a reunion the next night of the Princeton men in Berlin. I had known of only one Princeton man's being in Berlin and I was very much surprised, but greatly

overjoyed to get that news. Well, to cut the story short, we had our reunion and it was a grand success. There are eight men here from Princeton, but one was not present at that gathering, so we were seven—two of us from '93, and one each from Seminary '97, and College '94, '96, '98 and '99. Ninety-seven, as is ever the case, was in the majority. We got a small room to ourselves, in one of the restaurants here, and we stayed there till far into next morning. We talked over the old days and sang the old songs, and again and again those old walls echoed and re-echoed our "triples." We closed with "Old Nassau," and we resolved that this should not be our last meeting. I wouldn't have dreamed or hoped for such a Princeton reunion over here.

Well, that brings me up to date, but I shall close with a few words about my intentions. I expect to stay in Berlin about six months, and, after doing a little general medical work, I intend to pay special attention to the ear and the nose. I expect to go to Vienna for a while, and perhaps to Paris and London. After a year's work in this part of the world, I expect to go back to St. Louis and assist my father in his office.

Well, I must close, for I am a little rushed and I am afraid that this may not reach you in time. I hope, though, that it will. I am, as ever,

Yours faithfully,

FATHER SPENCER.

BERLIN, GERMANY, Jan. 31, 1901.

NICHOLAS STAHL.

Dear Fellows:—"Pop" wrote in November. I reply in February. Some of you have written already. You're to be congratulated, either because your ability to stand "hot air" is great, or because you haven't so much of it as those who, three times a day, frugally "replenish the inner man" in company with our festive and frivolous "Pop." Thrice three times a day I learn that I ought to have written long ago. I know it. I make no excuse. I merely ask under the circumstances to be "pitied rather than censured."

Notwithstanding all your smiles, we who know it, claim that life in Lawrenceville is "strenuous"—it couldn't be otherwise, when Pop sets the pace—early mornings and late nights and sufficient filling for a healthy weariness of the flesh.

But there *are* compensations; we get regular arc-light gleams from the sidelights of our secretary's character. He was, to us, in our undergraduate guilelessness, a man unknown. Few of you, I fancy, have had the pleasure of learning that our secretary's quickest way of commanding—from the land of dreams—your attention and profanity is by the gentle propulsion you-ward of a suit-case, dumbbell or two, not to say shoes and pillows.

Nor would you have believed him capable of beguiling an unsuspecting youth from the classic shades of Harvard into the mad, mysterious maelstrom of Philadelphia wickedness. It is well understood here that the people of Pennsylvania are now rejoicing in the senatorship of his

fast friend, Colonel Quay, largely through our little "Pop's" ardent labors in his behalf.

This next is something I think you ought to know: As a teacher he is not a success. So little so that many educators in Trenton were anxious to rid our school of such an incubus, by making him principal of the High School. But—he is with us still! Amen!

Tyler—as in the old days—is *of* us, but not *with* us. And I haven't heard of his offering any of his old-time dentist certificates for his absence from town. You knew "Ty"; we see A. Clinton Tyler, A.B. (Princeton), spectacled, muustachioed, thinned to 218, stern and severe. He used to be somewhat of a Princeton enthusiast; he is still. He often orders 50-cent tiger chromos and rejoices to find them $7 etchings.

My fellowship year at Princeton landed me here in Lawrenceville, after a summer's work at Harvard, where I gained a sufficiency of the broadening culture of a great university to offset the narrowing influences of a country college. Two years passed *very* pleasantly with masters and boys in the Davis House and my time most generously devoted to anything no one else found sufficiently alluring. Then something went wrong and when the smoke cleared away I found myself in the Hamill House, teaching just science.

My foreign travels are limited to the delightful summer just passed, canoeing through the Kawarthagamihigawagamog Lakes with Moment and Hamilton, '96, and our elfish friend Tyler. Tyler's head would sometimes fill with the excitement of the occasion, and the enthusiasm of the nonce, and he would gravely declare that he didn't "believe the Lord ever made a rapids"—he wasn't so sure about waterfalls—"that he couldn't shoot successfully, if he only had a paddle strong enough." His further remarks about finding some one able to steer a canoe are personal, and therefore uninteresting.

I have always greatly respected a man contemplating marriage, and have even thought I should like to try it, if only I were sure, in my faintheartedness, how it would turn out. But evidently the strain of anticipation is tremendous. Tyler is wan at 218 and Keener scarce casts a shadow at 187; nervous preoccupation and habitual absence from town indicate an alarming state of mental tension. If so the strong are affected, what would a weakling do? But if the truth must be told, I fear I have loved "not wisely, but too many." I am the Undesired.

In "offices of honor" I loll too seldom; but those of "trust" my numerous debts make a pressing necessity. I do, however, belong to the Nassau Club, Princeton, and the Princeton Club, Philadelphia.

Politically, I went with the crowd last November, but I hate Quay because Keener loves him. And just in this connection, let me warn you, classmates all, that our wily secretary brusquely refused Jack Williams' generous offer to write an authentic and unbiased biography of our president and secretary, and told him, moreover, that he'd cut out of any letter any allusion to himself, for *it wasn't true!* I have a pull with the printer, so I hope to escape the censor.

Fellows, no one could enjoy more than I our good old reunions, the return to the old campus, and another sight of you again, each and every one. Some of you at times are hereabouts, in your ignorance not knowing whom to do or how to do them. My latch string is always on *your* side and it will give us Laurentians great pleasure to have you pull it hard and often. In '97 we never wore our hearts on our coatsleeves, but you know, fellows, how much it means when I write,

Yours for '97, N. STAHL.

LAWERNCEVILLE, N. J., Feb. 18, 1901.

EDWIN McMASTER STANTON.

"Eddie" tackled the University of Pennsylvania law course and extracted therefrom the right to practice upon the unprotected public of the Keystone State. Finding Philadelphia too slow for his energetic nature, he sought for a stage better suited to the display of his talents. Pittsburgh was the place selected. But with his usual faculty for finding adventure he has become lost in the mazes of the Smoky City. A suitable reward will be given for his discovery and rescue.

ARTHUR NELSON STARIN.

Dear "Pop":—This must needs be a brief and prosy epistle, a few facts here and there of my daily life for the past four years, as I don't intend to take up space set apart for the adventures and illustrious doings of others far more worthy than your humble servant.

Ever since leaving college, in the winter of '94, I have been in the banking business, starting with the Penn National Bank of this city. In the spring of '99, I entered the Philadelphia National Bank, where I am engaged at this present time.

My life has been uneventful with one important exception, that of my marriage last June, to Miss Laura Corse Pitfield, also of Germantown. After living quietly at home for a year, we decided to take upon ourselves the responsibilities and vicissitudes of housekeeping, and at the present writing we are in the midst of getting settled in our new quarters.

Two years ago this coming August, having decided upon an outing of a rather unusual character, I took a sailing trip with a Princeton '98 man, on a three-masted schooner bound from this port to Beverly, Mass., loaded with coal. It took us two weeks to reach our destination, owing to storms and head-winds, but we thoroughly enjoyed the trip, although we came within an ace of being wrecked on some shoals off Cape Cod. The Mate had mistaken the location of two buoys marking the channel, and the Captain discovered the error just in time to bring the ship up into the wind, so that we passed the bell-buoy tolling mournfully scarcely ten feet away. *Terra firma* suited me after that experience, for some time.

With many thoughts and best wishes for the prosperity and health of each member of the old class,

Yours in the bonds of '97,

GERMANTOWN, PA., May 7, 1901. ARTHUR NELSON STARIN.

ROBERT FULTON STERLING.

My Dear Old Pop:—I have been threatening, for some moons, to write to you and the class, "than whom there are none such." It does not matter to which I direct this missive, for the class and Pop are synonymous terms. Heretofore my threat has meant little; but now I fear you are in for it—at least, so many of you as care to read this artless tale of a country parson. My life has been exceedingly uneventful of late years, and I bid fair to become one of those college fledgings who go out and straightway sink to the bottom of some social duck-pond, and never raise so much as a bald head above its surface till the day they go back to their beginnings. Well, here I am, squatted on the bottom of the pond and sending up a bubble or two, this morning, to the world above—that is, to the class of '97—just to say that I am alive and that the pond isn't half bad—one of the signs that I am stuck in the mud, no doubt.

In brief, I spent the summer after graduation trying to decide in what profession my shortcomings would be least conspicuous. I never doted, as did some, on dissecting cats, as a preliminary to medicine; had not sufficient horse sense for business; liked law; but somehow was led to assume the rôle of a priest. When that was decided, straight I went to Princeton, where the quadrangle didn't seem quite right without Roy Cox's calf bleat and Bert Miller's lion howl; but there was still the meeting in Pop's room, where a set of dear old reprobate loafers would convince (?) Henry Russell of the immorality of all mathematicians. Three years went by like a summer's vacation, and I was set down at my present home on the Saturday after the Reunion, bedraggled like a wet chicken, with the rain running down my back from an umbrella, and my knees shaking, for Sunday was but six hours distant. Here I found I was expected to speak of a Sunday in a way to interest, if possible, the majority and yet not to disturb the slumbers of a few who are in the habit of taking a nap during service, to improve their spiritual condition. By way of amusement, I have made the acquaintance of the black bass in the Susquehanna, and he is a fish worth knowing; have got a pacing horse who is said to have speed, and am now on the lookout for a setter pup—with an eye on some quail that keep whistling all summer, outside my window. When the aforesaid pup arrives, the three of us—horse, dog and dominie—expect to live in great domestic bliss and tranquillity, and my heart will expand and grow in the spring sunshine like cucumbers and corn. "Be durned" if I don't believe that is poetic, so it is high time I ceased this nonsense.

One word more, in all seriousness. I am a parson, and I do hereby solemnly covenant and agree to perform scot-free to all '97 men, the ceremony containing the words, "love, honor and obey." All others must pay the usual fee of umpteen dollars, or its equivalent in potatoes and cabbage.

Most sincerely yours,

ROBERT F. STERLING.

GLENVILLE, MD., Feb. 25, '01.

WILLIAM ADAMS WALKER STEWART.

My Dear Keener:—Since leaving college I have spent three years in learning the law as taught at Columbia, and with such marked success that I have been admitted to the bar of New York State. On May 1, 1900, I married Miss Frances E. de Forest of this city, and was assisted on that occasion by Messrs. Palmer and Magie, who performed their arduous duties to their own entire satisfaction. I have, unfortunately, done nothing else worthy of record in so illustrious a history as that of the class of '97, and will, therefore, refrain from taking space which will be more profitably filled by the ready pens and imaginations of the rest of the class.

Very sincerely yours,

William A. W. Stewart.

New York City, N. Y., April 8th, 1901.

HENRY FORD STOCKWELL.

Dear Pop:—So I am one of the "delinquents," and am chargeable with "inexcusable" indifference, and am responsible for your many "days of anguish and harrowing of soul." I plead *"non vult contendere"* to all, and throw myself on your mercy. To be sure, Pop, you have, no doubt, already done the generous act by anticipation in your own thoughts, of the only *sufficient excuse* which a young sprig of the law has to offer—to wit: a rush of clients and a crush of business in general. And, by the way, did you ever yet meet one of this species, who was not complaining of bad health and a general breakdown (physical, of course, not mental) because he was overworked? No, Pop, we are all made up out of the same clay, and I am persuaded that it would be the height of folly for me to thus impose upon your credulity. So let me say in just a word what has been my lot since leaving the Princeton fold.

A few weeks after my graduation you might have found me in a Camden law office working like a N. Edwards Poler. For the next year and a half I continued as aforesaid. My bar examinations once passed (November, 1898), I settled down at the address below, grasped the hard world by the horns (and he did not seem to notice in the least my presence), determined to wrest from him the living (and that is what a young fellow has to consider at the outset, all wise books to the contrary notwithstanding), which he owed me. Since then I have done several legal "stunts," and at the present writing can look my landlady in the eye without fear of a bill being thrust in my face.

But have I not yet shaken new life into the New Jersey Bar by my original and brilliant ideas? Have I not been slated for a judgeship, or a what-not? No, Pop, I have not even addressed a farmer's meeting on "Bryan" or "McKinley." Then, too, I have not doubled my fortune by taking a wife! Surely my lot is a barren waste, when placed beside that of some of my honored classmates.

But, be this all as it may, I hope to take a little of the glory which

belongs to the great class of 1897, even though my share be but a reflection.

I had hoped to be in Princeton to-morrow to kick up my heels again in honor of Father George, but I am denied that pleasure. Yet I am persuaded that his memory will not be neglected, as I believe '97 is to be on board with a goodly contingent. A letter from you, dear Pop, always infuses new life into your most remiss, yet well-meaning classmate,

STOCKWELL.

CAMDEN, N. J., Feb. 21, '01.

SAMUEL AUGUSTUS BRIDGES STOPP.

My Dear Pop:—Had my air-ship come into port to-day I should certainly sail over to Jersey to-night to visit the grand old man of '97, and hear of the fortunes of the best boys in the world. It seems but yesterday that I met and greeted so many of them at our Triennial, and yet the winter winds and heavy rains of December are driving about this ordinarily peaceful spot in a storm, not harder to grapple with than the patristic lore and mediæval theology and scholastic subtleties and sixteenth century dogmas with which I must do battle. I am trying to cultivate an acquaintance with Augustine, and Bernard of Clairvaux, and Thomas Aquinas, and a number of other venerables of later date, but a letter, fragrant of the Princeton life of to-day, has a charm that none of these ancient worthies can cast from me. Not that they would if they could. It was their misfortune not to have been at Princeton.

You ask me so many question that I cannot answer, and until I write something, or marry some one, or engage in some illustrious avocation, it will hardly be necessary to send me the list again. My answers will have to be a duplicate of what I have been sending you for several years past. I come in contact with many Germans here, and so *die Deutsche Sprache* is often on my lips. After the depths of German theological thought into which I must often go, and the mazes of abstractions in which I am liable to lose myself, it is a relief to get into the clear beauties of German literature and music, though Wagner, of whom I profess to be enamored, is often anything but clear. May I tell you that even seminarians enjoy the grand opera and the Boston Symphony concerts, although from a lofty gallery—perhaps the more, because of their high position?

Come to see me, so that we can talk over old times together, and when we have a clear day we will go to the Wissahickon or visit some of the historic places in Germantown. I am living on part of the Revolutionary battlefield.

I know the care of so many boys is wearing on you, and perhaps your hair is turning, as you anxiously wonder where they are, and why they so often fail to think of you. But keep up heart. The boys of '97 will do you credit by and by.

Your friend and classmate,

S. A. BRIDGES STOPP.

MT. AIRY, PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 6, '00.

HENRY STUDDIFORD.

Dear Pop:—Your last circular note, apprising me of my failure to write for the Record, has just been received. I had been hoping that perhaps the filling out of your question blank, to the best of my ability—and I had to answer unprepared to most of that—would satisfy your craving for information. For really that outline covers the history of my life since graduation about as well as a more detailed account could do. However, since you won't be happy till you get a letter, I beg to submit the following.

The summer after graduation I took the rest cure, knowing that it would be the last long vacation I would get for many moons, and, about October 1st, started in to do "the strenuous" with the firm of McIntyre & Wardwell, commission merchants, of this city. I continued with them until the spring of '98; and then, having learned the geography of lower New York pretty thoroughly, in my capacity of messenger, etc., I concluded to seek a wider field, and entered the employ of the Mexican International Railroad Co., 23 Broad St., where I am at present working.

I have kept pretty close to the "metropolis" all the time, my principal journeyings being occasional trips to The Burg, and daily commuting to Plainfield, N. J., during the past year.

I am glad to report that so far I have managed to avoid all "entangling alliances;" and if my luck holds, I will not follow Doggie Yeatts' example for many years to come.

The ordinary experiences of a man chasing the almighty dollar in New York are too humdrum and prosaic to admit of much dissection, and though I'd like to give you a lot of interesting news of things that have happened to me since I left Old Nassau, I fear to do so lest I should be held up as an example of that maxim imparted in Jack Hibben's course, that "all men are liars." However, I intend to hustle around between now and our quinquennial and see if I cannot scare up some interesting "copy." If successful in the attempt I won't hesitate so long about writing as I have done in the present instance.

Please accept my apologies for the long delay, and with best wishes and regards, believe me,

Yours in the Faith,

H. Studdiford.

New York City, N. Y., Feb. 27, '01.

FREDERICK STURGES, JR.

Dear "Pop" and Classmates:—Far be it from me to wish to delay any game where '97 is about to play. It has merely been my unwillingness to burden your ears with "the story of my life," that has kept me from relating it.

In October, 1897, I went into the comptroller's office of the New York Central R.R., and remained there until the first of the present year, when I graduated from the over-energetic railroad life, and came down

to the equally severe existence of Wall St. It will now be my endeavor to do everybody and everything within reach.

My three years with the Central passed very quickly, and I found the work most interesting and beneficial. It was made all the more pleasant for me by the presence in the department of several Princeton graduates.

By a careful study of the class statistics you will learn any further information you may desire.

With best wishes,

Very truly yours,

FREDERICK STURGES, JR., '97'.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 5, '01.

FRANK DELANEY TAGGART.

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," and Taggart, "homeward plods his weary way." He is a farmer, and consistently refuses to furnish any information about himself.

CHARLES IRVING TAYLOR.

Dear Pop:—My delay in replying to your various requests for a letter is due in part to carelessness, but chiefly to the fact that I was unable to think of anything in particular that had happened to me since I left Princeton, and which I thought would be of interest to the readers of a class book. I must say, though, that your untiring efforts have brought me to time, and I am forced to write a few words to show my appreciation of our secretary's work.

After leaving Princeton I studied law at the New York Law School, and in due course was graduated; since then I have been endeavoring to learn how to practice law, and, as the experience of all young lawyers is, to a large extent, the same, I will not bore any one with a repetiton of detailed steps.

Trusting that I have not waited too long before writing, and hoping that the book is the success it should be, considering the work required to prepare it, I am,

Very sincerely,

CHARLES I. TAYLOR.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 9, '01.

SYDNEY WENTWORTH TAYLOR.

My Dear Pop:—All of your little notices have come to hand, and I regret to have been the cause of so much trouble to you. To furnish the Record with a contribution this time will be an impossibility. Try as I will I can't get down to the task. I have delayed sending the present letter in hopes something would happen to suspend temporarily this never-ending work, work, work. I can't get the time to give my letter proper thought, so I shall have to beg the indulgence of the class.

You see, Pop, I've got a better thing here in Texas than usually falls

to the lot of so young a man. It's a job fit for a man with a vast deal more experience than I possess; hence I have not only to slave to hold down the job, but I have also to make a "rep." A great deal depends upon what sort of a showing I make.

I am awfully sorry to have been the cause of "gray hairs" and "premature old age." Please forgive me and believe me,

One of the children,

S. W. Taylor, Jr.

Houston, Tex., April 10, '01.

CHARLES HOWARD TEETER.

My Dear Keener:—I have heard your cry of distress and hasten to respond, although I am very sure that I filled out the blank I received from you some weeks ago, especially as I sent with it a personal letter, and have been damning you for some time because I have not received any answer. So this will be a second edition. As your recent fire and brimstone communication contained no blank, I shall have to scratch off informally the few facts that may serve to fill space in the Record of the "Ever Glorious."

I am still teaching in Hasbrouck Institute. My address is still 19 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, and my permanent address is East Stroudsburg, Pa.

My salary is still small, but I have continued hopes of getting a boost.

As you know, I was married on April 28, 1900, to Miss Josephine E. Pearce, at Minsi, Pa., and as yet there are no visible fruits of our union.

I was not at the reunion last year—more's the pity,—and have done nothing deserving to be chronicled—unless it be that I have wiped away a large part of my debts and have tried to lead the life of an honest man.

Yours truly,

Chas. H. Teeter.

Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 6, '01.

LELAND BURR TERRY.

My Dear "Pop":—The old saying, "there is no rest for the weary," is certainly applicable to my case, for it seems that when I have most to do I get a letter from the Secretary of the "Great and Glorious," demanding either a short history of my life for the past twelve months, or some other contribution.

This time, "Pop," I am going to reply, for my sympathies are with you, because I know the pleasures (?) of writing a letter and receiving no answer.

Since leaving Princeton, years ago as it seems to me, my work has been varied indeed; I have done most everything, from clerking in a store to pleading a case at the bar of justice. It took only about six months after leaving Princeton for me to find out that I was only a

human being, endowed with life, able to sleep and eat three meals a day; and as yet I have done nothing more startling that that. I spent two years at the University of Buffalo, trying to get a few legal principles instilled into my weary brain, and what that has done for me still remains an uncertainty, and I presume always will, for, as you may well see, my present occupation hardly deals with legal problems.

I still remain a free man, but things look dangerous, as that boy with the bow and the basket full of arrows, that laid Dud Riggs and others low, early in the game, has been annoying me of late to a certain degree. Man is weak and I shall undoubtedly fall. One would naturally think that my flame of enthusiasm for Princeton had about been extinguished since I have not been able to attend any reunions, but let me disabuse their minds of such a thought; my thoughts are always of Princeton and no one is more proud of her achievements than I.

Into the details of my life for the past three years I will not enter, for it has been the same as that of most individuals. Having cast some light on what I have been doing that might be of interest, and not wishing to rob of space any one that took an active part in the "Dean's" English, I am as ever,

Your obedient servant,

LELAND B. TERRY.

SALAMANCA, N. Y., Dec. 30, '00.

BENJAMIN HARVEY THOMPSON.

Dear Pop:—I have been putting off my letter in the hope that time would give me the opportunity to answer at least one of your questions with more than a "yes" or "no." It hasn't come and I cannot longer delay my letter. I am sorry that I cannot add to the list of "things done" by members of the glorious class.

I know of one incident which may be of interest, as it concerns the head of the family. Last summer I was in Paris at the time of the International Athletic Games. Bob Garrett was there with his discus. But the cunning which made possible that famous telegram from Athens was lacking. Bob had literally lost his grip. Three times Bob hurled the discus and three times it went off at a right angle to the proper direction, and, hitting the trees, dropped down on the crowd. The first time it was humorous, the second time it became dangerous, and at the third attempt the crowd was yelling something which sounded like *"A bas le* Garrett." To me, wondering why it was, there seemed to be but one reason. When Bob appeared on the Athletic Grounds at Paris, that beard, which graced the reunion last June, was missing. It was another case of Samson.

In answer to one of your questions I would say that the largest and most important public assemblage with which I have had anything to do was the one which gave Roy Cox and his bride a send-off at the Harrisburg Railroad Station. It was enthusiastic.

As for myself, Pop, I am studying law, and, in the near future, will take the examination for admission to the bar at Pittsburgh. I am not married.

Sincerely yours,

BENJAMIN H. ("BUCK") THOMPSON.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 22, '01.

EDWARD CAMERON THOMPSON.

My Dear "Pop":—Nothing short of your sarcasm could have induced me to write a letter. It is true my conscience hurts me. And, indeed, I have felt myself to be something of the traitor to class and college loyalty. But to be classed as a member of '96! "Pop," you cannot conceive how it hurt. Your shot went true and it struck home.

I cannot imagine anything more uninteresting than the record of my career since I left college. Life in a medical school—if one is at all conscientious—is a far different story than that of the happy, half-lazy unresponsible days of our college years. To the study of medicine there certainly is no end. And the more one knows, if he is honest with himself, the more modest he must feel as to his knowledge.

About a dozen '97 men are in my class in Columbia University, and this, it is true, makes it somewhat pleasanter. But here there is no singing on the steps, no camping on the green. Our pipes are smoked in solitude, and the most imaginative would not compare our lives to those found in Arden Forest. But I am not trying to draw a gloomy picture. While, indeed, we may lack that good comradeship which marked the good old days at Princeton, we are all happy. For to succeed in medicine (and we are all going to succeed) one must love his work. And this has been the balm which has enabled us to pursue the hard and stony path to a medical profession. And these have been the arduous duties, and this the new love, which, I fear, have kept some of us from gladdening the heart of our dear old Secretary by contributing to the Triennial Record. I am,

Affectionately yours,

ED. C. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., March 5, '01.

SAMUEL HUSTON THOMPSON, JR.

To the Class:—My career, since leaving college, has been an exciting and fairly prosperous one. To begin with, I had the consummate nerve, after leaving college, to start right in tutoring a man. This bit of information will probably call for a loud guffaw from some of our first group men, but there is nothing like necessity to force a man to do the impossible. My system was a good deal like that of the coyote when chased by a hound—I kept a few feet ahead of my pupil in the knowledge of the subject.

This task occupied me till September of '97, when Oberlin College demanded my services as a coach for their football team, but not till I had written them that I was the only real thing in the football line. Here, I suppose, it will be proper for some of the football men

to laugh! But by some hook or crook the Oberlin team turned out well. During its itinerary we met Bill Church's team—Perdue, and Dave Edward's team—Ohio State University. It would have amused our classmates to watch Bill, Dave and me doing the Pinkerton act—trying to catch each other coaching during the games. My team was treated splendidly by both of these opponents, which only goes to show that Princeton men, wherever they may be, inculcate in those about them the true spirit of sportsmanship and hospitality.

After the football season I returned to Pittsburgh, and took up the study of law, at the same time undertaking again the cat-and-dog life of tutoring, in the spare hours. When spring came I was a nervous wreck, my pupil having taken the position of the coyote, in the race for knowledge, and I, that of the dog.

During the summer I recuperated in Canada and Michigan, where I saw a great deal of Dan Altland, '98. I am afraid Dan's '97 friends would not know him. Dan, the web-footed catcher of the "Consolidated" and the "Tigers," is an out-and-out dude, living in Detroit and putting on more "lugs" than Masson did in his palmiest days.

The next fall Lehigh became hypnotized and said that I must be their coach. It was a repetition of the previous season—a great deal of hard work, considerable excitement, and never becoming a cinch, as some of the public would have us believe. If any one thinks coaching is a snap, I would refer him to Bill, or Net, or Fred, and they will inform him in stronger language than I dare record here.

Lehigh met but one team that season, coached by a Princeton man. Nearly all the other teams had Pennsylvania men for their "professors," and as we won from all the smaller colleges who were coached by these my cup of football joy, in revenge for '94 was almost enough to satisfy even a Princeton man.

After the season, I took up my residence with John Graham, in New York, and attended the New York Law School. It would have opened the eyes of the polers of our class to see the way some of the most notorious loafers of '97 worked at the law school. The time passed on wings, and, in June, John Graham and I journeyed out to Denver and took our bar examinations. There were fifty-three men to come up. When that poor, scared and worn-out gang were huddled together in the supreme court room, like a herd of sheep in a storm, for their oral examinations, and the chief justice made us stand up, one by one, and answer questions for five minutes, before the whole court, I confess I had cold feet and clammy hands. I sat for two hours awaiting my turn, never knowing what I should be examined upon, nor when I should be called.

But my turn finally did come, and then I thought it was all off. I got the buck ague so badly in my voice and legs that one might have thought I had been jagged. However, just I was about to pass it all up, one of the judges gave me a kindly smile, which braced me up greatly, and I got through in some inexplainable way.

John Graham tore his shirt, metaphorically speaking, making the

highest mark of all the men from eastern colleges, and there were a good many from Michigan and Columbia. Graham and I started into practice in the fall, forming a partnership, which has managed to make expenses so far.

During the fall Lehigh once more got "nutty" and said I was to be their coach. As I have remarked before, coaching is all alike. I had my share of hard work, excitement, and a little less success.

Since then I have been trying to work up a practice in this great country. Colorado is the most fascinating place in the world, with its magnificent scenery and bracing atmosphere. If it were not for Princeton and my family I should be a long time in returning east.

I see that I am getting verbose, so I shall have to ring down the curtain; but I am sure that you will permit me in closing, to say that I have seen a good many colleges since I was graduated, and have met a great many college men, and I am more convinced than ever before, that, for pure friendship, college spirit, and patriotism for one's country, the Princeton alumnus stands on a pinnacle far above all other college men. Very sincerely,

S. H. Thompson, Jr.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 21, '00.

FREDERICK RIDGELY TORRENCE.

Dear Pop:—I have, if my eyes deceive me not, received this day, April 1st, the second of two postal cards, both headed in the dot and dash language. Now, this postal card is, setting aside and in no way to be confused with—as Mr. Kipling would say—those other articles of war in the shape of innumerable letters in which you have begged, plead, denounced, anathematized, hoped, expostulated, whistled, coaxed, praised and performed in every other way that was possible for the true and faithful officer and man you are in trying to secure by some means the letter of that most unworthy member, myself—I only trust that the trouble and worry my own delinquency has caused you may serve as an example to be shunned by other members. My reason for not writing before is a good one, however. I suffer from a diseased condition of The-Will-To-Work, commonly the heritage of men of genius, as Hamlet, Amiel, etc. I merely say that I have the same failing and allow you to extract your own inferences. And now that I have finally settled myself in my easy chair and actually made up my mind to write, I find that I can *not* find those endless blanks you sent me to be guided by in—was it the choice of words? Not one of all that procession is tangible, I find, after a desperate and riotous search through the length and breadth of my desk.

So, once more, I am cast adrift in the very uncomfortable position of being obliged to spill ink when the brain throbs, which should be the motive power, are running about one-and-a-half volts per day—and shutting down at night altogether—and it is night now.

I will try to recall some of your questions on those vanished blanks. "Was I in the Wars?" I believe that was one of them. Well, er—I

say, that's rather awkward, but, to come right down to it, I was not, but if there had been just one more call for troops—you know the rest. I'm as good a patriot as any. At all events I intend to apply for a pension, for I caught a bad cold while the war was going on.

And then another question was, "Are you married?" To this soft impeachment I blushingly plead guilty. Yes, I am married. Would you behold her? Albrecht Dürer painted her portrait (though it is no likeness). She was called the Muse of Christendom. In other words it is only to Femininity residing in the to-me-known portions of the globe that I am emotionally wedded. I am no Universalist.

Dear me! I can remember but one other of your queries, "What prizes have you gained or what have you achieved since leaving college?" I believe that was the substance of it. Alas! my dear Pop, few indeed they have been, for I started by being handicapped! And by what do you suppose? This: I count as one of the greatest of earthly prizes the privilege of belonging to the—superlative adjective—class of '97! How then could I surpass myself?

Seriously, though, now that I can't think what else to write about and yet see that I haven't written enough, seriously, I say that I haven't yet achieved the first principle of success, namely, the ability to work. And if success ever should seek me out with such a shortcoming resting upon me, my own surprise would even exceed that of other people.

As for my work, as I told you, it is to consist in studying and attempting to write the verse drama, in rehabilitating it for the modern stage. But of that, anon,—you will receive further information concerning it from the critics—they are all of age and speak for themselves—and rarely for anyone else.

Really this is the only excuse for a letter I can possibly scare up. Poor, indeed, but I am positively swamped with work and no energy for it at that.

In spite of it all, however, I do, and always shall, entertain a most loyal affection for '97, and also a very profound and sincere and abiding admiration, Pop, for you, all you stand for, all you are, and all you have done with such infinite long-suffering patience for THE *Class*.

Faithfully,

FREDERICK RIDGELY TORRENCE.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., March 7, '01.

JOHN MYERS TOWNLEY.

Dear Old Pop:—Two weeks ago I was home and found your good letter, enclosing a list of questions, waiting for me—Am I married? What's my wife's name before marriage? How many children, and what do we call them?

Well, those are important questions for the fellows that have jumped over the bachelor traces. They are not bothering me yet. Say, just save the class a two cent stamp, will you, by taking one of those blanks and fill out for me—I've lost the one you sent and know

you will be endangering your own soul, and recklessly squandering class funds sending chasers after it, if I don't write you about it. I'm still John M. Townley, in my right mind, and haven't moved since your last report.

For past two years I've been on the road for Townley Metal Co., selling tin-plate and sheet iron, eating Missouri corn-bread and learning a few points on human nature. But to-night I am killing my last Sunday evening on the road, by writing to you in particular, and the class in general.

When I get home, last of this week, it will be for good, and a new man takes my territory after January 1st, 1901, while I shall find a position in the house. I shall be glad of the change and a chance to stay at home; yet in spite of the bad hotels in some of these windy Kansas towns, and the pleasures of catching midnight trains, I can say, truthfully, that I have enjoyed my work on the road, knowing that it has taught me many things about business, and made me appreciate the value of home and mother. I feel like a boy who is getting out of school and knows he doesn't have to go back again, and hence look forward to this last Christmas of the nineteenth century with much pleasure. Of the work that is before me, I have all to learn. I may be getting out of the frying pan into the fire.

This last week the class resolutions, in regard to the death of John Collette reached me, and I sent copies to Mrs. Collette and John's sister, Mrs. Clawson at Oakland, Cal., and to John's father in New York State. Perhaps, as I am about the only fellow who saw anything of John after his marriage, I should tell you something about his death. On February 22d, 1899, he married Miss Mary Parker, of Georgetown, Colo. I expected to go out to be best man, as his first intention was to be married in June, but rheumatism troubled him in the mountains (he had been in Denver all winter), and the doctors told him to go to California, so the wedding was set for February, and at that time I was unable to go. In the fall of '99 he went to Iowa to work on the Northwestern R.R., and it was there I went to spend one Sunday with him and his wife, who was a charming little woman.

John worked hard all winter, in bad weather and good, from early morning until late, and the hard winter was too much for him. In the spring he took a severe cold, which grew worse instead of better, and in March I was very much surprised to hear that he had grown so weak he must stop work and go at once to California in hopes of recovering his health. But it was too late—quick consumption had set in, and while we were having our triennial reunion, John was on his death bed, although he did not know it then. His wife writes me that he lived with Princeton and '97 in mind all the time and seemed worried that some one might die even during commencement week and cast a shadow over the reunion.

Though Mrs. Collette knew John could not live more than a month at most, she kept the deep sorrow to herself until after we had all

left Princeton. The papers and letters received during that time gave him much pleasure, and up to the last he was wonderfully cheerful and sent messages of friendship to the fellows, and love for Princeton and all '97. He was buried at Oakland, Cal. There were no '97 men near to attend the funeral, and word reached me too late to send flowers for the class.

Except for my trip back to Princeton, last June, and a week afterward at Lake Keuka, N. Y., in company with John Hall and Earl Cox, I have spent all my time at Kansas City, or in that section of the Missouri Valley which lies north of the Kaw, going at times even as far north as the home of one W. J. Bryan.

There is a red and black bug, out in these western states, that the common herd call "Pop Bugs"— I can't give you the Greek, nor can I say whether they belong to the "thesens" or "thosens" species, but last summer there were thousands of them—seemed to make railroad depots their chief loafing place, often being so numerous they covered the sides of the stations and the platform, where they liked to sun themselves, and one could not walk without crushing some at almost every step. Now, it's queer what these bugs have to do with politics, or politics with these bugs, but this is gospel truth—when I was in Nebraska just the week before election, there were thousands of these bugs everywhere, but this week, I find them nearly all dead or else in hiding. They are scarcer than grillrooms in Kansas.

It is only here and there one sees a solitary Pop bug, looking ashamed, cold and lonesome, and ready to run under some protecting window frame or between the cracks in the board walk at first notice of approaching danger. And you who are interested in politics, mark ye this: Jackson County, Missouri, on Nov. 6th last, went Republican for the first time in 22 years.

Yours for the good of '97,

JAKE TOWNLEY.

WHITE CLOUD, KAN., Dec. 16, '00.

WILLIAM BOOTH TRAINER.

My Dear Classmates:—Since the most eventful occasion in June, '97, my business career has been varied between the cotton business and the steel industry. In the summer of '98 the Patterson Mills Company, at Chester, Pa., failed, consequently I made a dash into the outer world, and chose Pittsburgh as my victim from which to obtain the much sought for "lucre."

Since January, '99, I have been doing various "stunts" around the Homestead Steel Works, which, as most of you know, are the largest part of the Carnegie Steel Co. As to my individual progress in this line I can safely say that I have gotten beyond the point expressed by Andrew Carnegie in the following story:

"On one of the venerable gentleman's trips across the water, some inquisitive person inquired of Mr. Carnegie if he had any choice when he died—Heaven or Trenton? He was rather diffident in his

answer, but finally answered the question by saying that the only trouble about going to Heaven was that he would have to start all over again." It seems to be the thing to do in one of these letters to either admit or deny being engaged or married. My answer to this is "not guilty" of either offence. In this busy community a fellow does not find the opportunity to write to even a few of the fellows in the class, but nevertheless I hope that when any of you are in Pittsburgh, you will feel at liberty to come out to the works, which I know will be a pleasure, and it will be a privilege to me to point out a few interesting things in the largest plant of the $800,000,000 steel combine. With the assistance of Bill Church and a few others we can make it interesting for almost any one. Do not forget we have an extra key out all the time for any arrivals that may happen in.

As ever,

BILL TRAINER.

MUNHALL, PA., March 3, '01.

ERNEST ELY TURNEY.

Turney left college handicapped by serious ill-health. After various occupations, selected with a view to obtaining the benefits of out-door life, he has finally come into the employ of the Postal Department, and is honorably discharging the duties of a mail carrier in Toledo, Ohio, with fair prospects of finally regaining his health.

ALBERT CLINTON TYLER.

Dear Secretary:—You have aroused me finally, and I rather feel sorry for the members of '97 who responded promptly to your call for a letter, for they have not been favored like the rest of us delinquents with so many pointed personal appeals to do our duty an break records. But you were so infernally complimentary the last few times, that I felt a good deal like saying that old P. O. P. J. H. K. can G. T. H. Of *course* you don't know what that means, so I'll explain. An English colonel found a nice big empty house, and at once established himself therein. When the news of his comfortable quarters reached Bloemfontein he received a telegram, which read, "G. T. M. wants house." He didn't know what G. T. M. meant, but finally found it meant "General Traffic Manager." He said he'd fix 'em, and wired back, "G. T. M. can G. T. H." In a short time he was summoned to attend a court of inquiry. On appearing, he was asked what he meant by sending such an insulting message to his superior officer. "Insulting!" said he; "nothing of the kind." "But what did you mean by telling me I could 'G. T. H?'" "It was simply an abbreviation," explained the colonel. "G. T. M. (General Traffic Manager) can G. T. H. (get the house)!" Well, you can G. T. L. anyway, Popsy, old boy, and explain it for yourself. But on to the fore! On to tell the sad story of a sad career since our G. et G. class left Old Nassau.

I had signed a contract to coach Amherst, and did it, even if I

felt like telling the whole caboodle of them to G. T. H. more than once. They were a pack of little boys, with not near the amount of *spirit* for their college that most prep. schools have for their school, and with a minimum amount of nerve and maximum amount of "head"; and the unavoidable result resulted. After that I went to Columbia and took a course in the Department of Architecture, beginning all over again, as a blankety-blank freshman, and had about decided to coach every fall and study Architecture every winter until I was able to become a full-fledged architect. But—that everlasting *"but"*—Harry Fine wrote me I was wanted at Lawrenceville, and I went, and here I've been ever since, teaching and coaching—math., drawing, football, and pole-vaulting, etc., etc. I rather like to teach, and am probably weaned away from the pursuit of building houses, for an indefinite period, and shall probably hold my nose to the grindstone of monotonous instructing along with some of the other warts in our class—one of whom is near me here—one Stahl,—better known as "Spot." He is a winner here, a triple-decked, corrugated-bellied old sport. Even the boys understand his position and consult him in reference to placing of bets on the football games, and, on the side, to make bets among themselves on the probable color of his waistcoat that day. He floats away from this quiet village with astonishing regularity, and is absent for periods of time that seem impossible for one who expects to do any work at all. We are not sure yet, but we all imagine he haunts a certain town in Pennsylvania—*not* Scranton—but not so very far from it.

Now, Pop, I know you said you'd cut out anything that didn't suit, but if you cut out one word of what I say about you, I'll have your head! Fellows, Pop is in love! And won't acknowledge it to any one. You all know his cunning ways of deception; well, he's kept them up most incessantly, and is the biggest old humbug in many worlds. I tried to draw him out once but only got one good "rise" out of him. Another time I wanted to take a snapshot of him, and you should have seen him object! Percy Colwell was there at the time, and although we both did all we could physically, morally and argumentatively, he would just lie on his divan and kick his heels in the air, and heave pillows at us. It was a shame to see one of his *"embonpoint"* make such a fuss about a picture, but he always was fussy. Why, in class he carries on dreadfully, and as a punishment makes the poor boys attend special recitations. One day when the old cracked bell rang at an unusual hour, some one asked a boy what it was. He said he didn't know, *"unless it was Mr. Keener's Penal."* That shows how he abuses the young minds intrusted to his care. But it hurt Pop like the deuce when he was assigned a class in penmanship. He, the umpty-ump fellow of Ex yz of Princeton University, etc., to teach writing! But he got over that, and is now as serene as he can be.

But I must go and give some special examinations myself, and will say bye thee bye. It is my sincere wish that any fellows of '97

visiting Princeton would take time to run over in the trolley and see me. I could manage meals and bed for a few days quite easily, and, fellows, come over and see Pop. With best wishes for the success of every mother's son of ye.

Paternally yours,

ALBERT C. TYLER.

LAWRENCEVILLE, N. J., May 2, '01.

FRANKLIN UPSHUR.

Dear Pop:—Your letter under date of the seventeenth instant, with the enclosures of "Sample Letters," etc., was received to-day, and my happiness is not even measured by the characteristic promptness with which I hereby hasten to reply.

My existence since leaving the shadow of Old North has been a very simple one. I spent two years trying to absorb into my cranium as much law as the University of Maryland usually endeavors to impart in three—former disciples of "Woodrow" usually have no difficulty in doing that. Having become a member of the bar in June, 1899, I entered upon the duties (I have three years yet to serve) of Assistant State's Attorney for Baltimore City, the following January, after receiving the appointment subsequently to the fall elections, when a fortunate (for me) change of State and City administration took place—and that's the only part I've taken in politics, if you will ask impudent questions. The force of the office comprises the "Chief," one "Deputy,"—Edgar Allan (Peter) Poe, '91, being the same—and three "Assistants," of whom I am one. I use much good paper in drawing indictments, and much of the court's "valuable time" in trying multitudinous petty cases.

My summers have been spent for a number of years at Ocean City, Maryland, a quiet little place and Maryland's only seaside resort. I keep a catboat down there, and spend the time quietly sailing and swimming and shooting (mostly in the intransitive). In the autumn of ninety-nine I spent a delightful month at Paul Smith's, in the Adirondacks, from there making a short excursion to Montreal and Quebec. On the golf links of Paul Smith's one afternoon, *Princeton* was the magic word that brought about a very delightful acquaintance —without other introduction—with a gentleman who, when I mentioned the numerals of the Great and Glorious, gave another hand shake, with the remark: "thirty years after." He was a member of 'sixty-seven.

I took great interest in witnessing Net Poe's maiden effort in court a few days ago. He defended a boy charged with the larceny of two pigeons. You remember that "'Blige Ye Lady" voice of his. Well, when he was cross-examining the prosecuting witness, if you had been a long distance off, so as not to understand the words, you would have thought he was "doing business at the old stand" at "Quarter," giving signals. Notwithstanding that the State traced feathers from the pigeon coop to the traverser's home, where in the cellar the

pigeons were actually found, still, after having placed his client's pretty sister on the stand, Net inveigled the jury into believing that the traverser was as innocent as the '97 class boy. His fee should have been handsome, so make him treat on it when you see him again.

Here's to the Quinquennial; may it not fall short of the glory of the Triennial.

FRANKLIN UPSHUR.

BALTIMORE, MD., April 12, '01.

P. S.—Reverting for a moment to "any information about other members of the class," I want to add that I hear you have developed a marked faculty for epistolary and other correspondence. I understand further that some members of the class have been "shamefully" delinquent in responding to your "urgent appeals" for letters, necessitating the sending of "requests," numbering in some cases as high as ten, supplemented later with daily postal cards, with "scare" headlines, constituting a sort of "yellow journal"—though one fellow told me he felt much hurt that you skipped the "4th," "6th," "8th" and "9th" "requests," so you must be careful about that, Pop, not to hurt their sensitive (?) feelings. But I want to add my protest right here against such "disgraceful indifference," and to assure you of my heartfelt sympathy for, and admiration of, our Patient, Persevering, Persistent Pop.

Yours again, as never before,

F. U.

HARRY VAN CLEAF.

My Dear Keener: Since you insist on hearing from every member of the class, I will try to send my humble contribution. One year at leisure; one year at the Ocean Grove High School, as instructor of Greek and Mathematics; one summer at Long Branch, tutoring; from September, '99, until March 1900, at the Peekskill Military Academy as instructor in mathematics; from March until June recuperating from a severe nervous attack; since June with the C. R. R. of N. J.—that is all.

I might add that I was married on January 20, 1901, to Miss Ina C. Ray, at Long Branch, N. J.

Pardon my delay. I didn't intend to write at all, for I haven't anything to write about.

Sincerely yours,

HARRY VAN CLEAF.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Feb. 23, '01.

JOHN STOUT VAN NEST.

My Dear Pop:—Having received numerous caustic and finally almost insulting communications from you, both in print and writing, I am of the opinion that the only way to keep you quiet is to write a letter, so this is it.

Unlike most of the class, I did not have the prospect of leaving Princeton before me when we graduated, for I had decided to return for another year, and give the time to the study of chemistry. This I did; and the graduate study, plus a thesis written later, gave me the degree of M. S. in June, 1900.

But in the meantime I was a rolling stone, which gathered neither moss, nor anything else. In the fall following my final leaving of Princeton (that of 1898), I took a position with the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa. This corporation claims the ability to teach a man almost any branch of scientific learning, wholly through the medium of the mails, aiming to help most the practical mechanic who wishes to learn the theory of his work; and, depending on the individual and the amount of study he will give to it, it is quite successful. My rôle in the play was to persuade the mechanic he was in sore need of such instruction, and, incidentally, sell him a scholarship. Well, I found it easy enough to convince him that he ought to know more—that cost him no money—but when it came to relieving him of his cash, he would lie down and want time called. I kept that up for a little less than five months, and, becoming more and more convinced that I was not cut out for the book-agent business, I gracefully retired from the scene of action.

I may add that during this time the field of my work was Johnstown, Pa., notable in my mind for two things; the first being the flood, and the second being the ardent wish that if ever I have to go there again it may be on a train which does not stop. For those who know the town, I have said enough; for those who do not, the less said the better.

From the latter part of March, 1899, until November of the same year, I tried my hand at loafing; and I flatter myself I did it fairly well. However, I would not recommend it as a life occupation, for times dies harder than the proverbial feline. The little exertion I did make during these last mentioned eight months of my career, was in trying to find work, with no success.

At last I returned to Princeton for the purpose of seeing if things were done in the same way as "in the old days when I was in college," and actually stumbled (it is the only word to apply) upon a chance to act as assistant in chemistry and mineralogy in the School of Science. I entered upon my new duties on the first of December, 1899; and here I am still. No man, who has not been tossed around as I was for the greater part of a year and a half, can appreciate the joy and peace I experienced at finding work in Princeton. It was like coming back to college again and beginning everything anew.

On the 20th of last June I was married, and as all stories close with that event, I guess I will cut off this line of wind. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN S. VAN NEST.

PRINCETON, N. J., March 8, '01.

BENJAMIN FOLSOM VORHIS.

Shaw is the only person who has given any information about Vorhis, whom he met at a football game last fall. The meeting was too brief to disclose any details of his career. He seems to have disappeared and covered his trail as effectively as three or four others. Any information will be welcomed.

JESSE CONKLING WALDO.

Dear Classmates:—I suppose that our esteemed secretary has given few of you as many opportunities to enroll your names upon the Roll of Fame, as he has been pleased to grant me. All arguments as to the fact of the evident lack of interesting details in my career have proven unavailing.

I supposed that I was pretty well acquainted with "Pop" Keener, having boarded in the same club for a year, and having often "polled" out lessons with him, but his well-developed pertinacity of purpose has indeed been a surprise to me.

It is to be hoped that this arduous labor, in behalf of the class, has not turned the hair gray upon the top of his head.

After leaving the classic groves of Princeton in '94, I matriculated in the medical department of Syracuse University; from which institution I was graduated in June, '97, a few days before you were taking your degrees. Thus I was, as I believe, the first of our class to enter the profession instituted and ennobled by Hippocrates.

Since that time my energies have been directed to this calling, the details of which, though always engrossing to the participant, would present little of general interest.

No doubt you are all planning to attend the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, this summer. I hope it may be my privilege to meet some of you there and to renew our acquaintance.

JESSE C. WALDO.

HULBURTON, N. Y., May 14, '01.

ARCHIBALD HAY WALLACE.

Dear Keener:—Your oft-repeated and strenuous appeals for my autobiography from the time of leaving college to date, have at last borne fruit, and may the result be upon your own head. Unforunately there is little to tell and less skill for the telling, but—here goes.

As you know, I left Princeton with regret, at the end of our freshman year, and, the following October, wended my way to the village where the Schuylkill and Delaware meet, to enroll as a student in veterinary medicine, at U. of P. Three years soon pass, and in due time my diploma was granted in June, '97, conferring the right to minister to the ills of all the animal kingdom save man. The period which followed probably needs no description to any physician, or veterinarian, who has endeavored to found a country practice. The animals of that part of New Jersey in which I was located seemed

distressingly healthy, and the owners of those who were not, usually developed an alarming case of financial disability as soon as my services were no longer required. Suffice it to say that I determined to seek another field of activity, and in the spring of '99, entered the service of the Department of Agriculture, as an assistant inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry. My first assignment was to East St. Louis, where I remained until last June, being then transferred to New York. This brings my record to date.

As concerns matrimony—no partner for my joys and sorrows has yet appeared. There has been nothing published to the authorship of which I could lay claim, and my part in politics has been confined to that of every voter, with Republican tendencies, and a high regard for sound money, who exercised his right of suffrage. I was sorry to miss the reunion last June, but my doing so was unavoidable, and I can only hope that the fates will be kinder in 1902. With best wishes for the success of the Record, I am, as ever,

Sincerely yours,

A. H. Wallace.

New York City, N. Y., March 7, '01.

JOHN TALBOT WARD.

Dear Pop:—I have no excuse for not answering before, except the invalid one of "too busy." I hope this information blank will come in time.

As you see, I am still close to the shadows of the old place, and get a chance to look at it about once a month. Once in a while I pass through Lawrenceville, the place where you shine, but I never yet have had a glimpse of you.

As to what I have been doing—there is little to say. I entered the Seminary, in New York, immediately after I graduated—entered in September—and there I stuck for three winters. One summer I spent in Trenton, the other in Colorado, on a vacation. I was in the employ of this mission all during my Seminary course. That took me out of the city from Friday afternoon until Monday morning. I had charge of a church and several mission stations—sort of a circuit-rider arrangement. My field of operation was Hunterdon County, with Flemington as the center. There's little of interest to anybody else in this work, though I find it very absorbing myself.

Shortly after I graduated from the Seminary last June, I was ordered by the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, to South Bethlehem, and came directly here to resume my work. In a general way I am looking after the whole field touched by this Mission. My "travels" take me to a list of places like this: Flemington, Clinton, High Bridge, Pittstown, Frenchtown—all in Hunterdon County; Rocky Hill, Sand Hills, Deans, Monmouth Junction, Glenmore and Mercerville, in Mercer County. Then toward the shore: Sea Grit, Manasquan, Point Pleasant, Mattawan, Sewaren, Carteret and Rahway—a long, uninteresting list of names. But you see I have an eye on a great deal

of New Jersey. We have a house in Trenton, and live comfortably enough. There are six men here besides myself, so you see we have a small crowd. If any of the old class wants to stay a while in Trenton, he can find a welcome over at our house, on Hamilton Avenue.

Every man knows in general what missionary work is; but let no one think all the mission field is far from home. There is enough missionary work to be done right here in New Jersey to keep a number of men busy for a long while. Of course I like my work; that goes without saying. For that is my business in life. I am very busy, but that, too, is my business in life. I hope I shall never be otherwise.

It is not often that I meet one of the class, but once in a while I do. I am looking forward with much anticipation for the Triennial Record, to see where all the boys are.

Yours very truly,

JOHNNY WARD.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 17, '01.

EDWARD SANFORD WARNER, JR.

My Dear Pop:—No doubt you think I either have no feelings of loyalty for the class of '97, or have dropped off of this earthly planet. Your eight or ten different appeals, from printed circulars to personal letters, and best of all your telegram—which I am going to have framed, to show my appreciation of how faithful and loyal our dear old secretary remains to the class which has been scattered for over four years—all came to hand, but, as I have been laid up nearly ten months with the tortures and pains of rheumatism, I have not paid much attention to your requests, or rather, have been putting off from day to day, saying to myself, "will send my letter to 'Pop' tomorrow." Now I must blush with shame to say that you had to arouse me from my lethargy by sending a telegram, which I received at home, at midnight. I sincerely hope there are not many others of our class who have been so delinquent as myself. For the future I solemnly swear that I will promptly answer your requests, for you are worse than a reporter or a bill-collector in following up the "laggers."

Now as to my class letter. Just pick out the facts I mention in this brief note of explanation, or confession—no doubt the latter is more appropriate at this late hour.

Since leaving college my experiences have not been exciting compared to those of some of our fellow members who were mixed up in our late war in Cuba and the Philippines; still, to do my duty to the "great and glorious," I will "step into the breach." On leaving college I accepted a good position in a railroad office here, but soon found out that it was too monotonous for my disposition. Then I got a position with a commercial house, to travel in Texas, Arkansas and the Territories. In a a short time I discovered there were vastly more varieties and changes in this life than I ever dreamed of. One night I would be staying at a first-class hotel, then in a day or two

would be way off from civilization, putting up at a "wayside inn" (either a log hut, or, still better, a hole in the ground called a "dug-out," where at least one can sleep with a feeling of security from those gentle breezes called cyclones further north). While my experiences were of the same general character, there was one episode extraordinary, which will show that although part of Texas is as well civilized, *if not better* than some of the older states, there are sections where the old frontier life has not entirely passed away.

In making an overland trip from Ft. Davis, an old government fort, now a supply station, to Alpine, another small collection of "adobe" huts, with two brick buildings—one the bank, the other a store—located on the same R.R., while another salesman, the driver and myself were taking a little lunch and giving the team a rest, we were suddenly surprised to see a bunch of cowboys coming up the trail just as though the D'l, was after them. Upon reaching us they stopped to find out who we were, and as luck would have it, one of them, who seemed to be looking for trouble and could hardly sit on his horse, on account of the quantity of cheap "spirits *fermenti*" he had taken on board, took a notion that I could dance. Before I could collect my senses, he had me a-dancing the "Hoochee Coochee" to the delightful music of a "44" Colts. The engagement only lasted a couple of minutes, but every second seemed not only hours, but my last on earth. To this day I cannot understand how I managed to escape being hit by that drunken fool. Well, it was some time before my nerves thoroughly recovered from that experience.

Last June I had to quit the road on account of contracting rheumatism, and have gone into business for myself here at home, where I am getting along nicely.

Regarding the various questions in your circular—am still living the life of single blessedness, and have not as yet any desire to mix up in politics or public life, but am trying to live and let live without seeking any of those delusive honors.

Wishing you the best of success and good health, I remain ever for glorious '97, Your old classmate and friend,

Ed. S. Warner, Jr.

St. Louis, Mo., May 12, '01.

GEORGE SHADFORD WATERHOUSE.

Waterhouse says he hopes to be married soon, and he evidently takes this as a sufficient reason for refraining from epistolary exertion. We have reliable information that his fiancée is not queen Liliuokalani. He is in the banking business in Honolulu, where it is said the natives trust him implicitly. He is expected at the Quinquennial with a retinue of dusky Kanakas.

ROBERT WEBER.

Dear Pop:—Your many postals, urgent, sarcastic and bullying, have been duly received and carefully filed (not thrown) away. I have

purposely, but with difficulty, refrained from answering them—for two reasons. First, to give my wrath at being made the object of such bitter attacks a chance to become somewhat cooled; and, secondly, in hope that some fortunate or entertaining adventure might occur which would relieve the tedium of my very dull and commonplace narrative.

Now that the eleventh hour has arrived, and no such happy event has come to my rescue, I can only say that since leaving Princeton I have been associated with my father in the building and contracting business in this city, at the address where your persistent and caustic communications found me.

In conclusion, with best wishes for yourself and all our classmates, I can positively assure you and them that I am still the same loyal son of Princeton I always was, and never expect to see the time when I shall be otherwise. Sincerely yours,

Bob. Weber.

New York City, N. Y., April 10, '01.

WALTER MONROE WEISS.

My Dear Classmates:—In response to the repeated urgings of our long-suffering secretary, I take up my pen to chronicle the few unimportant events that have taken place in my life the past few years, although I have little or nothing of interest to record.

As many of you know, I was compelled to leave college at the end of our sophomore year, on account of poor health; nevertheless, I have always felt as much a part of '97 as if I had worn the cap and gown and taken my degree with you on Commencement Day. Above all, the love of Princeton will remain a dominating influence in my life.

After leaving college I spent a year in loafing about, trying to make up my mind whether to go into business or grace the law, and, after due deliberation, decided that the woods were full of 'em. I took a position with Sterns & Co., Mfgrs. of underwear, at 24 University Place, beginning at the very bottom of the ladder, and, although I have neither made a million, nor married one, I have had a fair measure of success, becoming the firm's representative for both N. Y. City and Philadelphia. After four years' hard work, I left New York early last fall to take my first long vacation since my college days, going into the heart of the Maine woods with an old friend and a guide to camp. Well, boys, doubtless many of you have camped out in the Adirondacks and elsewhere, as I have, but for fine shooting, the real thing in trout fishing, plenty of deer, and magnificent air and scenery, give me the woods of Maine in the early month of fall. To such of you, dear classmates, as have become a little battered and worn by rubbing up against the hard world, and to such of you as want to get back to your boyhood days, and forget everything, except how to be happy, I would recommend this life of primitive man. I, for one, never expect to have a better time, nor a better appetite this side of

heaven. Am a member of the Princeton Club of New York, and 'tis truly, a happy hour when a stray sheep from our fold happens in.

Hoping to see you, one and all, at our next reunion, I am, as ever,

W. Monroe Weiss.

New York City, N. Y., March 1, '01.

JULIUS PIERSON WHEELER.

Dear Classmates:—Very little to say—*"Ergo haec epistula brevis erit."* You see I have my Latin down pat, yet.

Age, twenty-eight summers; hair getting a little frayed in front; moustache, yes, until a few days ago, a good one—sacrificed it to Zeus, or some other Greek divinity.

Size and general appearance—about the same as when the "cares of life o'ertook me," and the cold world began the process of mastication.

Have writ none, spoke none, acted none, nor made a celebrity of myself in any line whatsoever.

Work! All kinds of work in and about a paper mill, from cutter boy to my present position. Good deal of experience and hard knocks, with correspondingly inverse homeopathic doses of the "always needful"; find that I have several wisdom teeth to cut yet.

Have been afflicted with malaria and mosquitoes. Can knock out any one in the class telling lies about the latter and the way they have used me. Lived in them and they in me for the greater part of my post-graduate career.

Have stuck to baseball, playing with the Montclair A. C. Getting poorer at the game every year, but am going to keep at it until I get kicked out as a "has-been."

Have traveled considerably since leaving college, mostly on the trolley between Montclair and Waverly.

See some of the boys once in a while, all getting married but myself, and I haven't struck luck yet. Guess that's about all.

God bless you, every one.

Yours for Princeton and the dear old class.

J. Pierson Wheeler.

Montclair, N. J., April 26, '01.

ROBERT CREW WILKINS.

Dear Secretary:—It was my great misfortune to be on the Atlantic ocean last summer, at the time when our celebrated class held its triennial reunion. It give me great pleasure, therefore, to meet again in this way all those jovial spirits of '97 whom time has scattered over the world. After leaving Princeton, in June of '97, I went to Europe, remaining three months in Germany. On my return, following my previous careful training on the Here and There Column of *The Daily Princetonian,* I embarked on a career of newspaper work on *The Washington Post.* My succeeding summers have all been spent in Europe, and it has been my good fortune to meet Princeton

men in every country visited. Kershow and myself met quite by accident, in the Hotel Bristol, Berlin, summer before last. We immediately formed a mutual protective society, and spent several weeks together in a German *pension,* studying the manners and customs of the inhabitants. For some unaccountable reason our early training in the German tongue seemed not to have made a very lasting impression. Kersh knew one word *"bier,"* and I could articulate *"noch eins grosses bier."* Between us we could just order enough on which to live.

Last summer Europe was full of Princeton men. Macy Brooks, '96, and myself went over on the same boat, and spent most of the summer together. Fourth of July was the occasion of a large dinner and dance, given at Leipsic, Germany, by Brainard Warner, Jr., '96, the American Consul at that place, and I enjoyed the sensation of dining under the Stars and Stripes in Saxony. Barnum's circus was there, and, of course, everybody went. The clowns perpetrated the same old jokes, but beer, and plenty of it, took the place of red lemonade and peanuts. On my homeward journey a crowd of six Princeton men met in Munich, Germany, and at the invitation of the American consul there, a small reunion dinner was held in honor of the occasion at Tutsing, an attractive little town near Munich. After a three weeks' sojourn in Paris, I sailed for America on "The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse." After the boat had been out two days, Buck Thompson appeared, a little worse for wear. A jolly crowd assembled every night in the smoking-room, singing college songs, Princeton being represented by Macy Brooks, '96, Buck Thompson and myself, and one could almost imagine himself back under the protection of Old North. I am still engaged in newspaper work, and as manager of *The Washington Weekly Post,* am quite qualified to explain, through its Farm and Home Dept., the best method of making a hen coop or frying a cake. At present I am treasurer of The Washington Post Co.

Very sincerely,

ROBERT C. WILKINS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18, '01.

EPHRAIM WILLIAMS, JR.

My Dear "Pop":—Your final appeal, and the fact that I am one of the, I must say, in this case, inactive "Fifteen," arouses me to a sense of duty, and fills me with shame at the existing state of affairs. If the glory of dear old '97 rests upon us, if we stand in the way of her reaching the coveted goal of supremacy, in this instance, we are indeed remiss, if not criminally negligent. I, therefore, make haste to atone and send my small mite to help place us, if possible, in our usual position at the head of the line.

After graduation in '97 I returned to my home in Stonington, Connecticut, a small country town, pleasantly situated on the border line of Connecticut and Rhode Island, and just at the end of Long Island Sound, where I spent a most delightful, quiet summer, boating, driving,

and generally enjoying myself, taking a last, final vacation before beginning the struggle of earning the "Almighty Dollar," and, incidentally, a livelihood. In the fall I entered the law office of Dixon & Sweeney, in the neighboring town of Westerly, and just across the line, within the borders of Rhode Island, where I began the study of the law, and served a general clerkship. During my clerkship in the above-mentioned office, I resided at home, and went by train daily back and forth between the two towns. Naturally, having been brought up in Stonington, and now being there permanently, I took a keen interest in the affairs of the town, and in the fall of '98, being nominated by the Democratic party, of that town, for Representative to the State Legislature, I began a somewhat active political campaign. The election resulted in a Republican victory, and my political aspirations were nipped in the bud. However, in the spring of '99, I presume out of commiseration, the Borough of Stonington, which has a Democratic majority, although the town is Republican, nominated me for Mayor, but for personal reasons I declined to accept the nomination, and now devoted my time to a final preparation for the Bar examinations of Rhode Island. In August, '99, I took the examination for the Rhode Island Bar, and, passing the same, after a pleasant vacation spent partly in a cruise through Vineyard Sound and down to Nantucket, I was admitted to practice in that State. I therefore, continued on in the same office, with but little difference, except the change from clerk to attorney, until December, 1900, when two of my cousins in New York City, having formed the firm of Dixon & Holmes, for the practice of law, in said city, I left the office in Westerly, Rhode Island, and came to New York, where I am now residing, and connected with the above-named firm of Dixon & Holmes. For various reasons the change is a most agreeable one, and especially so, as now I am in much closer connection with the dear old college—I beg your pardon—I mean, university, and it is not now such an unusual event to occasionally meet a classmate. In New England the Princeton Alumni are, naturally, not very numerous, although I hope, and from a letter received announcing a Princeton dinner to be given in Boston, May 29th, 1901, by the Princeton Alumni living in New England, am led to believe, strong and active. At all events, there is one thing I *am* sure of, that there is one small spot, in southeastern Connecticut and western Rhode Island that has heard a thing or two of a certain well-beloved town in Jersey, and, furthermore, I sincerely believe has not yet heard the whole story .

This very personal account—but as it was to be about myself, I failed to see how I could eliminate that element—with much regret for my long delay, and sincere greetings to the "great and glorious," our well-beloved '97, I now send in answer to her call to duty.

Thanking you for your several gentle reminders, with best wishes and kindest regards, Very sincerely yours,

New York City, N. Y., May 6, '01. Ephraim Williams, Jr.

JOHN ADAMS WILLIAMS.

Fellow Classmates:—Upon my graduation from Princeton, in June, 1897, I at once began to consider for what calling of life I was best fitted. For better or for worse, I chose the law, and in the following autumn entered upon that study at the New York Law School. There I found various of my classmates, who had made a like choice, and in emulous rivalry, each striving to outstrip his companions, we spent two earnest years, being graduated in June, 1899, and a few weeks later being admitted to the Bar of this State. We have since zealously pursued our profession, and in all the select and numerous body of men engaged in the furtherance of justice in the metropolis, you will find none more active and more aspiring than the little group which represents you among them.

My own career hitherto must depend for its merits rather upon its negative excellencies, but for such do I claim a certain credit. In a city where annually the majority votes wrong, I have ever been of the minority; in a profession which each year is subtracted from, that the quota in our jails and penitentiaries may be added to, no step has yet been taken for my apprehension; in a class where but few are still unmarried, my virgin heart, all untouched, pines on in single blessedness. The factitious heights of fame, it is true, are not yet mine, but I cannot consider myself obscure when I recall how widely known is my name and address among committees to build gymnasiums and other committees having similar aims and requests.

Having but rare opportunities to address an audience like this, I desire upon this occasion to make a few propositions, for which I would ask my classmates' thoughtful consideration. And of the first—of hazing at Princeton—I confess I dislike to speak, so inadequate, so puerile in their incompleteness, must our forms seem to graduates of other institutions where the practice flourishes. I would direct your attention to West Point, whose finished system I respectfully urge be adopted at our Alma Mater. Indeed, I fancy a West Point man would have but a scornful contempt for us and our pitiable deficiencies, and when we compare our relative modes—if comparable they be—the thoroughness, the refinement, the justification, and especially the ultimate penalty, upon which their system is based and which is its chief adornment can have no other effect than to make a Princeton man hang his head in shame. Surely with the influence which we could exert at the national capital, we could readily have assigned to duty at Princeton (as tactical instructor, if you will) some young officer of the most approved ability in those things for which we should desire him, and, remembering the natural aptitude of our sophomores, I shall not attempt to dissemble my confidence that in a very short time, under such guidance, we should have a code of hazing which, on its merit, we should not need to hesitate to compare to that of West Point itself. Could we and our successors but have had the benefit of such a method, that, polished by such a training, we might have become considerate and instinctive gentlemen, constant com-

panionship with whom would be—in an old writer's description of the braying of asses—"a world of joy without end."

With an equal heartiness do I make another suggestion, for I do not conceive that this is too early a date for us to begin planning for our decennial gift to the university; and having in mind the worthy memorial which a preceding class has lately decided upon, I hasten to propose that ours be of a similar nature, any objection that may be made against our following another's lead being overthrown by the intrinsic worth of the plan itself. An earlier class than our own, my classmates doubtless knows, intends to build for Princeton a golf club house, expending the large sum of money they have collected, so that the rather inadequate facilities now obtaining at Princeton, for golf, may be replaced by the most admirable accommodations.

Some time since in answer to Mr. Keener's call for suggestions for buildings. Such choices are fit enough in their way—nor do I view with entire disfavor the plan we have so often discussed—that of building a dormitory as our gift. We must not forget, however, the favor with which all Princeton men now look upon both marbles and tops, the mere mention of which species of athletics will bring to mind the utter absence at Princeton of a place for their proper exercise, and now that one may play golf amid the most satisfactory conditions, could our class not construct grounds, admirably arranged in the most modern style, with the most modern devices and comforts, where we at our reunions, and where other Princeton men at other times could spin our little tops and shoot our little marbles, amid surroundings unsurpassed elsewhere in the nation? Almost every other need of our Alma Mater has long since been supplied; in this chance to obviate her most marked remaining defect, a singular opportunity is afforded us.

It is very probable that we could in a spirit of amity arrange a league with our sister-class, whereby we might grant to its members special privileges at our grounds, receiving in turn concessions from them. Our interest and proficiency in our respective sports would thus be increased; new and pleasant ties and associations would ensue; by the peculiar acceptability of our respective gifts—some classes wondering at us, some envying us, all admiring us—Old Nassau would constantly win new fame and honor.

Some time since in answer to Mr. Keener's call for suggestions for features for this Triennial Record, I made a response and asked to be allowed to contribute biographical sketches of our President and Secretary respectively. (My presumption, I trust, will be forgiven, because of my desire to serve my class). For my proposition I received kindly thanks, accompanied by Mr. Keener's arbitrary veto; Mr. Garrett affirmatively concurring. I, therefore, feel that in this individual letter I am not at liberty to give any testimony of my admiration and respect for either of these gentlemen, but in closing, I do wish to give a few words of praise to the competent members of an important committee.

In our preparations for our Triennial, it was fortunately remembered that it would take place during a heated season of the year, to guard against the discomforts of which a committee on refreshments was appointed. The committeemen were chosen with a wise selection, and I can give no higher tribute to their efforts than to recall the fact that so alluring was their hospitality that many who came to pass an hour under our tent stayed the day, "Day boarders," as the pleasant expressive phrase ran. None will more emphatically assert than myself that the success of our reunion was due to the labors of one man, but we must remember that with this phase of our celebration —than which none was happier in its results—Mr. Keener consistently declined to have any connection.

I hope, therefore, at our next reunion this committee will again be placed in charge of its own department. Its members have shown their merit, and a grateful class will welcome their reappointment. For if, in 1902, Mr. Keener, in whatsoever misguided motive—Mr. Garrett affirmatively concurring—should decide to take personal charge of the same, sadly reminiscent, would we have to say, as Carlyle said of the dying Robespierre, "God help him—and us."

Your classmate,

JOHN A. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Jan. 25, '01.

PERCY HERBERT WILLIAMS.

Dear Pop:—Please understand, at the beginning, that your scurrilous and insulting postal cards have not forced me to write, although some of my immediate family, judging from their general tone of profanity, thought I must have at least robbed the '97 class treasury, to deserve such abuse. I'm surprised at your profane language! You know, as well as I, Pop, that there's no use trying to make an interesting story out of four years of medical school work. Why, there's more excitement in driving a scavenger's cart—and it's a good deal cleaner, too! However, in as few words as possible, I'll just tell what has happened to me since I gained my diploma *nulla cum laude,* at Princeton, four years ago.

My first summer was without any incident worthy of mention. The only thing which still lingers in my memory is how Father Spencer visited me, and in two days became King of the Fussers by divine right. When he left, all the girls lost interest in life, and some even attempted suicide. A man with Spencer's talents ought to be careful to do as little damage as possible.

In the fall of '97 I started in at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Any one who knows any thing about the first year at medical school realizes what that means; at first you worry because you fear you've "missed your calling"; later you wish you were sure, so as to have an excuse to quit before "disgracing your family." It's a lovely game. It passed, in time, and the next summer I spent trying to remember what I had learned the winter before. My second winter was

like the first, but now I had lost all spirit and didn't care whether school kept or not. The summer of '99 I went abroad with the fixed purpose of becoming engaged—I accomplished my purpose, and things began to look up a little.

During the following winter, I worked like a vulgar, common garden ant, and finished the year knowing only a little less than when I began, but by this time I realized that "All men are fools." Misery loves company, and I was more content.

Last summer I spent substituting at the Presbyterian and St. Luke's Hospitals, in New York, and took only a few weeks' vacation, but enough to start in fresh in the fall.

All this winter Runt Haussling and I have been alternating between hope and fear, for with spring came hospital exams. You see now why we haven't written to you before; when in the hopeful state we worked too hard to write, and hadn't an hour to spare; when dull fear seized our souls, we hadn't the nerve to darken the fair pages of the '97 triennial with our dark forebodings.

Well, last Friday and Saturday I took my exams. for Bellevue, and landed right side up with both feet. Now I feel more like I did when I graduated. Yesterday, thanks to Runt Haussling, Rubber Shearer, Tommy Thompson, and a few more Princeton heelers, I was elected president of the graduating class of P. & S. The class president up here is more or less of a joke, anyway.

And now I get my M. D. in June, and start all over again at the bottom of another ladder. It's slow work. School, college, professional school, hospital training, seems like a long list for preparation for life, but it has all passed quickly so far, and I've had more or less fun out of it, too. There's a great sameness to it all, as we look back. First, when we start at prep. school it's all strange and new, and we are "kinder thankful and willin' to please," like the old maid; soon we are in the fourth form, and own the school. Freshman year, we knuckle down again, and feel very diminutive as we take off our hats to the "sophs," and wonder how our more favored classmates dare to call seniors by their first names; then we, too, are seniors, and "do as we d—— please," as all good seniors should. But even this doesn't last, and we start all over again and work up again until the last year at professional school, when we feel pretty fair, but not nearly so cocky as before, for we know now what it all means.

Next year I start in again as junior in the largest hospital in the city, to work my way up to house surgeon, and then begin all over again in the cold world, as a struggling little M. D. So it has gone, up and down, each time a little higher, only to begin again at the bottom of the next ladder.

Now, Pop, you see how dry all this sounds, and understand why I hesitated to inflict a letter upon you; but you would have one or have me excommunicated forever from the "great and glorious." What I have written, I have written. It's your own fault, Pop.

By the bye, it may interest you to know that I will be married be-

fore next Commencement, and if the class will promise to be good, I'll come down and let them pat me on the back.

Yours, as ever, for '97,

PERCY H. WILLIAMS.

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., April 12, '01.

WILBURT CHARLES WILLIAMS.

My Dear Pop:—The enclosed card and envelope which I received this A.M. will, in a way, explain the reason for my not having acknowledged your many, "judging from the number on the last," notifications.

It seems that there are other W. C. W.'s in the city who, no doubt, have been in the habit of obtaining mail belonging to me, which has not been returned to the postal authorities for distribution to correct address. Now that one has fallen to my lot, and I herein enclose my home and business address, no doubt you will feel relieved somewhat, as in the future I shall try not to delay in acknowledging communications from old '97.

Of myself, I have nothing much to say, excepting that I am in reality the same old *Max,* who used to trot around while in P——, with the exception that I am getting *older.* It has been my misfortune to meet but very few of the old '97 crowd, their number being limited from this section, but if things come my way and nothing turns up to prevent it, I shall be on the old battle-ground this coming summer, to see our boys pull another championship from Yale.

Yours sincerely,

W. C. WILLIAMS.

SCRANTON, PA., April 10, '01.

ALEXANDER McDOWELL WILSON.

Friends of '97:—Mine are the "short and simple annals of the poor." Graduation found me with an A. B. as my only asset, and as many another has done, I turned to teaching as the easiest solution of my difficulties. Two years in New England Prep. School were enough to demonstrate that I was on the wrong tack, so I sought and found a position on the engineer corps of America's greatest railway. After a few months I was made an assistant supervisor of track, which resounding title I have carried on three different divisions, assisting practical, hard-headed old chaps who have risen from the humble position of section foremen. It's the strenuous life on tenuous pay, but it's worth while. With a lusty good will I could join you in singing once again the Levee Song.

The inquisitorial sheet I send in shows an aching vacuity where should be "honors," "wives," "children," and other interesting things—these I have neither achieved, though I have labored diligently, nor have they been thrust upon me; but "time" has not yet been called.

Heartily yours,

A. M. WILSON.

BATAVIA, N. Y., Jan. 21, '01.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

My Dear Pop:—Your blasphemous postal cards have roused such a storm of protest from my sisters that I find myself compelled to sit down and fulfil my duties as a '97 man. My communication may not be so vocabularic as yours, but it is written in as hearty a spirit. It is a little strenuous to come up to the mark set in your examples. Perhaps this will be excused when you understand that mine are the simple annals of the poor.

I am now in the possession of my degree, gained by a year extraordinary at Princeton—1899-1900. My life, previous to that, and subsequent to my enforced departure in '97, was one of magnificent monotony. I worked for my living here in the West, and I judge the process is the same everywhere. I spare you the details. In Princeton I renewed my acquaintance with several subjects of the curriculum, displayed a most exemplary devotion to my religious duties as set forth in chapel o' mornings, made my final salaam and withdrew my insignificant countenance to these parts.

I am now teaching Latin to the beginners in Portland Academy, and striving to forget the habits of study formed in Alma Mater. I regret to say that, in spite of the recognized brilliancy of Nassau's representatives, very few of our Western boys consider it as a possible place to go. A good many things go to make this the case, but, as Prexie elegantly put it, I am not yet free from the effects of having been under discipline, and, of course, any suggestions I might make would be Tommy.

I never see any of the old class, though I hear of some wandering around. I am of the opinion that Collette and Duncan Moore are the only newcomers, but there may be others. I wish any who may hit the Oregon trail would call on 405 Clay Street, and receive the welcome awaiting them. Not many of you fellows know how we people can enjoy a friend, and I hope some will try us.

In spite of momentary ambitions I have done nothing in war, politics or journalism. Sounds tame, doesn't it? The class average is high, and some must be in the audience. To tell the truth I feel pretty much identified with those who succeed, and it's all in the family, you know.

So here's to you, Pop, with a good will and a blessing on your blasphemous but revered head. Here's looking at '97 over a mighty sweet cup of memory.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

PORTLAND, ORE., April 24, '01.

WALTER WINFIELD WILSON.

My Dear "Pop":—Immediately after leaving college I chose as my life work that of a lumberman, but after one year I concluded that I did not want to be the lumberman, so I began the study of law at "Dear old Penn." (?). I expect to graduate this spring, as modestly

as possible. After which I shall be found at Pittsburgh, Pa., if successful.

With best wishes to all.

Very sincerely,

W. W. WILSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 27, '01.

JAMES LISTER WOLCOTT.

Wolcott is a member of the firm of Hughes & Wolcott, attorneys-at-law, Dover, Del. Judged by his communications with the Secretary he is a silent partner. Nothing further is known of his doings and goings. It is negatively inferred that he is still unmarried, and therefore the master of his own destiny.

FRANK MONTGOMERY WOOD, JR.

Dear Pop:—I do not wonder that you get impatient with your delinquent classmates, but if you knew what it is to pass through a siege of final exams., such as I have just finished, in order to have the privilege of tacking the title of M. D. on to your name, and then of starving to death, I am certain you would forgive me. I am working night and day now, just at present in the office of one Dr. H——. You say you want a history of my life since I left college. Well, it will be short and sweet, I can tell you.

One day while sitting in a large room over in the old seminary there came a letter, telling me to come to New York. This letter was the means of introducing your humble servant to the Y. M. C. A. work of New York State. I remained in this work for one year, as secretary and physical director. The first six months I spent at White Plains, N. Y., the next six at Waverly, N. Y. In that work I think I learned what it is to TRY to be a spiritual adviser, preacher, collector, bookkeeper, athletic director, teacher, disciplinarian, baseball coach, football coach, basketball teacher, gymnast, sign artist, author, copyist, cyclist, teacher of the art of graceful movements—*i.e.*, "Delsarte"—wrestler, boxing teacher, president, secretary and treasurer, leader in the Glee Club, organizer of girls' club, Papa and Mamma. Is it any wonder that I took up the study of medicine, do you think? Well, the final result of this attempt to do too much of everything was, that I was compelled to take a rest in the autumn of '98. I went out along the old Susquehanna for a week or two, and then to the scenes of my childhood in Ohio. While there, thoughts of my future beset my soul, and would not let me go. So I thought me thus: "My aim in life is to do the most good possible—where can I do the most?" I had prepared myself while in college in the beginning work of a medical course, so I thought to continue thus. Then the echo answered, where? I always liked the West. Pop will remember how they called on the Freshman from the "wild and woolly West" the night of my initiation into literary life at Princeton. So, after due deliberation, I decided that the

Windy City was the place for me, and I think you will think so, too, when I am through with this recital of nothings.

However, to continue, in the fall of '98 I came to Chicago and entered Rush Medical College, as a sophomore. That fall I played football, just to keep up my propensities as an athlete (?). I went with the Rush team on their Western trip, on which trip we were beaten every game but one, and that was a tie. Then I began to feel that we had gotten far, *far* away from the ways of our Alma Mater, especially in the football line. No training, no sleep, only play ball; it was fun, but fun for the other fellow. Well, how we got back from that trip I do not know, but we got back, and were treated finely by the professors. Why, they even gave us extra quiz men to get us through our exams. When that trip was over I settled down.

I have been studying medicine ever since. All that winter long I struggled with osteology, physiology and the rest of the ologies, till I became a junior. In the springtime, when the flowers were in bloom, I decided on a trip across Indiana on my bicycle. I left Chicago on Monday at 3 P.M. Sunday night it had rained; the boulevards were fine, the sun shone, and I was feeling grand; all went well till I had passed One Hundredth Street. Then, all was a sea of mud, with the bicycle and myself for an island. While I was struggling on, cleaning the mud and straw from the wheel at every rut, along came my salvation in the form of an expressman, who gave me a lift as far as West Pullman. There I took the railroad track of the Pennsylvania Railroad, riding between the tracks, getting off now and then for a train to pass, all of which was *very* exciting.

I rode that night till 11:30, which hour found me at a pumping station, where I stopped and asked the "old pumper" for a drink of water—the boys know I couldn't get anything stronger at that hour. Being well treated, I asked him if he knew where I could get a bed, so as to lay my "weary" bones to rest, and to this he also replied in the affirmative. So I chuckled to myself and followed him. He pointed me to a small house not far away. There I roused the old residenter, who seemed like the owl, ever vigilant, for he soon appeared at the door, clad in the little end of nothing. I informed him of my needs and he showed me to my room, and at last I slept. I didn't get up next morning with the birds, but slept till 8 o'clock. My wheel was in pretty bad shape when I awoke, but I oiled and polished it, and was off again. At the next town, which was two miles away, I got something to eat. Eggs I boiled over a fire next the railroad track, and like the "weary Willie," ate my meal in silence. While I was eating, the sky became clouded and portended a shower. I hastened my eating, and packed up my things and mounted track and wheel once more.

The rain came on apace, and with it the wind, and of all the paces I set for the next mile and a half—I think I never went faster on an express in my life. The shower was soon over, and the sun came out, beautifully warm, and soon I was again dry. That day's trip took me ninety miles on my journey from Chicago. During the day I stopped

often to pick the beautiful flowers, and to think of their only companions, beautiful women. Do you know, Pop, the flowers always make me revel in their beauty—things of beauty are always associated in the mind, and what is more beautiful than a flower?—nothing save a beautiful woman. The violets, there, were especially fine and fragrant. Think of it, wild, fragrant violets, and all for nothing. I revelled in them for that day. By night I was at North Judson, and sick, too, at that. I hunted a hotel, and finding one, proceeded to enter with my steed, whereupon the proprietress addressed me thus: "Put that *thing* (my wheel) over there!" I didn't propose to have my companion thus maligned, so said: "Whew, you must have been a school ma'am once upon a time." "Yes," said she, "I taught school for eleven years." Then she laughed, and I laughed, and we were friends. I soon got my room and was sound asleep. The next morning I did justice to a good sirloin, the first I had seen since I left Chicago. That day I made Logansport by 6 P.M., sixty miles. There I had reached the region of good roads, and was passing up the main street with the intention of pressing on for a few miles, but what was my surprise as I was passing the dooryard of a manse and church, to see my old friend Biederwolf, '92, in his shirt sleeves, mowing his lawn. He hailed me, "Hello, there; how's Clint." Nothing would do but I must come in and be introduced to his wife; and they fed me, *hungry as I was,* on the very best things I ever ate. They put me in their very best room, *tramp though I was,* to sleep the sleep of a *genteelman.* The next morning I left there late, after the "gude man" had shown me all the relics of his Cuban campaign, where he served as chaplain of his regiment.

But I must hurry on my journey or I shall tire you so you will not read another word. That day (Wednesday) I made sixty miles by 5 o'clock. This found me in Marion, Ind. The next day I made 122 miles, by 6 P.M. Richmond, ninety miles, and my 10:30, *Home, Sweet Home.* I found mother and father to give me welcome. I spent the summer there.

My vacation was short, however, as the new quarterly system was soon to be inaugurated at Rush. July 5 I was back in Chicago, ready for study once more. From that time till October I put in the hours at study, and then, by way of vacation, went down to Springfield, Ohio, and coached the Wittenberg College football team for a month. Here I learned that athletic managers do not do all they promise to do, even in writing, nor can you hold any one liable on a faculty advisory committee, all of which was valuable experience.

In November I returned to study, and have been here since. Nothing especial has happened to me here, but something will happen along about June 20 of this year, which you will have to consult other annals than this to learn. My last exam. was passed to-day. I shall soon be in the active practice of medicine. I shall endeavor to attend the Reunion of '97 next June, if possible. So, if any of the boys are sick at the "round up," they will know whom to consult that they may be safely and quickly, and easily transported acros the River Styx. Tell

them I'll promise to leave my pills at home if they will let me join them in the good old times when we *beat Yale.*

Your friend and classmate,

WOODY.

CHICAGO, ILL., Feb. 20, 1901.

HERBERT ROLAND WOODWARD.

Dear Fellows:—My life since leaving college has been quite an ordinary one and I haven't passed through any exciting events.

The summer following our commencement, I spent in Colorado—most of the time in Estes Park, where I did nothing but enjoy myself. Returning from there late in August, I started as assistant engineer on the P. D. & E. Railway, with headquarters at Mattoon, Ill. Most of my time for the next three years was spent in pumping hand-cars and taking long walks over ties and loose, gravel-ballasted track, carrying chains, levels and transits. *One* Christmas I spent in New York and saw some few of '97's glorious class.

My next trip was to our Triennial, where I helped swell the number and make it the greatest event of its kind that Old Nassau has ever seen.

July 1, 1900, I resigned my position on the railroad, and went to Joplin, Mo., to look into the zinc and lead fields for a company. Two weeks I spent in riding horseback through the mountain of Arkansas, being sometimes as much as ninety miles from a railroad. I stayed in Joplin and vicinity until September 1, and then returned to civilization with my head full of lead and zinc and all sorts of exaggerated ideas of their values. The first three weeks in September I spent in Canada, trying to regain some of the flesh I had lost in the Southwest. Being very successful in this, I came back to my home in Peoria, where I expect to remain until spring, and then start in mining in Joplin.

Here's to '97,

H. R. WOODWARD.

PEORIA, ILL., Jan. 3, 1901.

ALLAN STEWART WRENN.

My Dear Pop:—There is a devil of a distinction between veracity and a class letter, recognizing which I dare to respectfully submit the following lie:

Scarcely had we recovered our sobriety, after the week of laughter occasioned by the delivery of the Latin Salutatory, when your present scribe found himself plunged into the very midst of his illustrious career.

It is a "doocidly" impressive thing to awake some morning about 9:30, rub your eyes and find yourself famous before you have had time to put on your noble breeches. Therefore, imagine with what grandeur I, a leading citizen of——, executed a profound bow to myself in the glass, upon that eventful morning—for had I not just read in the local "Bladder" (sandwiched between an ad. of Perkin's Pills and one of

Rough on Rats) the most important news that *I* had arrived and how *I* would do all kinds of things to a certain great industry in said town—all of which may have come to pass or may not, for all any one, including the leading citizen, ever knew to the contrary. Anyway, after operating upon the said industry for the space of one year, having gracefully retired, I found myself once again in N. Y., somewhat limited as to rocks, but full of many ideas as to the relative importance of things—including myself.

Chapter II. begins with a problem. Q. Define a "young attorney." Ans. A "young attorney" is a technical term signifying what is left after the supply has exceeded the demand. Also the term is definable as "A horrible example in Bankruptcy."

The way to become one of these things is to get a certificate of good moral character, pay somebody else $200 or so, and then work like Billy-be-dee'd for two years, if your moral character is good—for three if it isn't. Then you pay fifteen bones to a body of men especially provided by a thoughtful government to receive the same, and stand in awe of said body for a week or so (lest they make a mistake and give you some change). At the end of that time you will be informed by the head devil of something or other up the state, that upon a certain hot day in June you may approach the Appellate Division (using your heart as chewing gum to quiet your nerves) go down cellar and sweat for eight hours. On that day it all comes to pass as above stated. Then, for three weeks, it is your duty to be very confident that you flunked, at the end of which period you again appear at the Appellate Division and take oath—ordinary oaths being ineffective—after which you are a "young attorney," but can't say say you feel any worse.

But why is a "young attorney"? That is a more difficult question. The Appellate Division, which made him, doesn't know, because they are only concerned with legal matters; the fellow doesn't know, himself, because, if he did, he wouldn't be one; and the Lord doesn't know because the attorney belongs to the other side. The best answer I have been able to find is that the "young attorney" is for the purpose of being joked about, and doing legal chores at (— $3) per week, including expenses, which he pays. Maybe some day he'll be on the bench, maybe he'll go bust, or maybe anything—mostly maybe. So—there you have it. Now go out and have a beer on me at your expense, and see how you would like to be a barrister *de bonis non*. When I have a real live case with hair on it and teeth and claws and other proofs of its materiality, I'll set you up—after I have recovered from the fit which I expect to throw upon the happenings of that event. Interim, I remain,

Yours truly,

A. S. Wrenn.

Cranford, N. J., April 17, '01.

SAMUEL STEWART YANTIS.

Dear Keener:—From my long continued silence in this matter, you doubtless understand that I feel myself quite incapable of success in the

capacity in which I am now acting. I can assure you that this apparent indifference has been wholly a matter of my thinking that anything that I may have done, little concerns the members as a whole, of the class; and also is due to my conscious inability to interest those who read my poorly written letter.

Since leaving Princeton in the summer of 1897, I have been engaged in trying to make a lawyer out of myself. This has consisted of two years spent in the Harvard Law School at Cambridge. If the experiences, results and impressions of those two years could be vended, to me the price would have to be very high, if indeed they have a marketable value. We at Princeton had many smiles and some contempt for the boys at Cambridge, but I learned that we could profit much by *working* as they work. But perhaps I make an unfair comparison, since I was associated with college boys at Princeton, and professional men at Cambridge. At any rate, my two years there were were taken up in hard work in the law school, and were in every way very satisfactory. Certainly one is not a complete lawyer when he leaves any law school; he has to go against the hard reality of the business world, but I never dreamed that one could be put so far along the road in two years at any law school.

Since leaving school I have been practicing my profession in the "Queen city of the Blue Grass country," my native state, Kentucky. Lexington is an historic city, but not therefore a dead place. It is, on the contrary, a lively city, a good place for business and professional men, and (I think) the best place on earth to live. There are, I realize, very few to agree with me on the last statement. My success since coming here has not been phenomenal, but it has been fair. I have been associated with an eminently successful and able firm, that of Breckenridge & Shelby, to which I owe much. Mr. J. W. Shelby is of the class of 1870. To those who care to read and feel a concern, I am glad to say that the "Fates" have been reasonably kind to me, and I have promise of a fairly successful career.

I just had a talk with C. H. Martin, '99, who lives close to Lexington, and who has just returned from the Princeton Seminary, so old memories are fresh in my mind.

Kirkwood, '97, has been called to preach at the Second Presbyterian Church in our city. We welcome him among us.

Good fortune and good cheer to all Princeton men of whatever class! Especial blessings be upon the class of '97.

I have the honor to be your classmate and friend,

S. S. YANTIS,

LEXINGTON, KY., May 4, '01.

WALTER SCOTT YEATTS.

Dear "Pop":—Having passed the stage of "17th Request" and "This is a final appeal to your class loyalty," I feel that the time has come to prove to you that all you said has not fallen up barren ground.

There is absolutely nothing of interest to say about myself, my life,

so far, being like thousands of others—lots of work, a little play, and some good friends, with whom to talk over our troubles. I have the good fortune, however, of living in the country, with plenty of outdoor life, walking, riding, cricket, tennis, and the ancient and honorable golf, all contributing to a healthy state of mind and body.

As you know from your records, I went with "The Ætna Insurance Co.," the fall after our graduation, and remained with that company until the following July, when I entered the Traffic Department of the Penna. R. R. I am still with the railroad, and am fortunate enough to be in love with my work, which seems to grow more fascinating as the knowledge of it increases.

The '97 men of Phila. have been very much scattered during the last year, and the "crowd" is almost broken up, Palmer in Wilmington, Ingham at York, De Coursey in the Hospital, and Burt Miller—well, no one ever knows where he is. Jimmie Clark, Baldy Wilson, Davis and "Gillie," I see on the street occasionally, but few of us ever "get together." Nevertheless, "Pop," the spirit is all right, although we do not answer your appeals for letters. The whole trouble is, "The cares of life have overtaken us.'

Yours truly,

WALTER S. YEATTS.

ST. DAVIDS, PA., May 5, '01.

Manufacturing and Commercial (56).—Abbott, Alexander, E. S., Armitage, Baird, Balken, Barkley, Beattie, Bissell, Bodman, Bogue, Bowne, Brokaw, Church, Clarke, Clement, Cox, E., Curtis, G. S., Crozer, De Montalvo, Derr, R., Evans, F., Fairbanks, Forbes, Furbay, Gill, Green, Hamburger, Hamilton, Harrold, Harvey, Holmes, Jamison, H. B., Jefferson, Kent, E. G., Kent, R. B., Leggett, Leonard, H. T., Mitchell, Moore, E., Macleay, Pardee, Pitcairn, Quinlan, Riggs, Robb, W. M., Rodgers, Silvey, Small, Taylor, S. W., Terry, Townley, Trainer, Warner, Weber, Weiss, Wheeler.

Financial (*Including Banking, Brokerage and Insurance*) (34).—Babcock, Bonnell, Bradley, J., Bradley, N., Cox, R. G., Curtis, F. G., Derr, C. B. Dickinson, Geer, Hagemeyer, Harris, W. S., Hopper, Hubbard, Johnson, Kehler, Kennedy, Lowe, Masson, Mills, Moore, R., McClure, Olcott, Parker, Patterson, G. L., Pilling, Reynolds, T. F., Rhodes, Roe, Rusling, Speer, Starin, Sturges, Waterhouse, G., Williams, W. C.

Railroads (5).—Robb, H. C., Studdiford, Van Cleaf, Wilson, A. M., Yeatts.

Law (52).—Angleman, Bedford, Boice, Brown, Buckingham, Davis, W. P., Davis, E. P., Dunlap, Dwight, Frame, Gallagher, Gilmore, Graham, H. J., Graham, J. W., Graver, Gregory, Gulick, Hill, W. C., Hollister, Jayne, Jessup, W. P., Kelly, Mattison, Moore, D. M., Moore, J. T., Mravlag, McCartney, McNish, Neill, Poe, Ramsey, Reeves, Reynolds, W. A., Riegel, Shaw, Shortz, Smitham, Smyser, Smyth, Stanton, Stewart, Stockwell, Taylor, C. I., Thompson, B. H., Thompson, S. H., Upshur, Williams, E., Williams, J. A., Wilson, W. W., Wolcott, Wrenn, Yantis.

Medicine (28).—Alexander, A. J. A., Altman, Andrus, Downing, Drake, Elliott, J. D., Erdman, Frazer, Harkness, Haussling, Hitzrot, Keese, Keller, King, Lane, Mittendorf, Macdonald, McGibbon, McGraw, Post, Roys, Shearer, Spencer, Thompson, E. C., Waldo, Wallace (vet.), Williams, P. H., Wood.

Ministry (23).—Brenneman, Cooley, Cowan, F. B., Cowan, J. H., Guss, Hallett, Harris, H. S., Hoole, Jessup, F. N., Kirkwood, Liggett, Miller, J. W., Minker, McAlpin, McCague, Newton, Peck, Richards, Robinson, Schoonmaker, Sterling, Stopp, Ward.

Teaching (21).—Beam, H. M., Colwell, Comin, Evans, W. F., Hall, Keener, Leonard, A. W., Magie, Miller, B. R., Miller, L. H., Murray, McLaughlin, Norris, Padget, Patterson, A. M., Scott, Stahl, Teeter, Tyler, Van Nest, Wilson, J. F.

Civil Engineering (12).—Allison, Bailey, Campbell, Craig, De Gray, Ely, Harris, H. A., Hutchinson, Ingham, Leigh, Lewis, Woodward.

Electrical Engineering (2).—Beam, V. S., Reilly.

Mining (2).—Beatty, Sawyer.

Journalism (7).—Andersson, Baldwin, Dear, Gillespie, Hill, G. T., Nevin, Wilkins.

United States Government (4).—Cassels (Army), Emmons (War Dept.), Hurst (Army), Turney (P. O. Dept.).

Drafting (2).—Knapp, Leipold.

Farming and Stock Raising (5).—Clay, Jamison, A. W., Leland, Rosengarten, Taggart.

Studying (6).—Elliott, E. G. (Heidelberg), Garrett (Johns Hopkins), Henry (Princeton), Howe (Halle), Kershow (Univ. of Pa.), Nichols (Paris).

Publishing (2).—Dunn, Sankey.

Librarian (2).—George, Torrence.

Politics (2).—Clark, Havens.

Chemistry (2).—Axson, Day.

Inventor (1).—Ryle.

Illustrator (1).—Palmer.

Interpreter (1).—Katibah.

General Secretary of Y. M. C. A. (1).—Evans, T. S.

Unknown (4).—Bliss, Seymour, C. M., Smith, J. M., Vorhis.

Traveling (5).—Browne, De Coursey, Perkins, Russell, Seymour, W. A.

Mission Work (1).—Pierson.

Athletic Coach (1).—Smith, F. L.

An asterisk (*) following a name indicates present residence as distinguished from permanent or home address.

ARIZONA.
MORENCI.
Evans, F.*

COLORADO.
DENVER.
Beatty,
Graham, J. W.,
Thompson, S. H.
SALIDA.
Keller.*

DELAWARE.
DOVER.
Wolcott.
MILFORD.
Hallett.
WILMINGTON.
Norris,
Palmer.*

DIST. OF COL.
WASHINGTON.
Pilling,
Wilkins.

FLORIDA.
JACKSONVILLE.
Hubbard.

ILLINOIS.
CHICAGO.
Brown,*
Day,*
Guss,*
Jefferson,*
Moore, D. M.,*
McGibbon,
McGraw,*
Richards,*
Smyser,*
Wood.
MORGAN PARK.
Leonard, A. W.
PEORIA.
Jamison, H. B.,
Woodward.
ROCKFORD.
Forbes.
SPRINGFIELD.
Leland.

INDIANA.
ANDERSON.
Fairbanks.
INDIANAPOLIS.
Boice.

IOWA.
SIOUX CITY.
Kent, R. B.

KENTUCKY.
DANVILLE.
Patterson, A. M.*
LEXINGTON.
Yantis.
PARIS.
Clay.

LOUISIANA.
LULING.
Barkley.

MARYLAND.
BALTIMORE.
Garrett,
Hitzrot,*
Hopper,
Poe,
Riggs,*
Upshur.
GLENVILLE.
Sterling.*
HAGERSTOWN.
Neill.

MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON.
Bodman.*
HUDSON.
Harrold.*

MICHIGAN.
DETROIT.
Bowne.
GRAND RAPIDS.
Bonnell.

MINNESOTA.
ASHBY.
Liggett.
MINNEAPOLIS.
Harris, W. S.
ST. PAUL.
Hall.*

MISSOURI.
KANSAS CITY.
Andersson,
Robb, W. M.,*
Townley.
ST. LOUIS.
Green,
Lane,*
Spencer,
Warner.

NEBRASKA.
ASHLAND.
Jamison, A. W.*

NEW JERSEY.
BORDENTOWN.
Hutchinson.
CAMDEN.
Derr, R.,*
Mitchell,*
Malcolm,
Macdonald,
Stockwell,
CRANFORD.
Wrenn.
FREEHOLD.
Holmes.
JERSEY CITY.
Dear,
Teeter.*
LAWRENCEVILLE.
Keener,*
Stahl,
Tyler.*
LITTLE FALLS.
Beattie.
LONG BRANCH.
Evans, W. F.,*
Van Cleaf.
NEWARK.
Angleman,*
Gallagher,
Reeves,
Wheeler.
ORANGE.
Kent, E. G.*
OTHELLO.
Brenneman.*
PATERSON.
Ryle.
PENNINGTON.
Bissell.
PLAINFIELD.
Schoonmaker.
PRINCETON.
Colwell,*
George,

Henry,
Leggett,
Magie,
Newton,
Reilly,*
Van Nest.

TOMS RIVER.
Havens.

TRENTON.
Dickinson,
Parker,
Ward.

EAST ORANGE.
Armitage,

WEST ORANGE.
Kennedy.*
Baldwin.

NEW YORK.

AUBURN.
Jessup, F. N.*

BATAVIA.
Wilson, A. M.*

BROOKLYN.
Comin,
Jessup, W. P.,*
McCague,*
Pierson.

DOBBS FERRY.
Bradley, J.,
Bradley, N.

ELMIRA.
Knapp.

FLUSHING.
Beam, H. M.,*
Beam, V. S.,*
Seymour, W. A.

HULBURTON.
Waldo.

MORRISVILLE.
Cowan, F. B.*

NEW ROCHELLE.
Dunlap.

NEWARK VALLEY.
Bliss.

NEW YORK CITY.
Alexander, A.,*
Babcock,
Bogue,
Brokaw,
Buckingham,
Curtis, F. G.,
Curtis, G. S.,
Drake,
Dunn,*
Dwight,
Ely,
Erdman,*
Frazer,*
Gillespie,*
Gregory,*
Gulick,*
Hagemeyer,*
Harris, H. S.,
Haussling,*
Hill, G. T.,
Hollister,*
Johnson,*
Leonard, H. T.,
Lewis,
Lowe,*
Masson,
Mattison,*
Mills,
Mravlag,*
McAlpin,*
McNish,*
Olcott,
Pardee,*
Post,*
Reynolds, T. F.,*
Robb, H. C.,*
Roe,
Roys,*
Sankey,
Sawyer,*
Seymour, C. M.,
Shaw,*
Shearer,
Silvey,*
Smith, F. L.,
Smith, J. M.,
Stewart,
Studdiford,*
Sturges,
Taylor, C. I.,
Thompson, E. C.,*
Torrence,*
Vorhis,
Wallace,
Weber,
Weiss,
Williams, E.,*
Willams, J. A.,
Williams, P. H.

OYSTER BAY.
Russell.

SALAMANCA.
Terry.

SARATOGA SPRINGS.
Clement.

SCHENECTADY.
Miller, J. W.*

SOUTH WALES.
Hoole.*

STONY POINT.
Allison.

SUFFERN.
Leigh.*

SYRACUSE.
Keese.

YONKERS.
Davis, E. P.,
Kirkwood.

N. CAROLINA.

PINEBLUFF.
Campbell.

WAYNESVILLE.
Quinlan.*

OHIO.

BEDFORD.
Craig.*

CINCINNATI.
Hill, W. C.*

CLEVELAND.
Kelly,*
Perkins.

DAYTON.
Clark.

POMEROY.
Furbay.*

TOLEDO.
Ramsey,
Turney.

ZANESVILLE.
Abbott.

OKLAHOMA.

OKLAHOMA CITY.
Reigel.

OREGON.

ECKLEY.
Macleay.*

PORTLAND.
Wilson, J. F.

PENNSYLVANIA.

ARDMORE.
Clarke,*
Rhodes.

CANONSBURG.
Leipold.*

CHAMBERSBURG.
Gilmore.

CHURCHTOWN.
Minker.*

COLUMBIA.
Kehler.

HARRISBURG.
Cox, E. W.,
Cox, R. G.

HAVERFORD.
Baird.

HOMESTEAD.
Trainer.*

MAUCH CHUNK.
Smitham.*

MERCERSBURG.
McLaughlin.*

MT. AIRY.
Stopp.*
NEW CASTLE.
Patterson, G. L.
PARKESBURG.
Taggart.
PHILADELPHIA.
Altman,*
Andrus,*
Browne,
Crozer,*
Davis, W. P.,*
De Coursey,
De Gray,*
Elliott, J. D.,*
Evans, T.,*
Gill,
Kershaw,
Miller, B. R.,
Moore, E.,
Peck,*
Rodgers,
Rosengarten,
Rusling,*
Starin,*
Wilson, W. W.,*
Yeatts.*
PITTSBURG.
Balken,
Church,*
Geer,*
Graham, H. J.,*
Graver,
Hamburger,*
King,*
Moore, J. T.,*
Moore, R.,*
Murray,*
McClure,
Nevin,
Pitcairn,
Robinson,
Speer,
Stanton,
Thompson, B. H.
PITTSTON.
Cowan, J. H.
PLYMOUTH.
Scott.*
POTTSVILLE.
Harkness.*
READING.
Frame.
SCRANTON.
Downing,
Williams, W. C.
TOWANDA.
Padget.
WILKES-BARRE.
Bedford,
Derr, C. B.,
Jayne,*
McCartney,
Reynolds, W. A.,*
Shortz,
WISSAHICKON.
Bailey.*
YORK.
Ingham,*
Small.

S. CAROLINA.
CHARLESTON.
Smyth.

TENNESSEE.
MANNIE.
Axson.*

TEXAS.
HOUSTON.
Taylor, S. W.

VIRGINIA.
FORT MONROE.
Cassels.*
HAMPTON.
Cooley.*
NEWPORT NEWS.
Alexander, E. S.

WEST VIRGINIA.
ELKINS.
Hamilton.

WISCONSIN.
RACINE.
Harvey.*

AFRICA.
WADI HALFA (SOUDAN).
Katibah.*

CUBA.
HAVANA.
De Montalvo,*
Emmons.*

FRANCE.
PARIS.
Mittendorf,*
Nichols (Univ. of Paris).*

GERMANY.
HALLE.
Howe.*
HEIDELBERG.
Elliott, E. G. (Univ. of Heidelberg).*

HAWAIIAN ISLS.
HONOLULU.
Waterhouse, G.

PHILIPPINE ISLS.
MANILA.
Hurst.*

PORTO RICO.
JUNCOS.
Harris, H. A.*

SYRIA.
BEYROUT.
Miller, L. H.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Oliver Harriman Low,
Died February 6, 1896.

William Headley Smith,
Died October 2, 1896.

Harry Von Krug,
Died December 16, 1896.

James Hanna Kurtz,
Died November 5, 1898.

Phillips Jones,
Died November 21, 1899.

Henry Waterhouse, Jr.,
Died February 22, 1900.

John Simmons Collette,
Died June 29, 1900.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

The sun was down, the night was cold
  And dreary was the way,
But my good angel walked with me,
Oh! my good angel talked with me
  Until the break of day.

My friend and I once put to sea—
  My friend came back no more
But my good angel sighed for me,
Oh! my good angel cried for me
  When I put in to shore.

I thought I found a sorrow new—
  A grief for me alone,
But my good angel chaffed at me,
Oh! my good angel laughed at me
  And all my grief was gone.

But once there was a foolish doubt,
  I know not how, came hither
And my good angel drew away,
Oh! my good angel flew away
  Would that I knew whither.

WILFRED M. POST.

1. FLORENCE BELL LIGGETT
2. JOHN ALEXANDER FORBES
3. DIANTHA BELLE HARVEY
4. PERCY BERTINE COWAN
5. EDWARD AKIN LELAND
6. SALMON BOSTWICK ROWLEY KENNEDY

ALLISON—to EDITH ELIZABETH SNEDEKER, September 12, 1900, at Haverstraw, N. Y.

ANDERSSON—to DOROTHY WINIFRED SMART, July 19, 1900, at Chicago, Ill.

ANGLEMAN—to EMMA H. CARPENTER, June 11, 1899, at Peekskill, N. Y.

AXSON—to FLORENCE CHOATE LEACH, April 9, 1901, at Cambridge, Mass.

BARKLEY—to ISABELLA HARDIE, March 8, 1900, at New Orleans, La.

BEATTY—to GRACE MADELEINE RICKARD, April 18, 1900, at Denver, Col.

BLISS—to MAY BELCHER, March 11, 1896, at Newark Valley, N. Y.

BOGUE—to LILIAN BELL, May 9, 1900, at Chicago, Ill.

BRENNEMAN—to BESSIE POWELL BROWN, June 20, 1900, at Princeton, N. J.

CLARK—to MARGARET MARION SUTHERLAND, October 12, 1897, at Spokane, Wash.

CLARKE—to ESTHER PRATT BARTLETT, April 26, 1899, at Washington, D. C.

COLLETTE—to MARY PARKER, February 22, 1899, at Denver, Col.

COWAN (F. B.)—to ALICE MARIE MAYHAM, September 14, 1898, at Hobart, N. Y.

COX (R. G.)—to THAMZINE MARSHALL LETFORD, November 28, 1900, at Harrisburg, Pa.

CURTIS (F. G.)—to MARTHA HERRICK, December 28, 1898, at Milton, Mass.

CURTIS (G. S.)—to LILA C. MORSE, April 22, 1897, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

DICKINSON—to ROXALENE ORNE HOWELL, October 25, 1899, at Philadelphia, Pa.

DWIGHT—to GERTRUDE ANNIE GRACE, September 27, 1899, at Jamestown, N. Y.

EMMONS—to CLARA GERARD Y DE CLUET, December 22, 1899, at Havana. Cuba.

EVANS (T. S.)—to EDITH MUIR PIERSON, July 12, 1900, at East Northfield, Mass.

FAIRBANKS—to FRANCESKA GROVERMAN STRONG, April 11, 1901, at Terra Haute, Ind.

FORBES—to ELIZABETH BARNES, April 12, 1899, at Rockford, Ill.

GALLAGHER—to EMMA LEGGETT, October 31, 1900, at New York City. N. Y.

GEORGE—to MARY LESLIE GUION, August 9, 1900, at Stapleton, New York City.

GREEN—to TEEDY SLOAN, June 6, 1898, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Guss—to Mabel Collison, April 18, 1901, at Rantoul, Ill.

Harris (W. S.)—to Jeannette Jenkins Brewer, December 6, 1899, at Minneapolis, Minn.

Harvey—to Mary Dwight, December 31, 1896, at Lake Forest, Ill.

Havens—to Florence Zenobia Wallace, November 11, 1897, at Toms River, N. J.

Hopper—to Jessie Miller, May 18, 1898, at Indianapolis, Ind.

Jefferson—to Ellen Louise Dwight Coburn, March 8, 1899, at St. Paul, Minn.

Keese—to Lena Viola Lovell, December 31, 1896, at Syracuse, N. Y.

Kennedy—to Sarah Elizabeth Cramer, August 31, 1899, at New Hampton, N. J.

Knapp—to Julia Anna Prime, April 18, 1900, at Yonkers, N. Y.

Leland—to Gertrude McRoberts Akin, May 17, 1899, at Springfield, Ill.

Liggett—to Sue Thomas Bell, June 10, 1897, at Brandywine Manor, Pa.

Mitchell—to Mary Spencer Van Hart, October 11, 1899, at Camden, N. J.

McGibbon—to Gertrude Louise Crary, November 28, 1900, at Lafayette, Ind.

Norris—to Elizabeth Lippincott Fogg, December 28, 1899, at Salem, N. J.

Padget—to Lucy Maria Adams, December 28, 1898, at Towanda, Pa.

Patterson (G. L.)—to Williamina K. Crawford, January 17, 1899, at New Castle, Pa.

Peck—to Mary Maxwell Meeker, October 18, 1900, at Roselle, N. J.

Reeves—to Alta Marie Collins, October 4, 1900, at Bloomfield, N. J.

Riggs—to Laura Theresa Lanman, June 23, 1897, at Hartford, Conn.

Rodgers—to Miss Thompson, June 8, 1896, at New York City.

Sankey—to Frances Wann, October 18, 1899, at New York City.

Seymour (W. A.)—to Mary Menzies, June 4, 1898, at New York City.

Starin—to Laura Corse Pitfield, June 2, 1900, at Germantown, Pa.

Stewart—to Frances Emily De Forest, May 1, 1900, at New York City.

Teeter—to Emily Josephine Pearce, April 28, 1900, at Minsi, Pa.

Terry—to Nellie Colgrove, February 27, 1901, at Salamanca, N. Y.

Van Cleaf—to Ina C. Ray, January 20, 1901, at Long Branch, N. J.

Van Nest—to Caroline Cox Butler, June 20, 1900, at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Waterhouse (H.)—to Grace Graydon Dickey, November 21, 1898, at Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

7. EDWARD SUTHERLAND CLARK
8. ROXALENE HOWELL DICKINSON
9. RAYMOND MORSE CURTIS
10. GERTRUDE MINSHALL HOPPER
11. WILLIAM WALLACE HAVENS
12. THOMAS ADAMS PADGET

OUR JEWELS.

KENNETH ANGLEMAN, born May 31, 1900, at Rahway, N. J.

JOHN HARDIE BARKLEY, born January 9, 1901, at New Orleans, La.

*FAITH SUTHERLAND CLARK, born October 20, 1898, at Arlington, Wash.

EDWARD SUTHERLAND CLARK, born November 15, 1900, at Dayton, Ohio.

PERCY BERTINE COWAN, born March 18, 1900, at Walton, N. Y.

RAYMOND MORSE CURTIS, born December 11, 1900, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROXALENE HOWELL DICKINSON, born January 24, 1901.

JOHN ALEXANDER FORBES, born February 19, 1900, at Rockford, Ill.

DIANTHA BELLE HARVEY, born August 29, 1896, at Marietta, Ohio.

WILLIAM WALLACE HAVENS, born February 7, 1899, at Toms River, N. J.

GERTRUDE MINSHALL HOPPER, born November 8, 1900, at Baltimore, Md.

LOUISE DWIGHT JEFFERSON, born December 18, 1899, at St. Paul, Minn.

SALMON BOSTWICK ROWLEY KENNEDY, born March 11, 1901, at East Orange, N. J.

EDWARD AKIN LELAND, born December 3, 1900, at Springfield, Ill.

FLORENCE BELL LIGGETT, born February 28, 1900, at Brandywine Manor, Pa.

THOMAS ADAMS PADGET, born October 29, 1899, at Towanda, Pa.

MARY PATTERSON, born February 6, 1901, at New Castle, Pa.

THOMAS DUDLEY RIGGS, JR., born April 28, 1898, at Hartford, Conn.

EDWARD RODGERS, born March 27, 1897, at Philadelphia, Pa.

FRANCES HOPE SANKEY, born October 26, 1900, at Brooklyn, N. Y.

FRANCES DOROTHY STEWART, born April 1, 1901, at New York City.

* Deceased.

Triennial Class Picture

TRIENNIAL REUNION,

1897—1900.

TRIENNIAL ODE.

"THE MOUNTAINEERS."

WILFRED M. POST.

Oh, the path that we are taking
  Through the mountains to the sea
Is the finest of God's making,
  And we tread it merrily:
But, for all the beauty in it,
  It would be a sorry way
If we could not, for the minute,
  Tarry for a little play.

Rest we, then, among this heather—
  Near us the rock-roses glide—
Boylike, rolling stones together
  Down the riven mountain side;
While in yonder shining valley,
  Where we roamed in sunny years,
Youths, amid their romp and rally,
  Pause and hail the mountaineers.

Who will boast that we have journeyed
  Full three years from yonder vale,
Where we challenged, jousted, tourneyed,
  Learned the sword-craft, donned the mail?
Four years battled with the foeman,
  Errant knights were all, and peers;
Now, who is there more than yeoman?
  Sooth, we are but mountaineers!

Yeomen, then, tanned all and tattered,
  Quarterstaff and dirk in hand;
Better staff begrimed and battered
  Than unsoiled, sheathéd brand.
Better dirk on briers blunted,
  Cutting path for you and me,
Than the bravest warstuff shunted
  Into some fine armory.

Rest and laugh with one another,
All good yeomen, brown and hale;
Greetings to each younger brother,
Romping still within the vale.
Theirs it is to thrust and parry,
Theirs the field of cloth of gold,
Who best learns the sword to carry
Thicks his arm the staff to hold.

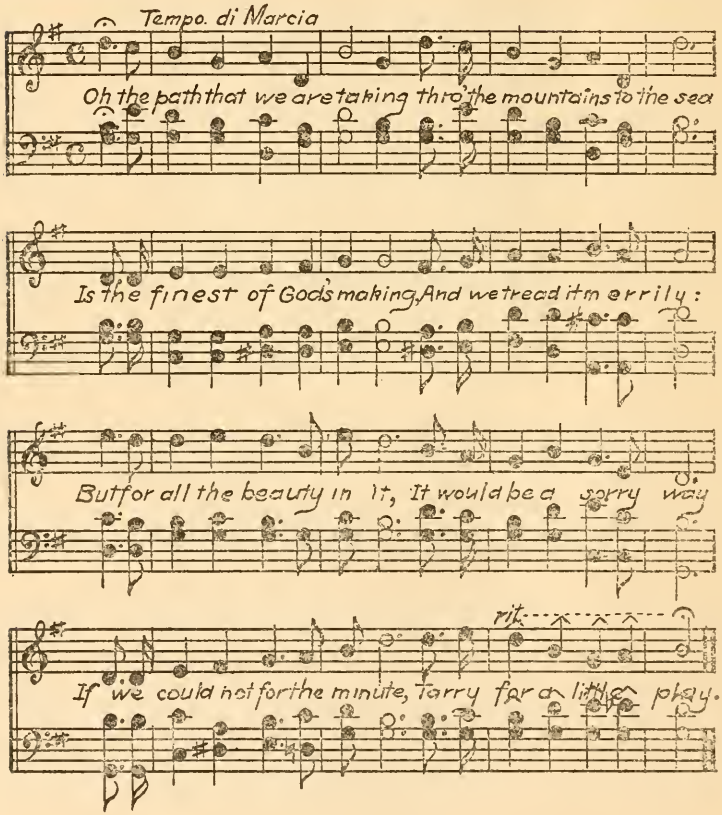
Yeomen, then, tried all and trusted,
Quarterstaff and dirk in hand,
Hail the name for which we jousted,
Hail the good name of our band;
And, amid the song and gladness,
Oh, forget them not to-day
Who, among gray rocks of sadness,
Walked alone, another way.

Ended is the song and story—
Hand to hand, men, eye to eye!
Mountains round us, fierce and hoary—
Through the clouds a cloudless sky.
Pluck here each a sprig of heather,
Faded never may it be,
As we toil along together
Through the mountains to the sea.

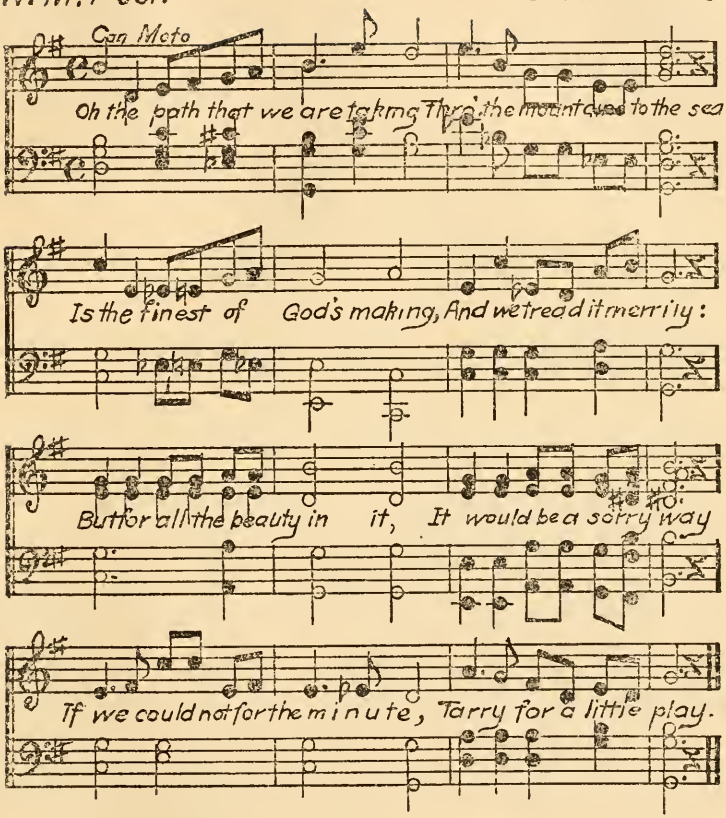
"Triennial Reunion Song."

(Take your Choice)

W. M. Post. L. H. Miller.



W. M. Post. J. H. Nichols



That was truly a Reunion long to be remembered, not alone by those who participated in it or by the class at large, but by the great body of graduates who partook of our hospitality. Let it be told unto the children unto the third and fourth generations how '97 celebrated her Triennial Reunion! How nothing like it had ever been seen before at a Triennial! How it was more like a Quinquennial or Decennial than a Triennial! How we surpassed all records in the matter of attendence! How in the continuous performance under our tent we were unrivaled! Long weeks, yes, months, in advance the "old man" had begun to be heard from. We were told that the Reunion was coming and that we must prepare ourselves and our business as for a journey into a far country, so that nothing could keep us away. Then came later information which was an assurance of a glorious time if we could only be there to enjoy it: "The house at No. 15 University place has been secured as headquarters, back yard included, from June 9th to 13th; a tent will be on hand to hide from prying eyes the secrets of our band, which is to come down from New Brunswick on Saturday morning and lead us on to victory. The class supper will be held in Odd Fellows' Hall on the night of the 9th, as soon after the game as possible. Every kind of a stunt will be in progress during the five days of the Reunion. Come one, come all! and rejoice the 'Old Man's' heart."

It was impossible to resist such a summons, and we came—in Pullmans, in day coaches, in freight cars, on the bunkers, walking—any old way to get there, till our sum total reached the remarkable number of 142. We didn't wait for the 9th, but the class began to gather two days earlier, and by Friday the tent was up, and we had taken possession of the house.

By Saturday noon the place was doing a thriving busness—as busy as a beehive and as happy as in the "old days." Many were the renewals of ties broken three years before. Many were the meetings for the first time since graduation, and our joy was almost great enough for tears as we clasped the hand of a dear old chap not seen for so long a time.

Promptly at one o'clock on that day we assembled at Headquarters and proceeded to the steps of Old North, where we had the honor and pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with Mr. "Patch," our friend of Freshman year—the picture as a whole was a great success but the married men appeared at a slight disadvantage, characterized, as they were, by their banner. It has never been definitely decided, but it is strongly suspected that our "Star" played one of his jokes on this particular group and caused them thus to stultify themselves. Then again, one might think Net Poe was father of the "Class Boy," if it were not that Thomas Dudley, Jr., is almost as large as Net.

Under the leadership of this magnificent reproduction of T. D. Sr. we resumed our march to the 'Varsity Field, there to witness once

At Home

more the downfall of Old Eli—once more to yell and shout till we were voiceless and then at last to take possession of the Field in a mad rush for the victorious players; and after their retirement, borne aloft in the arms of many, to shout and sing for joy, while countless bands played countless airs and all were happy. It was a great victory and cast a rosy hue over all things. One hundred and thirty-seven men sat down at the class supper that night in Odd Fellows' Hall and not one of those present can ever forget the noble little fellow to whom was presented the class cup. Thomas Dudley Riggs, Jr., was a Class Boy whom we loved to claim as such, and of whom we were proud.

Nor can we forget, either, the very touching scene when "Pop" was presented with a slight token of the love and affection in which he is held by each and every member of the class—that of itself would have made the supper a great success.

Sunday was indeed a "day of rest and gladness" for many; a day when we could take things easy—lie on our backs, under the trees, and smoke our pipes as we used to do; or walk out to some pleasant spot by the Brook, long since learned in our college rambles; or, for those so inclined there was always the Headquarters standing open to receive them.

Sunday night, in Murray Hall, was held once more the class Prayer Meeting. That was an impressive meeting. United after three years, the same spirit of devoted Christian manliness was as apparent as of yore, and all were strengthened and encouraged by the faith of the others.

The succeeding days of the Reunion, while not filled with the rush and stir of Saturday, were yet replete with pleasures of their own, which, though different in character, were not less enjoyable; time did not hang heavy on our heads.

Monday night we kept "open house," and though the weather was a bit inclement, such was the fame of our hospitality that we needed a house twice as large in order to entertain all who visited us—and Tuesday we recuperated.

Wednesday morning witnessed the presentation of the degree of Ph. D., to Henry Russell and that of M. A. to several members of the class—also that of M. S. to one.

In the afternoon came the second Harvard game, which was a repetition of the Yale game of Saturday—a joy bringer to the heart of Old Nassau—and with the close of the day came also the close of the Reunion—a most successful and delightful Triennial.

To those who were not there, this meagre description can convey but small idea of what it was really like—to those who were there, may it serve as a framework upon which, as they read, they may weave the pleasant memories of those five days into a cloth of gold; to each may it be an incentive to do his share in the future as in the past for the glory of Princeton and the praise of '97.

E. G. Elliott.

TRIENNIAL REUNION DINNER.

MENU.

PUREE OF JACK GREEN PEAS

TOASTED CRACKERS A LA GAS JET

PATES OF DEAR SWEETBREADS

GRASPED ROLLS A LA HUNK INGHAM

CROQUETTES A LA PORKY REEVES

DRESSED CUCUMBERS A LA SANKEY

BEEF CUTLETS DUNN A LA HAMBURGER, MUSHROOM SAUCE

SALTED ALMONDS

MOORE COMIN

LEGGETT OF CHICKEN SALAD, MAYONNAISE

CREAMED CHEESE LETTUCE

STUFFED OLIVES, HOWE

FANCY CREAMS A LA COOLEY

VAN NESTELRODE PUDDING ASSORTED CAKE

PIE KELLY, WITH WAFERS A LA GHOSTLY GILMORE

PRESERVED GINGER FROM THE ATHLETIC TEAMS

FRUITS BERRIES COFFEE

STOPP!

TOASTS AND SPEECHES.

Toastmaster, Dr. Patton Miller.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

PRESENTATION OF CLASS CUP TO DUD RIGGS..Ed. Shortz

PRINCETON .....Bob Garrett

"Hail to thee, Princeton"

NINETY-SEVEN.....Baldy Wilson

"The deeds we have done"

THE FACULTY.....Eddie Elliott

"Proud is thy youth and age"

(babe hill)

NINETY-SEVEN IN WAR.....Count De Montalvo

"Noble thy heritage
Written on history's page"

NINETY-SEVEN IN PEACE.....Bill Ramsey

"Shines forth thy gracious name,
Bright'ning our day of fame"

NINETY-SEVEN EVERYWHERE UNDER THE SUN.

Dr. Russell

"Tho' shadows may deepen, the light lives forever"

NINETY-SEVEN CONFERRING HONORS.....Net Poe

"Spirit of nobleness, courage and duty"

Irrepressible Harangues ad lib.

CUP PRESENTATION.

By Ed. Shortz, Jr.

I've got to begin with an apology. Everybody knows it's the only way of starting a speech in any way connected with a dinner. All the authorities agree on that point. You've simply got to do it—can't get out of it. You might just as well try to run Princeton University without the class of ninety-seven; or try to run the class of ninety-seven without Pop Keener.

But mine is not the conventional apology, because I am not for conventions—not the 16 to 1 kind at any rate. The ordinary after-dinner speaker always excuses himself for not making a speech, while it is my duty to apologize for making one because you all know I am nothing but a base imitation, and not the real thing at all. You know that Lady Jayne was billed and extensively advertised to appear in this act, and now at the last minute the management comes out before the curtain and announces that owing to an unlooked-for accident Mr. Jayne cannot be with us this evening, and that his place will be taken by an understudy. I know how you feel. It's just like going over to New York to hear Calvé sing Carmen, and then have her manager bob up and say that Madame Calvé has lost her voice during the afternoon and despite the efforts of a large searching party has been unable to recover it, but that Anna Held has kindly consented to take her place. Of course you'd bear no special animosity toward Miss Held, but you'd feel that you were being imposed upon, and want your money back. In that connection I have been authorized to announce that each member of the class *may* receive a rebate of $16 by applying to Mr. Osborn at the college offices in the morning.

But to get on the subject of babies in general and Thomas Dudley Riggs, Jr., in particular, I may as well say right here (and I do so without the slightest degree of egotism) that there is probably no other member of the class so well qualified to talk on this matter as I am. You may well ask the reason, knowing as you do that I am neither a father nor a mother. Why, fellows, the secret of it is simply this—I was once a baby myself. Little Dud there is now about twenty-five months old, I believe, but I swear to you in all sincerity that I've seen the day when *I* was only *six* months old. It's true, every word of it.

Now when people want to know about art, they get an artist, or a man that's been an artist to lecture to them. When they want to

DET
SVB·NVMINE
VIGET

know about farming they send for a pharmacentist. So when you hear a talk on babies by an individual that's been a baby, you may rest assured that he knows what he's talking about, and that the syllables which fall from his lips are pearls of wisdom. And while speaking of wisdom I can't refrain from dwelling for a brief moment upon the exceedingly eccentric manner in which Providence sports with the human race in this same matter of babies. In some respects he seems to be all wise and far-seeing, while in others his business propensities would not entitle him to a position on the ninety-seven bric-a-brac committee. For instance, it is certainly an infinitely wise dispensation of Providence which ordains, as a general rule, that only married persons are to be presented with babies. Now, just why this is we cannot tell. Why is the grass green? Why are the heavens blue? Why does not the leopard change his spots, or Hungry Golden his shirt? All we know is that these things are as they are, and in this respect at least Providence seems to possess a head like a tack. He provides the babies, but his contract ends there. He isn't running a commissary department; the parents have got to look out for that. Providence has his hands full enough taking care of Gill and Willie Church. But just imagine how embarrassing it would be to an unmarried and struggling young attorney or doctor on a salary of $2 per month, if Providence, in a misguided attempt to cheer him up in his troubles, should unexpectedly present him with twins. So it would seem that Providence recognizes the fact that only those persons who are able to get married are to be entrusted with the bringing up of children.

But then this theory is not an entirely satisfactory one because it is certainly a fact that the poorer a man and his wife are, the more children they have. Why is it that we often see aged capitalists depart this life in the bitter disappointment of dying childless, and leaving behind them enough money to keep a whole regiment of heirs busy for years with legal fights, while the expenses of a poor man's funeral are generally divided between twelve or fifteen dutiful children? I have given this subject much thought, but as yet have been unable to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the problem. The action of Providence in this respect cannot be reconciled to human standards of reasoning, it is beyond our comprehension.

But to get down to the object of this meeting, to consider the guest of honor, let us see how Providence has dealt with Thomas Dudley Riggs, Jr. It is almost needless for me to say that no human being ever began life's journey under more favorable conditions. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Most of us who would be great must achieve that greatness by our own efforts. Look at Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Jim Jeffries, Henry Russell, Joan of Arc, Lady Smith, Morgy Smith and a score of others. All these won fame through hard work and perseverance. But here is a boy who was born great, who had everything all mapped out and prearranged for him—just think of it, the class boy of Ninety-seven.

But the fact that he is already great does not mean that he will not achieve greatness, for that he certainly will. On November 18, 1918, that young gentleman, in the thickening gloom of a New Haven twilight with two minutes left to play and the score 5-0 in favor of Yale, will plow his way through the blue eleven and with four Elis clinging to his back stagger over the goal line for a winning touchdown—and, Net Poe, I want you to understand it is your duty to see that there is a Neilson Poe, Jr., there to kick the goal.

Later in life he will be a great statesman perhaps, and be our first governor of the as yet unacquired island of San Higgins de El Coney. Or his talents may take a musical turn; he may be a Bach or a Myerbeer, or he may be a Myer or a Bachbeer—who can tell?

But there's plenty of time to think of all that later on. New honors bring with them new cares and responsibilities, and while a little care will not hurt a bicycle, it isn't always the best thing for a human being. And now, Thomas Dudley, Jr., I guess you think I've spouted about long enough. Of course you know we're going to give you this cup. I know you think a balloon on the end of a string, or a pack of firecrackers, would be much more appropriate, but then you see a cup is the usual thing on an occasion like this, and I know you'll like it better the older you grow. I want to tell you that we're all mighty glad to find you're such a splendid specimen of a boy, and every man in the class feels it to be especially fitting and proper that the honor of being the protégé of the great and glorious class of Ninety-seven should have fallen on one who bears so good a Princeton name. You and your mother and father are an honor to the class, and we therefore take great pleasure in honoring you by the presentation of this loving-cup—may it participate in the celebration of many Princeton victories.

'97 IN WAR.

By E. V. de Montalvo.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Classmates:—I feel just exactly as I did when I first went into action—a certain weakness about the knees (*sotto voce* from the corner, "too much Löenbrau") and an almost uncontrollable desire to crawl away somewhere. As soon as I regain my usual composure I'll tell you how extremely happy I am to meet you all again on this auspicious occasion, etc. I can't sincerely say so just yet.

Our esteemed and venerable president (*sotto voce* from the corner, "whiskers!")has given as an excuse for unpreparedness, his hurried journey from the far East to this scene of glorious festivity. Not being able at this moment to invent a better one, I offer a similar one —I have just come from Cuba.

I can't make a speech—they all say that; but in this instance you easily see it is the sober truth.

Our toastmaster has given me a subject that covers a wide field; one that is full of stirring adventure and heroic deeds. I wish that my companions-in-arms, members of our class, were here to speak for themselves. A well-known writer has said that "difficulty was but another name for opportunity." During this whole dinner I have been trying to apply this rather parodoxical remark by turning this difficult task into an opportunity; and now it strikes me that it is an opportunity to be able to tell you that in the three great army corps that went to Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines there were Princeton men in every one, and, what is more for us, '97 men in every branch of the service, and up at the front.

All I can really do is to relate some of my own experiences. Nor will I attempt descriptions and vivid war pictures, for you have read much about the Spanish-American war in the newspapers. You know how General Shafter leaped lightly on his steed without even touching the stirrup; how the reporters captured Santiago, etc. While our battery was waiting for transports in San Francisco we were camped in a vacant lot in the Bay District. Our "mess" call was the signal for all the good people of that city to crowd around the fence to watch us eat. I have seen people act just in that way when Mr. Crowley's (the chimpanzee) dining room was open to the public at meal hours. Apropos of this incident I overheard a conversation between two little girls in a street car one day. One proudly said, "My papa is going to

take me to the circus to-morrow." "Oh," answered the other with contempt, "dat's not'ing; my papa is going to take me to see the *soldiers eat.*"

The hard lot of a soldier's life is not in the fighting. In Honolulu I had the pleasure of meeting a classmate, —— Waterhouse. Waterhouse inspected our sleeping quarters, down in the hold, near the bilge water, and he wisely remarked he was mighty glad not to be a soldier. Some of the Princeton men, members of the 10th Pennsylvania infantry, were delightfully entertained by him. I regretted that circumstances prevented me from sharing in Waterhouse's cordial hospitality.

As I said before, I shan't weary you with campaign facts which now are well-known history; there are some incidents of pathos and humor, however, that often escape the historian.

Shortly after the capitulation of Manila, I was detailed on especial duty on Major-Gen. E. S. Otis' staff in the capacity of interpreter. One afternoon when the general was very busy, and unable to see any one, a Spanish lady, the recent widow of a colonel of infantry, presented herself at headquarters. She was pale, hysterical, and recited a sad story. Without their natural support she and her paralytic son were left destitute. The Spanish government would do nothing for them. Her condition was indeed desperate when she humbled her Spanish pride to the extent of asking aid from the American authorities. I wrote out the facts of the case promising her to place the whole matter before General Otis in the best light possible. She left, thanking me in her profuse Spanish way. At the top of the "Ayuntamiento" steps, she fainted of hunger and exhaustion, and rolled down to the bottom, as we thought—dead. The soldiers on guard at the door carried her up to the surgeon's room, where she was restored with much difficulty. I told her story to the sergeant of the guard, he repeated it to the men, and in a jiffy a hat was passed around which resulted in the collection of a neat little sum. When I gave it to her, telling whence it came, she was much affected.

"We used to call you Americans pigs," she said, "I wish we had more pigs of your sort in Spain."

I accompanied her home and verified her story. Later she was provided for by the military government of occupation from the "civil" fund.

Spanish ceremony, on official occasions, is well known. When a lot of business had to be transacted in a short while it was very annoying. I used to translate their bombastic addresses as fully as I could, and, as a rule, the general waited patiently for the "point" to appear; but one day a particularly verbose, old fellow of the Spanish army made me change my methods. He began bowing as soon as he entered the room, and kept it up until he reached the desk. After the general had shaken hands with him I expected a descent from Castilian attitudes. But he didn't come down a bit. He began: "Your gracious Excellency, it is a great honor and exquisite pleasure

to present to you my most sincere compliments, and to humbly request a favor which I am sure your Excellency, who is so resplendent in superior judgment and keen discrimination of equity, will not deny me, especially as you are here, the representative of a great republic which was founded upon the principle that all men ——"

When this had gone on for about five minutes, the general looked uncomfortable, and, I began to fear running out of breath and words.

"Cut him short and ask him what he wants," said the general. I did so, to learn that he simply wanted permission to remove a couch from the yard of his former quarters. He got it.

Just about three years ago we had our class dinner in this very hall. At the end of that dinner—I don't think very many of you know what *did* happen at the *end* of that dinner—"Jamy" Clark, who was a strong Cuban sympathizer, amid wild excitement and much confusion, presented me with a Cuban flag. That flag went through the whole campaign, and I still keep it among my most cherished relics.

Fellows, this war was waged in the name of humanity, and for the purpose of liberating enslaved peoples. As a Cuban, I am proud to have taken part in it. As a graduate of Princeton and of the class of '97, I am proud to say that wherever "Old Glory" went it was accompanied by another flag almost as dear to us—the orange and the black of "Old Nassau," and that, in many cases, that orange and black flag had a big '97 on it.

'97 IN PEACE.

By W. B. Ramsey.

Mr. Toastmaster and Fellow Classmates:—At the very beginning of my response to the sentiment, "Ninety-Seven in Peace," I cannot withhold a word about our men of arms. To them belong the highest praise. We love most of those who dare to do deeds of valor, those who have the courage and patriotism to offer their lives, if need be, at the call of their country and in the defense of their flag. Upon your brows, worthy sons of old Princeton, do we place the chaplet of highest honors.

But there are other fields, also, wherein our prowess has been felt. As Elliott has told us, some of our members have had the courage to fight their way into the faculty. Then, too, in the field of science, is found our one bright star. To most of us, I am sure, when we go out at night—which is not often!—and gaze up at the myriad stars, it is rather immaterial whether any particular star is one or more millions of miles distant. A mere matter of a million miles or so doesn't concern a ninety-seven man, unless it be when he cons his railroad map and figures on rates to the next reunion. But, fellows, to become serious, we have among us a man who has added something original to the sum total of human knowledge in the field of astronomy. Now, I am no prophet, neither am I the son of a prophet, and there are no prophets in our family,—but I am going to venture one prophetic assertion. It is this,—that Dr. Henry Russell is one, who, as the years roll by, will bring added honor and fame to the class of Ninety-seven and to Princeton University.

Our all-too-modest president brings us good news from the Orient. While Russell has been searching the stars for their secrets, Garrett has been delving among the ruins of ancient civilizations in quest of the real truth as to the beginnings of language and art. Then there's dear old "Pop" Keener, fellows, who is a typical modern Atlas, and who is never quite so happy as when he is helping some one else over a rough place. But really, this is no time to talk, and besides, I could not, as Dr. Patton would say, "give a complete and comprehensive, and, at the same time, systematic disquisition on this very interesting subject in the allotted time."

Fellow classmates, when I was informed yesterday that this toast

had been assigned to me, I immediately sat down and made some notes. Those notes consist of two words;—the first is *Princeton*, and the second is *Spirit*. I'll tell you, fellows, it's the spirit we learned to love here in Princeton that brings success in the world. It matters not in what field of action our work may lie. It was that spirit which in our college days caused Riggs and Rhodes, Brokaw and Smith, Tyler and Poe and Billy Church to play until the last second of the second half had expired. That same spirit was shown to-day when we beat Yale in the ninth inning. That same spirit is what kept Montalvo at his post of duty, serving the guns of Battery B at Manila, and caused Shaw, himself already wounded, to seize a Krag Jörgenssen rifle from the arms of a dead regular and advance stolidly up San Juan Hill. This Princeton spirit has taught us to be honest, to be square, but to fight and to fight hard, and never to know when we're licked! Just about in proportion to the manner in which we live out this spirit in our own lives, will we have success. For I believe the poet was about right when he said that it is

"Not in the clamor of the croweded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in *ourselves*, are triumph and defeat."

Triennial Reunion Banquet,
Princeton, June 9, 1900.

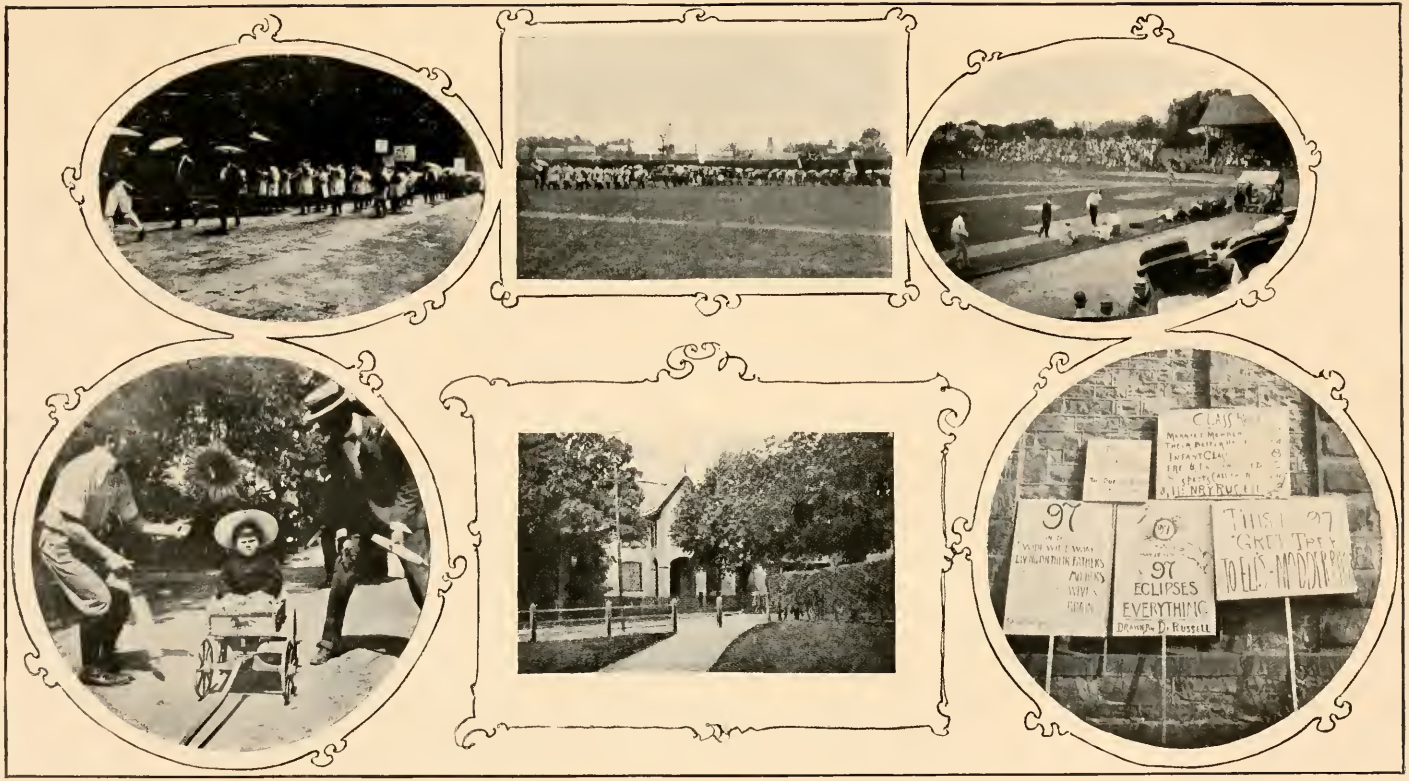
PRESENTATION TO SECRETARY.

NEILSON POE, JR.

Will the most popular man in '97 stand up? Pop, I mean you, so please rise. Don't be scared, Pop, this is not class day and I am not the Presentation Orator. I am not going to tell of the gay life you have been living the last three years; so, cheer up! Pop, for three years you have worked for and kept this class together as no other secretary has done, and we appreciate it. I know how eagerly your circulars are looked for because we know there is something worth reading in them. Some fellows don't answer at once because they want to receive another. This winter the class decided to show their appreciation by something substantial, and a committee, composed of the "Faculty Members," was appointed. They were unable to decide on the present and thought it best to leave it to you, with the suggestion that books would be the most suitable thing. And now, Pop, I take pleasure in handing to you a check for $211 from the best fellows that ever lived.

To this the Secretary expressed his gratitude in few words, but out of a full heart.

The other toasts were responded to with equal fervor and fluency, but the effervescent quality of the remarks baffled the skill of our stenographer.



Triennial Reunion Pictures

COMMITTEES

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE CLASS.

R. Garrett, W. W. Wilson, J. H. Keener.

REUNION COMMITTEE.

H. C. Brokaw, Chairman,
A. H. Hagemeyer, Chairman of Committee on Finance,
T. F. Reynolds, Chairman of Committee on Headquarters,
A. Pardee, Chairman of Committee on Invitations and Receptions,
E. A. McAlpin, Chairman of Committee on Banquets,
H. W. Lowe, Chairman of Committee on Badges,
F. Sturges, Jr., Chairman of Committee on Class Pictures,
W. W. Wilson, Chairman of Committee on Refreshments,
Nelson Poe, Jr., Chairman of Committee on Class Cup,
Paul Bedford, Chairman of Committee on Brass Bands,
W. M. Dickinson, Chairman of Committee on Tent,
J. M. Hitzrot, Chairman of Committee on "Peerade,"
T. D. Riggs, Chairman of Committee on Athletic Contests,
J. D. Elliott, Chairman of Committee on Sleeping Accommodations,
R. Derr, Chairman of Committee on Decorations,
E. G. Elliott, Chairman of Committee on Local Arrangements,
S. M. Palmer, Chairman of Committee on Souvenir Programme,
B. R. Miller, Chairman of Committee on Stunts and Vaudeville,
T. S. Evans, Chairman of Committee on Religious Meetings,
P. R. Colwell, Chairman of Committee on Music,
W. M. Post, Chairman of Committee on Class Ode,
W. P. Davis, Jr., Chairman of Committee on Banners and Transparencies,
J. M. Townley, Chairman of Committee on Horse Costumes,
W. M. Dear, Chairman of Committee on Printing,
J. A. Williams, Chairman of Committee on Umbrellas.

FINANCE COMMMITTEE.

A. H. Hagemeyer, Chairman.

H. C. Brokaw, A. Pardee, T. F. Reynolds, R. Garrett, F. Sturges, Jr., H. W. Lowe, E. A. McAlpin, Neilson Poe, C. B. Derr, J. H. Masson, Jr., T. D. Riggs, J. K. Clarke, J. M. Rhodes, Jr., C. E. Speer, A. J. A. Alexander, E. D. Balken, Selden Spencer, True Perkins, T. E. Baird, Jr.

REUNION MUSTER.

Alexander, A. J. A.
Allison.
Andrus.
Babcock.
Beam, H. M.
Bedford.
Bogue.
Bradley, J.
Bradley, N.
Bowne.
Brokaw.
Browne, T. B.
Buckingham.
Campbell.
Church.
Clarke, J. K.
Colwell.
Cooley.
Cox, E. W.
Cox, R. G.
Craig.
Curtis, F. G.
Curtis, G. S.
Crozer.
Davis, W. P.
Davis, E. P.
Dear.
De Coursey.
De Gray.
De Montalvo.
Derr, C. B.
Derr, R.
Dickinson.
Dunlap.
Dunn.
Dwight.
Elliott, E. G.
Elliott, J. D.
Ely.
Evans, F.
Evans, T. S.
Evans, W. F.
Frazer.
Garrett.
Gallagher.
Geer.
George.
Gill.
Gillespie.
Graham, H. J.
Graham, J. W.
Gregory.
Gulick.
Hagemeyer.
Hall.
Harkness.
Harris, H. A.
Haussling.
Henry.
Hill, W. C.
Hitzrot.
Hollister.
Holmes.
Hopper.
Howe.
Hutchinson.
Ingham.
Jessup, W. P.
Keener.
Kehler.
Kennedy.
Kent, E. G.
Kent, R. B.
Leggett.
Leigh.
Leipold.
Lewis.
Liggett.
Lowe.
Magie.
Masson.
Mattison.
Miller, B. R.
Mills.
Mittendorf.
Moore, D. M.
Moore, E.
Murray.
McAlpin.
McCagne.
McClure.
Nevin.
Nichols.
Norris.
Olcott.
Palmer.
Pardee.
Parker.
Perkins.
Pitcairn.
Poe.
Post.
Ramsey.
Reeves.
Reynolds, T. F.
Reynolds, W. A.
Rhodes.
Riggs.
Robinson.
Roe.
Roys.
Rusling.
Russell.
Sankey.
Schoonmaker.
Shearer.
Shortz.
Spencer.
Stahl.
Stanton.
Sterling.
Stockwell.
Stopp.
Studdeford.
Sturges.
Taylor, C. I.
Taylor, S. W.
Thompson, B. H.
Townley.
Trainer.
Tyler, A. C.
Upshur.
Van Nest.
Weber.
Weiss.
Williams, J. A.
Williams, P. H.
Wilson, A. M.
Wilson, W. M.
Wilson, W. W.
Woodward.
Wrenn.
Yeatts.

THE DECENNIAL MEMORIAL FUND.

FELLOW CLASSMATES:—Your Memorial Committee begs to present the following statement of receipts and expenditures for the 3½ years, after graduation, ending December 31, 1900:

Receipts:

1898, by Class Fund	$20.00
1898, by 91 contributors	560.31
1899, by 75 contributors	515.63
1900, by 67 contributors	531.70
By interest on Deposits	31.70
	$1,659.34

Expenditures:

1898, To Printing, Postage, Stationery, etc.		$29.01
1899, To Printing (2 general notices and 1 special)		40.74
1900, To Printing		23.06
To 1 U. S. 3 per cent. Bond, issue of 1898, purchased Oct. 28, '98, and deposited with Robert Garrett & Sons, Baltimore	$500.00	
To 1 Electric and People's Traction 4 per cent. Gold Stock Trust Certificate, purchased Jan. 2, 1900, and deposited with B. R. Miller, Philadelphia	492.50	
To Deposited with Western Savings Inst., Philadelphia	464.03	
To Deposited with Irving Savings Inst., New York	110.00	1,566.53
		$1,659.34

April 1, 1901, there was to the credit of the Fund $1,938.58.

It may be interesting to note in this connection that '95 reported, at her Triennial Reunion, an amount more than $500 in excess of our figures, and that, too, for a period of not quite 3 years.

Surely this matter of our gift to Princeton, by which we hope to be remembered in the coming years, is a subject worthy of our serious

consideration. A memorial of the class of '97, to be fitting, should be something unusually fine. Every '97 man knows this to be so, not because it pleases his fancy to think so, but because of our glorious record of brilliant deeds in every sphere of college effort; and because of our memories of the life-long friends who made those records; and because of our life-long love for Princeton. Such a memorial cannot be had without money; money sufficient cannot be had without the coöperation of every man who honors the memory of his class, and has the ability to give a dollar.

From the west comes the following suggestion: that upon or near our memorial, whatever it be, there be placed a tablet upon which our names may be recorded as we pass away, together with the names of those already gone. Thus each man, by contributing to the Fund, will help to raise a monument to himself (as it were) in old Princeton, where all of us will always wish to be remembered. Moreover, an opportunity will thus be afforded to contribute toward the memorial of many a classmate dead,—an opportunity in which others than ourselves may often wish to join. And at the last the whole class will stand together with our gift to Alma Mater.

While the nature of our gift may make a tablet impracticable, we feel that this suggestion embodies the right idea in that it presupposes a personal interest in the Fund on the part of every one. It will be a good topic for discussion at our next Reunion. Would that more suggestions of this character might be forthcoming.

Apropos of the thought of others joining in a tribute to our dead, we desire to quote from a recent letter to a near relative of one of our classmates who but yesterday passed away. We do so because it would seem not improbable that the information, concerning the Fund, contained therein, will come as news to many men to whom countless appeals for support have been sent: "This Fund is called the Decennial Fund because at our 10th Reunion (June, 1907) its proceeds are to be used for the establishment at Princeton of some memorial to the class. The form of this memorial is determined by the vote of the class at that time, and depends very largely, of course, upon the size of the Fund. Contributions are received once a year from each member until the completion of the 10th year. They are due about February 1st, at which time the majority are paid; but they may be paid at any time, and made to cover any number of years, at the option of the donor. There are, however, few exceptions to the general rule. The amount of the contribution depends entirely upon individual willingness and ability. Before we were graduated most of the men signed pledges to pay certain sums yearly; but the "wide, wide world" not proving so gracious a place as it sometimes seemed from our college-town, these pledges have not always been lived up to; and the Committee has never made any effort to exact the amount promised at that time, well knowing that the voluntary gifts of the fellows were always what they thought they could spare from many unforeseen expenses, and were, therefore, to be accepted very gratefully, whatever they were in amount. . .

These gifts to Princeton by classes ten (10) years out of college have made the campus very attractive, have stimulated many different kinds of effort, and have been of real benefit to the University. The memory of the givers is always kept green in Princeton, whether the gift be a fountain, a scholarship, or a dormitory; and that sort of men of whom your —— was one have always bee nproud both to do for this college and to be remembered by her. It seems to us that your wish to keep his memory alive among those friends and scenes where he spent such happy years is a very beautiful one, and that the way you have chosen is the best. For whatever the form of our gift, he will, then, always have a share in it, and with it his name will always be associated, in common with the names of friends and classmates."

We are confident that when the world comes to realize the talents of our class, and riches increase, the Fund will assume more promising proportions.

Yours for '97,

E. W. Axson.
H. W. Leigh,
R. B. Kent,
R. Moore,
B. R. Miller,
A. M. Kennedy, *Chairman*,
P. O. Box 555,
New York.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

J. H. Keener, in account with the Class of '97.

Dr.

To Cash,	Balance Last Report		$196.56
" "	Collections for Badges, Second Reunion		12.25
" "	Additional Contributions for First Record		2.50
" "	Contributions for Triennial Reunion		1,662.90
			$1,874.21

Cr.

By Cash,	Badges for Second Reunion		$14.25
" "	Umbrellas for Second Reunion		8.10
" "	Tranparencies for Second Reunion		1.75
" "	Expenses in connection with funeral of P. Jones.		9.25
" "	Stationery, Postage, etc., to Jan. 9, 1900		12.52
" "	Triennial Reunion Expenses.		
	(*a*) Preliminary:		
	Printing	7.00	
	Postage	15.00	
	Stationery	11.00	33.04
	(*b*) Actual (see Auditor's Report for Details).		1,667.90
" "	Expenses of Getting out Triennial Record:		
	Printing	27.25	
	Postage	30.00	
	Stationery	12.00	69.25
" "	Balance on hand		58.15
			$1,874.21

Name.	*Permanent Address.*	*Present Residence.*	*Occupation.*
Henry Brown Abbott.	Cor. Maple and Adair Aves., Zanesville, Ohio		With Jones and Abbott, Stove Manufacturers, Zanesville, Ohio.
A. J. A. Alexander..	Spring Station, Ky	135 W. 64th St., N. Y. City.	Student at College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City.
Edwin S. Alexander.	Newport News, Va		With Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co., Newport News, Va.
C. T. Allison	Stony Point, N. Y		Civil Engineer.
O. R. Altman	Masontown, Pa.	215 S. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	Student at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.
A. O. Andersson	410 Irving Place, Kansas City, Mo		Manager of the Kansas City Bureau of The Scripps-McRae Press Association Co., 1118 Oak St., Kansas City, Mo.
W. H. Andrus	309 Maynard St., Williamsport, Pa	6339 Green St., Philadelphia, Pa.	Medical Student at University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.
C. H. Angleman, LL.B.	319 St. George's Ave., Rahway, N. J		Lawyer, 160 Market St., Newark, N. J.
P. H. Armitage	Park Ave., East Orange, N. J.		With J. H. Armitage's Sons, Thomas and Dawson Sts., Newark, N. J.
E. W. Axson, A.M..	Care of Prof. Woodrow Wilson, Princeton, N. J.	Mannie, Wayne Co., Tenn.	Chemist with Buffalo Iron Co., Mannie, Tenn.
H. V. Babcock	2083 Fifth Ave., New York City.		With Fifth Avenue Bank, 530 Fifth Ave., New York City.
C. M. Bailey	833 N. 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.	210 Rochelle Ave., Wissahickon, Pa	Engineer with American Bridge Co., Pencoyd, Pa.
T. E. Baird, Jr	Haverford, Pa		With John Baird & Sons, 214 S. 24th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
F. L Baldwin	West Orange, N. J		City Editor of The Orange Chronicle, 240 Main St., Orange, N. J.
E. D. Balken	920 College Ave, E. E., Pittsburg, Pa		With Weyman & Bro., Tobacco Manufacturers, Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. Barkley	Ellington Plt. Co., Ltd., Luling, La		Sugar Planter, Luling, La.
H. M. Beam	Intercourse, Pa	241 Lincoln St., Flushing, N. Y.	Teacher of Mathematics in Flushing High School, Flushing, N. Y.
V. S. Beam, E.E.	Intercourse, Pa	241 Lincoln St., Flushing, N. Y.	Electrical Expert with General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.
Howard Beattie	Little Falls, N. J		Assistant Supt. Beattie Manufacturing Co. (carpets), Little Falls, N. J.
A. C. Beatty	1655 Sherman Ave., Denver, Col.	521 McPhee Building, Denver, Col	Mining Engineer.
P. Bedford, LL.B.	96 W. South St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa		Lawyer, Coal Exchange Building, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
H. C. Bissell	Pennington, N. J		Bookkeeper with Pennington Foundry and Heater Co., Pennington, N. J.

Name.	Permanent Address.	Present Residence.	Occupation.
G. G. Bliss	Newark Valley, N. Y.		
F. L. Bodman	28 Washington Ave., Stamford, Conn	Parker House, Boston, Mass.	Salesman with Parke, Davis & Co., (crude drugs), New York City.
A. H. Bogue	348 Central Park West, New York City		Secretary Maryland Smokeless Coal Co., 11 Broadway, New York City.
P. J. Boice, LL.B.	1505 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind		Lawyer.
D. P. Bonnell	38 S. Lafayette St., Grand Rapids, Mich		Special Agent for New York Life Ins. Co., 43 Tower Block, Grand Rapids, Mich.
B. L. Bowne	501 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich		With Detroit City Gas Co., 230-232 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.
J. Bradley	Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.	3301 O St. N. W., Washington, D. C.	Banking, Tarrytown Nat. Bank, Tarrytown, N. Y.
N. Bradley	Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.		Banking, Tarrytown Nat. Bank, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Rev. F. S. Brenneman	Volant, Pa.	Othello, N. J.	Pastor Greenwich Presbyterian Church, Greenwich, N. J.
H. C. Brokaw	1 E. 79th St., New York City.		Merchant, Brokaw Bros., Astor Place, N. Y. City.
F. W. Brown, A.M.	Manasquan, N. J.	91 Hartford Building	Lawyer, with Holden & Buzzell, 91 Hartford Building, Chicago, Ill.
T. B. Browne	1126 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa		Traveling.
C. E. Buckingham	53 Washington Square South, New York City.		Student at New York Law School, N. Y. City.
R. S. Campbell	Pinebluff, Moore Co., N. C.		Civil Engineer with Seaboard Air Line Railway.
Lieut. A. F. Cassels	1907 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	Fort Monroe, Va.	Lieutenant of Artillery, U. S. Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va.
W. W. Church	1706 Oregon Ave., Washington, D. C.	207 Coltart Sq., Pittsburgh, Pa.	With Carnegie Steel Co., Munhall, Pa.
P. D. Clark	230 Sunset Ave., Dayton, Ohio.		Deputy Recorder of Montgomery Co., Ohio.
J. K. Clarke	Bryn Mawr, Pa.	Ardmore, Pa.	Manufacturer, Auto Car Co., Ardmore, Pa.
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